

A QUEEN OF INDISCRETIONS

THE TRAGEDY OF CAROLINE OF
BRUNSWICK QUEEN OF ENGLAND
TRANSLATED BY FREDERIC CHAPMAN
FROM THE ITALIAN OF

GRAZIANO PAOLO CLERICI



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THIS TRANSLATION IS
INSCRIBED TO THE
PLEASANT MEMORY OF THE
CONTE VINCENZO FERRERO
DANTE SCHOLAR AND POET
AN OLD MAN WITH THE
HEART OF A LITTLE CHILD
UNDER WHOSE KINDLY GUIDANCE
I MADE MY FIRST HALTING
EXCURSIONS INTO THE
LINGUA TOSCANA

INTRODUCTION

“TRADUTTORE traditore” is an Italian proverb—one of the few that have been so incorporated into the English language as to be invariably given in the original—which must inevitably force itself upon the recollection of whosoever essays to present an English version of a foreign book. In offering such a version of *Il più lungo scandalo del secolo xix*, by Signor Graziano Paolo Clerici, a distinguished professor in the University of Parma, the translator can only hope that he may not have exemplified the proverb too emphatically.

The protracted scandal referred to is the long and embittered struggle between Caroline, born Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and successively Princess of Wales and Queen of England, and George, Prince of Wales, subsequently Prince Regent and King George IV.

Professor Clerici has, by minute research into Italian records, both in public departments and in private ownership, reconstructed the life of the Princess during the momentous six years, 1814-20, which preceded her succession to the dignity of Queen, years which were, except for the time occupied in a voyage to the East, spent in different parts of Italy. This episode in the Princess's life it was, undoubtedly, which incited him to turn his attention to the subject. For the benefit of his readers he summarized briefly the principal events of the Princess's life previous to her arrival in Italy, and presented on a larger scale a summary of the famous trial which was ostensibly the outcome of her residence there.

But in England, although early in the nineteenth century books about Queen Caroline were innumerable, the whole sordid tragedy has been so generally forgotten, that it seems desirable to deal with certain phases of Caroline's strange career at somewhat greater length than Professor Clerici deemed necessary.

The marriages of the Georges were none of them ideal, whilst two of them produced extremely tragic results. The fate of the unhappy Princess of Zell, the wife of George I, was sufficiently grim, and it almost excites a sensation of wonder that the English people, cognizant of the atrociously cruel treatment meted out by the Elector to his wife, tolerated the entry upon the royal prerogatives of the man who arrived with his lumbering German mistresses. A joke seems to have saved the situation, for when the ladies, protruding their heads from the windows of the coach to expostulate with the hooting mob, cried, “We haf only come for your goods,” a wit in the forefront retorted, “Yes, and our chattels too,” and the disturbance that threatened passed off with laughter. George II was perhaps the most fortunate of the family, for though he cared little for his wife, the level-headed Caroline of Anspach,

she was devoted to him, and even pandered to his weaknesses. The famous conversation as she lay a-dying can perhaps hardly be paralleled in history. The moribund queen-consort, anxious about the future welfare of the husband she is parting from, advises him to marry again speedily, and the husband, amidst his blubbing sobs, replies, "Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses." George III, Farmer George as he was called, was generally supposed to have been fortunate in his marriage relations; but it is matter of common knowledge that George had, previous to his union with Charlotte, been deeply in love with Lady Sarah Lennox, and it is widely believed that still earlier he had gone through a marriage ceremony with a beautiful young quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, and that his queen was aware of and did not neglect to make him suffer for his premarital indiscretions. George IV, however, was the most ill-fated of the four in this respect, for his ill-omened marriage resulted in a public scandal which was protracted for twenty-five years.

One feature of the domestic and court life of these four successive Georges was a sort of traditional maintenance of bad relations between the reigning sovereign and his heir, and the consequent creation of a secondary court, between the hangers-on of which and the legitimate court as much bitterness existed as exists nowadays between the adherents of the Vatican and the Quirinal. It may be easily realized that George I, torn from his beloved Hanover, and hating England, could scarcely look upon the future George II without arousing thoughts of the miserable captive, Sophie Dorothea; but the grounds for the unbounded hatred which George II, and his Queen with him, displayed towards Frederick, Prince of Wales, are not so easy of comprehension. This hatred, on the Prince's death, was perhaps not exactly transferred to his son George; but a considerable show of unkindliness must have existed, since the future George III regarded his grandfather with mortal terror. Between George III and his son George, again, disagreement which developed into open hostility speedily grew up, and on one occasion—possibly as a result of the King's incipient mania—an actual physical struggle took place which scandalized the onlookers. George IV, in his turn, treated the Princess Charlotte with such severity as to incite her to open rebellion, and their lack of genuine affection for one another was so notorious, that the report that he had procured her death by poison gained credence very extensively.

Of George the Fourth's career from the cradle upwards we have the amplest information from innumerable sources, which may be regarded as fairly trustworthy. The public manifestations of joy at his birth, the incidents of his infancy and childhood, his mental and physical prowess in whatever tasks he undertook, his charm of manner, his self-will, his profligacy, his extravagance, his

satiety—upon all these points countless anecdotes exist, and are more or less familiar.

Of Caroline, on the other hand, little is known prior to her arrival on these shores as the bride-elect of the heir-apparent. She was born on 17 May, 1768, the second daughter of Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and Augusta, Princess of Great Britain, sister of George III. Her father appears to have been both ambitious and brave, but irresolute; her mother loquacious, petty-minded, and utterly lacking in discretion, as witness a ludicrous anecdote of the childhood of George III which she retailed to Lord Malmesbury during his stay at Brunswick in 1794, and which the curious may find in his Diary. The incapacity of the Duchess may probably have contributed to the Duke's inability to rise to the opportunities which the struggle with Napoleon undoubtedly afforded him of increasing the influence of his house, and her silliness it was possibly which brought about his numerous amours, and the establishment actually under her own nose of Mlle. de Hertzfeldt, an openly acknowledged mistress, who, at any rate, appears to have been a woman of parts. Of the general tenour of life at a small German court at this date, perhaps the best picture that has been produced is to be found in Shorthouse's romance *The Little Schoolmaster Mark*. The openness of the liaison between the Duke and Mlle. de Hertzfeldt has its parallel in the romance in the similar relation between the Princess and her *cavaliere-servente*, whilst the general mixture of the real life of the court and the fantastic life of the theatre, so inextricably confused as to bewilder the sudden intruder as to which is reality and which is fantasy, is forcibly recalled by an account of a visit to the Court of Brunswick made by the youthful Sir John Stanley, contained in a series of recollections entitled *Praeterita*—he anticipated Ruskin's title—prefixed to *The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha Holroyd*. He concludes his account: "I might almost say I lived in these gardens in fine weather. This has made my remembrance of Brunswick one of green and leaves, and flowers and birds, as well as of a court and operas." The romance referred to, which is avowedly based on contemporary German autobiography, conjures up miraculously the picture of the gay parterres and the popinjay groups of resolutely frivolous courtiers, darting here and there in the sun like so many gay insects in their rainbow-hued attire.

Sir John Stanley was making the grand tour in 1781, and visiting Brunswick, was received at the Court there on the terms of cordiality which would doubtless be extended to any Englishman of his breeding and descent. He describes Caroline as "a beautiful girl of about fourteen," and says, "I did think and dream of her day and night at Brunswick, and for a year afterwards. . . . I saw her for hours three or four times a week, but as a star out of my reach."

Then, bridging a gulf of years, he continues: "One day only, when dining with her and her mother at Blackheath, she smiled at something which had pleased her, and for an instant only I could have fancied she had been the Caroline of fourteen years old—the lively, pretty Caroline, the girl my eyes had so often rested on, with light and powdered hair hanging in curls on her neck, the lips from which only sweet words seemed as if they would flow, with looks animated, and always simply and modestly dressed." His infatuation extended from her to hers, a not uncommon trait, for of the Duchess he writes: "No attention was wanting on her part to acquit herself faithfully of her duties as a mother or a wife. I saw much of her when misfortunes sent her to her own country in her old age . . . inquired after, perhaps, for form's sake by a few of her own family, but rarely visited except by her daughter, who, I would willingly persuade myself, in the midst of all her follies and giddiness, loved her to the last." Sir John Stanley reminds us that the "Brunswick's fated chieftain" of Byron, who "rushed into the field and foremost, fighting, fell," was Caroline's third brother, Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at Quatre Bras in 1815.

It was in the very year of Sir John Stanley's stay at the Court of Brunswick, 1781, that Caroline's elder sister, Charlotte Augusta, was married to the Prince, afterwards King of Württemberg, and taken to reside at St. Petersburg. Professor Clerici conjectures that it was of this Princess that Caroline was speaking when she told her strange story of an unfaithful wife to Bossi the painter, though why she should have dragged in Jerome Bonaparte it is difficult to conceive. To two of her ladies-in-waiting she had previously told the tale without any concealment of her sister's personality, and this is Lady Charlotte Campbell's report of the narration:

"We dined off *mutton and onions*, and I thought Lady— would have dégoûtilled with the coarseness of the food, and the horror of seeing the Princess eat to satiety. Afterwards, Her Royal Highness walked about Paddington Fields, making Lady— and myself follow. These walks are very injudiciously chosen as to time and place, though perfectly innocent, and taken for no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing an extraordinary thing. It was almost dark when the Princess returned home in the evening. She amused us very much by telling us the history of her sister, Princess Charlotte. I asked her if the report was true as to the manner of the Princess Charlotte's death. She said she did not believe it, and had even reasons for supposing she was still alive. Princess Charlotte married at thirteen or fourteen years of age, and, like all princesses, and most other women, she did so in order to have an establishment, and be her own mistress. For some time she behaved well, though her sister said her husband was very jealous of her from the beginning, and beat her cruelly. At length,

they went to Russia, and there she became enamoured of a man who was supposed to have been the Empress's lover—a circumstance which rendered the offence heinous, even though he was a cast-off lover. But it seems ladies snarl over a bone they have picked, just like any cross dog. The Princess Charlotte was secretly delivered of a child in process of time, in one of the Empress's châteaux. Her husband had not lived with her for a year or two, and for once the right father was actually named. As soon as she recovered from this little accident, the Empress informed her it was no longer possible for her to allow her to live under her roof, but that she might go to the Château de Revelt, on the Baltic—that is to say, she must go: whither accordingly she was sent. The curious part of this story is, that Miss Saunders, the Princess of Wales's maid, at this time living with her, had a sister, which sister lived as maid to Princess Charlotte, and she, after a time, came from the Château de Revelt back to Brunswick, saying her mistress was in perfect health, but had dismissed her from her service, as she no longer required her attendance. She gave her money and jewels, and, after vain entreaties to be allowed to remain with her royal mistress, to whom she was much attached, Miss Saunders's sister left the Princess Charlotte.

“Not long after this, word was brought to the Duke of Brunswick that she died suddenly of some putrid disorder, which made it necessary to bury the body immediately, without waiting for any ceremonies due to the rank of the deceased. All further inquiries that were made ended in this account, and no light was thrown upon this business. Some years subsequently to this, a travelling Jew arrived at Brunswick, who swore that he saw the Princess Charlotte at the Opera at Leghorn. He was questioned, and declared that he could not be mistaken in her. ‘I own,’ said the Princess of Wales, ‘from her sending away the person who was so much attached to her, and the only servant she had whom she loved and relied on, that I always hope she contrived to elope with her lover, and may still be alive.’ This story is curious if it be true; but Her Royal Highness loves to tell romantic histories; so that one cannot believe implicitly what she narrates.”

The Margravine of Anspach in her *Memoirs* states: “The Prince left the dominions, having, as he asserted, cause to complain of his wife's conduct, which induced him to leave her behind. . . . The care of the Princess was entrusted to the Empress (Catherine II) herself. At the end of two years it was made known to the Prince as well as to the Duke of Brunswick that she was no more. The Duke demanded that her body should be given up to him. The request was not complied with, nor did he ever receive authentic proofs of her decease or of the circumstances attending it.”

That there were reasons for concealing the mode and date of

her death, however, appears from another quarter. In a once-famous book, *Letters from the Baltic*, Miss Rigby writes:

“Castle Lode (not the Château de Revelt, we may notice) became crown property, being appropriated as a prison for state offences. The last inmate in this capacity was a Princess of Würtemberg. . . . She was confined here by Catherine II, some say for having divulged a state secret, others for having attracted the notice of her son Paul. . . . The sequel to this was her death under most heartrending circumstances. . . . Her corpse was put into a cellar of the castle. . . . Years after . . . owing to the quality of the atmosphere, the body was found in a state of preservation which left no doubt of identity, and was decently interred in the church of Goldenbeck.”

Now there is a very remarkable circumstance connected with this story told by Caroline about her sister. It will be observed that all that our authorities assert is that the Princess Charlotte Augusta was reported dead, and that years afterwards her body was discovered. No hint is given that she fled from Russia and might still be living with her lover at the time that Caroline related her story. Where, then, did Caroline get her theory? Did she imagine or invent it? I think the explanation is to be found in the following facts. Some time previously to 1808—I have not been able to ascertain the exact date, but in 1808 translations of the book appeared both in English and French—Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke, a German writer, both prolific and popular, published a romance entitled *Die Prinzessin von Wolfenbüttel*. In it he tells the story of a former princess of Caroline’s house, Charlotte Christine Sophie, who was married to Alexei, the son of Peter the Great, and who consequently, like the Princess Charlotte Augusta, went to reside at St. Petersburg. Here she was treated with such fiendish cruelty by her husband—that husband who is commonly supposed to have been put to death by his own father—that with the connivance of a devoted attendant she contrived to simulate death and to be actually laid in her coffin, subsequently making her escape in disguise and getting away from Russia. It was reported on various occasions that she had been seen alive, here or there—particularly on one occasion at the performance of an opera—and Zschokke gives her a series of adventures in different parts of the world, including New Orleans and the Island of Bourbon, together with a happy union with a lover who had been devoted to her before her marriage. How much of Zschokke’s story is invention, how much an elaboration of facts, it is impossible to say. But in this romance, it seems most probable, is to be found the origin of Caroline’s fairy tale about her own sister. It would be impossible that she could escape acquaintance with a book bearing such a title.

Four years after Sir John Stanley’s visit to Brunswick the great

Frenchman, Mirabeau, passed through the place. He described Caroline as “tout à fait aimable, spirituelle, jolie, vive, sémillante,” which makes one regret that she did not find a French instead of an English husband.

The circumstances of Mirabeau’s visit are recalled by an entry in Lady Charlotte Campbell’s diary, as follows:

“The Princess read some of Mirabeau’s letters on the private history of the Court of Berlin; but every now and then laid down the book to talk on the personages mentioned therein, according to her version of the story. This she did very well, and was extremely entertaining. Mirabeau mentions a long discourse he had with the Duke of Brunswick, about the state of Europe at that time, and adds, that it was ‘diamond cut diamond’ between them. The Duke wanted to find out whether Monsieur de Breteuil was likely to succeed Monsieur de Vergennes as minister at Berlin.—‘Ah,’ said the Princess, closing the book, ‘nobody could love a fader better nor I loved mine; but he was a man of inordinate ambition, and was not at all pleased with only reigning over so small a principality as Brunswick. Frederick Guillaume was a very weak prince, and my fader always determined to have the whole management of Prussia. The better to bring this about, he earnestly desired my marriage with the Prince Royal, but I never could consent.—Ah, I was so happy in those times!’ I asked if he was not a very handsome man. ‘Very like the bust I have of him,’ was her reply—and that bust is, I think, handsome, but she does not. She then added,—‘things all change since that time,—and here I am.’—And she burst out crying.”

The next act in the drama is occupied with the preliminaries to the marriage with the Prince of Wales and the marriage itself.

“In November, 1794, Lord Malmesbury received instructions from the King to demand the Princess Caroline of Brunswick for the Prince of Wales. He had them from the King himself, with no discretionary power to give advice or information to His Majesty or the Government on the principal subject of this mission. It will be seen, therefore, that publicly he confined himself strictly to its execution, although in private he did all he could to prepare his eccentric charge for her high elevation.” In these words opens the account of Lord Malmesbury’s mission to the Court of Brunswick printed by his grandson, an account composed of those portions of Lord Malmesbury’s Diary relating to the mission, together with a selection from his correspondence covering the same period. It is not till the 18th of the month that the entry appears “get to Brunswick at half-past eleven,” and we learn that Malmesbury is immediately installed in apartments in the palace and servants and a carriage placed at his disposal. The same day the Duchess invites him to dinner. The Diary says: “She receives me most kindly—all good nature, and he (the Duke presumably), as usual, civil, but

reserved and stiff. The Princess Caroline much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face, not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows—good bust, short, with what the French call ‘des épaules impertinentes.’ Vastly happy with her future expectations. The Duchess full of nothing else—talks incessantly.” On the 21st we learn that he has a long talk with the Duchess, who took the opportunity of speaking disparagingly of Queen Charlotte, and the Duke of York, and her own son Charles, whose wife she praised to his detriment. In fact, one detects instantly the same unfortunate spirit of petty jealousies and maliciousness which had given rise to so much ill-blood in the family for several generations. Malmesbury says: “Nothing could be so open, so frank, and so unreserved, as her manner, nor so perfectly good-natured and unaffected.” One may admit the frankness and openness, but be excused for wondering where the good nature came in. The same evening Malmesbury resumed his acquaintance with Mlle. de Hertzfeldt, whom he had known in Berlin, and who was now the Duke’s mistress, “much altered, but still clever and agreeable—she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.” On the 26th, somewhat to the reader’s surprise, occurs the entry “Walk to Richmond—pleasant house, in good taste—about one mile from the town.” This was a suburban retreat of the Duchess’s, and no doubt received its name from her out of sentimental recollections connected with the English Richmond, where so much of the Georgian court life was spent. That evening Malmesbury finds “Princess Caroline improves on acquaintance, is gay and cheerful, with good sense.” On 1 December a messenger arrives from England with Malmesbury’s instructions and credentials, and the second day after, the day fixed for his audiences, Major Hislop and a messenger arrive from the Prince of Wales. They bring the Prince’s picture, and a letter from himself urging Malmesbury vehemently to set out with the Princess Caroline immediately. The ceremonial of betrothal took place on the afternoon of 3 December, “Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed—Duchess overcome, in tears—Princess Caroline much affected, but replies distinctly and well . . . (now takes the rank of Princess of Wales).”

The following day the marriage contract was signed. Malmesbury records that he is very much puzzled about his start for England. The Duchess is eager to promote it, and the Princess Caroline in a hurry, but the Duke is “cautious to a ridiculous degree in assisting.” The difficulty was this. It was taken for granted that as soon as word got abroad that the betrothed wife of the Prince of Wales was on her way to England an attempt would be made by the French fleet to intercept her. A naval escort was consequently arranged for, and as yet no news of its sailing from

England had reached Malmesbury. He derived his authority directly from the King, and in a way which cannot be too highly esteemed was determined that he would not, even to gratify his future King and Queen, deviate in the slightest degree from the line of conduct laid down for him. So though the Princess Caroline might be in a hurry, and the Prince of Wales—eager for the freedom from pecuniary embarrassments which marriage was to bestow on him—might write letters of entreaty, or even command, Malmesbury stood firm: his sole concession to expediency is the dispatch to the Prince of Wales of explanatory letters, gently deprecating the Prince's resentment of delays which he is unable to avoid.

On 5 December the Duke of Brunswick seems to have emerged momentarily from his habitual reserve, for "after dinner," says Malmesbury, "he held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about the Princess Caroline; and here, where he was not on his guard, and where he laid aside his finesse and suspicion, he appeared in all his lustre. He entered fully into her situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much or too little. He also touched on the Queen's character, with which he is perfectly acquainted. He was rather severe on the Duchess of York. He never mentioned the King. He said of his daughter: '*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*' The Duke asked me to recommend to her discretion not to ask questions, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud; and he hinted delicately, but very pointedly, at the free and unrestrained manners of the Duchess, who at times is certainly apt to forget her audience. He desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince; and that if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this *in German*, but that enforced by me it would come with double effect."

Next day Malmesbury is at a court dinner and ball, and makes the following entry: "Madlle. Hertzfeldt repeats to me what the Duke had before said—stated the necessity of being very *strict* with the Princess Caroline—that she was not clever or ill disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no tact*. She said my advice would do more good than the Duke's, as although she respected him, she also feared him, and considered him as a severe rather than an affectionate father—that she had no respect for her mother, and was inattentive to her when she dared. I lead the Princess Caroline to supper, and am placed between her and the Duchess; her conversation very right: she entreats me also to guide and direct her. I recommend perfect silence on *all* subjects for six months after her arrival." Poor Princess! How could a young

woman who “never thinks before she speaks,” is “too free in giving opinions of persons and things,” and who possesses “no tact,” be expected to profit by such a counsel of perfection!

On 7 December Malmesbury learns from Lady Elizabeth Eden that “Lady— was very well with the Queen; that she went frequently to Windsor, and appeared as a sort of favourite.” He comments: “This, if true, most strange, and bodes no good.” The person whose name is left a blank is obviously Lady Jersey; and here we have the first sign of the outrageous attitude of Queen Charlotte to her undesired daughter-in-law. Her own wish that the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz should be chosen having been overruled, she absolutely enters upon a campaign for the degradation of Caroline before even the unhappy young woman had left her father’s court, and takes as her confederate the one woman in England who can most amply serve her purpose—the one woman in England whom, if she had maintained the traditional rigour of her court, nothing would have induced her to receive, the woman whose name is associated in every mouth with that of the Prince her son, the prospective bridegroom. Malmesbury’s comment, restrained as it is, taken in conjunction with the fact that Lady Jersey meets Caroline on her landing in England, and is instrumental in setting about the earliest rumours in disparagement of her character, can bear no other interpretation. He cannot disclose his fears to the unsuspecting victim, but it is significant that on this day for the first time he advises her “to be very attentive and respectful to the Queen; to endeavour at all events to be well with her.” And one is not surprised when, after adding “she takes all this well,” he continues “she was at times in tears,” though his explanation, “but on account of having taken leave of some of her old acquaintance,” seems less adequate than the conjecture that something of the terror that life had in store for her in the future was already beginning to foreshadow itself to her mental vision. The tears are ephemeral, however; and next day we are told, “Princess Caroline improves very much on a closer acquaintance—cheerful, and loves laughing.”

On succeeding days Malmesbury advises the Princess on no account to promise appointments or to parley with applicants for places about her, but to say that she makes it a rule not to interfere. She is never to talk politics or listen to talk on political matters, and never to express a definite opinion on public matters. There are hints that she has a shrewd suspicion of the relations between the Prince and Lady Jersey, which rather discount her subsequent claim to swift perception of the situation when she first observed them in each other’s company. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid Malmesbury recommended too much reserve, that probably he thought her too prone *à se livrer*. “I made a bow,” says Malmesbury. “She said, ‘tell me freely.’ I said,

‘I did; that it was an amiable quality, but one that could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk; that as to popularity, it was never attained by familiarity, that it could only belong to respect,” with a great deal more to the same effect, ending with counsel as to her attitude towards the Queen, of whom she declared she was afraid, and towards the Prince of Wales, in respect of whom she was advised never to display jealousy if she saw any signs of his preference for the society of other women.

Mlle. de Hertzfeldt, on the occasion of a court concert at which Malmesbury and she were thrown together, indulges in a lengthy disquisition on Caroline’s qualities and the circumstances of her upbringing, and displays an amazing solicitude as to her future welfare, when one reflects on the easy-going acceptance of the situation by the Princess’s own mother, of whom Mlle. de Hertzfeldt remarks that she either thinks out loud—a habit she shared with her brother, George III, by the way—or doesn’t think at all, and that she has talked to Caroline a great deal too much about Queen Charlotte. Presently we find the Princess renewing to Malmesbury her protestations as to her desire to be *loved* by the people, and her mentor proceeds to tone down this extravagance in the manner described by Professor Clerici in his narrative. The consequence seems to have been some little self-assertion, for on the following day Malmesbury makes the entry, “Princess Caroline talks very much—quite at her ease—too much so.”

As if the empty-headed chatter of the Duchess were not sufficiently calculated to turn Caroline’s thoughts in an inexpedient direction, her aunt, the Abbess of Gandersheim, hereabouts proceeded to exhort her as to the enormities of men in general, and her future husband in particular. This aunt, by the way, pretends to cherish languishing recollections of Malmesbury as a younger man and constantly makes eyes at him, although to Caroline she advises distrust of his advice. She was evidently a thoroughly mischievous old meddler. Caroline reports her talks with her aunt to Malmesbury, and is recommended to look on her interference and malicious suggestions as the jealousy of a disappointed woman. The remonstrances as to Caroline’s over-talkativeness and freedom continue uninterrupted, and Malmesbury remarks: “All this she still takes well, but in the long run it must displease.” The good nature with which Caroline accepted rebuke at this early stage is only the earliest record we have of a long series of similar instances in which under extreme provocation she remained unresentful.

A little later a letter from George III arrives, in which he says that he hopes that his niece will not display too much vivacity and that she will lead a sedentary and secluded life. The Duchess, with her usual imprudence, reads this to Caroline, who is naturally dismayed. About the same time comes an anonymous letter, in

which it is suggested that a certain Lady— would lead her into an affair of gallantry and be ready to be convenient on such an occasion. This frightened the Duke and Duchess, but not the Princess, upon which Malmesbury once more becomes mentor. “I told her Lady— would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure, and that besides it was *death* to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. She asked me whether I was in earnest. I said such was our law; that anybody who presumed to *love* her was guilty of *high treason* and punished with *death*; if she was weak enough to listen to him so also would she be. This startled her.” One can imagine its doing so.

At length on 29 December a start is made from Brunswick, although owing to the disturbed state of the country it was to be three tedious months before the Princess crossed to England. Early in January Malmesbury notes for the first time Caroline’s resentment under correction. She *will* call ladies whom she meets for the first time “Mon coeur, ma chère, ma petite,” and he rebukes her and refuses to see that she takes it ill, which has its effect in the end, as she recovers her good humour and admits she is in the wrong. The same thing occurs when he corrects her for whispering and giggling, though on an occasion when he has given her an unusually lengthy and severe lecture she concludes, “I confess I could not bear it from any one but you.” By the middle of February Malmesbury’s admonitions have got so far as the Princess’s toilette, and he discourses on her taking too short a time to dress—a thing she piques herself on—on the necessity of constant and thorough ablutions, the quality and frequent change of her underlinen, the care of her teeth, and so forth. Veritably Malmesbury’s office was not an enviable one, and whilst sympathizing with him, one cannot avoid pity for the poor young woman who had been brought up so inefficiently that such instructions could be necessary.

Early in March Malmesbury writes: “If she can get the better of a gossiping habit, of a desire to appear *très fine*, and of knowing what passes in the minds of those around, and of overhearing and understanding their secrets and of talking about them, she will do very well, but this is very difficult.” Years afterwards at Kensington it was remarked that when she had an evening party she would at once approach any group that appeared amused or interested, and demand to know what they were talking about. On the same occasion the Princess receives a salutary lesson in respect to her mother, whom she had a habit of ridiculing.

Finally on 28 March the Princess and her suite embark for England. With regard to the incident of the naval officer recorded by Professor Clerici, it is difficult to get any trustworthy information. It is more than probably a gross exaggeration of some

over-pronounced condescension on Caroline's part, purposely misconstrued by Lady Jersey, who met the yacht at Greenwich, and after pumping Mrs. Harcourt, the lady-in-waiting who crossed with Caroline, manufactured a tale to serve her own ends. The only significant entry in Malmesbury is the following: "Lieut— on board the *Jupiter* has been seventeen years lieutenant," and then a foot-note to correspond with the*: "Name illegible in MS. It is to be hoped that if a long and *hot* war could not obtain promotion for this gentleman, his approximation to royalty now procured it for him." This may or may not have reference to the incident in question. Upon landing, after the dispute as to the place in the carriage to be occupied by Lady Jersey, of which mention is made elsewhere, the journey continued by road to St. James's Palace. From this point a verbatim reprint of Lord Malmesbury's narrative seems desirable; but attention must first be drawn to the fact that in a reply dated 23 December, 1794, to one of the Prince of Wales's many letters to him urging expedition, he writes: "My judgment may be a little warped by my wishes, but I am sure I must have lost every power of discernment if there does not exist in the mind of the Princess the most fixed intention to make your happiness the study of her life, and in her heart every affection to promote it"; whilst after recording the marriage in his Diary he concludes: "It is impossible to conceive or foresee any comfort from this connexion, in which I lament very much having taken any share, purely passive as it was." Now that is an extraordinary change of front to have come about in a brief three months, though it is not clear how Malmesbury apportioned the blame between husband and wife.

His account of events from the arrival at the palace up to about a month after the wedding is as follows:

"I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her gracefully enough and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?'—upon which he, much out of humour, said, with an oath, 'No; I will go directly to the Queen,' and away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and on my joining her, said, 'Mon Dieu! est ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.' I said His Royal Highness was naturally affected and flurried at this first interview, but she would certainly find him different at dinner. She was disposed to

further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him.

“The drawing-room was just over. His Majesty’s conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the Princess was, ‘Is she good-humoured?’ I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments I had never seen her otherwise. The King said, ‘I am glad of it’; and it was manifest from his silence he had seen the Queen since she had seen the Prince, and that the Prince had made a very unfavourable report of the Princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the Princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honours of which were done by Lord Stopford as Vice-Chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the Princess’s behaviour; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse, vulgar hints about Lady—, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n’en perdait rien*. The Prince was evidently disgusted, and this unfortunate dinner fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove; but by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred.

“From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton House, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present and at which the Princess had behaved very lightly and even improperly, the Prince took me into his closet and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said, ‘I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did you not tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?’ I replied that I did not consider what the Duke—a severe father himself towards his children—said of sufficient consequence, that it affected neither the Princess’s moral character nor conduct, and was intended solely as an intimation which I conceived it only proper to notice to His Royal Highness at a proper occasion—at such a one as now offered—and that I humbly hoped His Royal Highness would not consider it as casting any real slur or aspersion on the Princess: that as to not writing to His Royal Highness from Brunswick, I begged him to recollect I was not sent on a discretionary commission, but with *the most positive commands to ask Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more*; that to this sole point, respecting the marriage, and

no other, those commands went; any reflection or remarks that I had presumed to make would (whether in praise of or injurious to Her Royal Highness) have been a direct and positive deviation from those His Majesty's commands. They were as *limited* as they were *imperative*. That still had I discovered notorious or glaring defects, or such as were of a nature to render the union unseemly, I should have felt it as a bounden duty to have stated them, but it must have been *directly to the King*, and to no one else. To this the Prince appeared to acquiesce; but I saw it did not please, and left a rankle in his mind.

"I should have said that the marriage ceremony took place late on the evening of Wednesday, 8 April, at St. James's Chapel Royal. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Moore). The usual etiquette observed—we had assembled in the Queen's apartment; from thence to the usual drawing-rooms (very dark). The procession, preceded by the heralds and great officers of the Court (amongst which I was ordered to attend)—walked to the chapel—very crowded—Prince of Wales gave his hat, with a rich diamond button and loop, to Lord Harcourt to hold, and made him a present of it. After the marriage we returned to the Queen's apartment. The King told me to wear the Windsor uniform, and have the *entrées*. The Prince very civil and gracious, but I thought I could perceive he was not quite sincere, and certainly unhappy; and as a proof of it, he had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits."

Of the *affaires de coeur* attributed to Caroline previous to her marriage I can only find reports in two places.

Hannibal Evans Lloyd in his *George IV: Memoirs of His Life and Reign* (1830) says: "Her affections had been fixed on a young German prince, to whom she could not give her hand," and quotes a letter which he states was written by Caroline to a friend, a German lady residing in England, and dated 28 November, 1794, in which she says: "The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny."

In the Journal of Mary Frampton (1885), under 5 April, 1795, is the entry: "The Princess of Brunswick, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt and Lord Malmesbury, landed at Greenwich. . . . Lady Jersey arrived from London, bringing with her a white satin gown and turban cap of satin, for which the Princess exchanged her previous muslin dress with blue satin petticoat and black beaver hat with blue and black feathers; but H.R.H. traveler in a mantle of green satin trimmed with gold, with loops and tassels *à la* Brandenburg, and wore a beaver hat"; and, later in the Journal: "The Princess was in the highest spirits on the voyage, and to one of the attendants who made some remark on her apparent happiness, replied, 'How can I be otherwise? Am I not going to be married to the finest and handsomest prince in the world, and to

live in the most desirable country in Europe?’

“There were, however, even at this time, some rumours against her character, and the officer of the King’s German Legion, Major Toebingen, whom I knew very well, an immense man, was said to have been a person admired by her, and I have seen him wear a very large amethyst stud or pin, reported to have been presented to him by the Princess Caroline. . . . The *on dit* of the time reported that the Prince was pleased with the Princess at the first sight, but that Lady Jersey contrived to speak to him alone, and set him against her before the ceremony.” Caroline’s position in the midst of her husband’s family must have been a peculiarly trying one, for despite the King’s goodwill it was evident from the first that the Queen was her enemy. This, it is supposed, as has been said, was due to the fact that Charlotte had settled upon the Princess Louise, afterwards the celebrated Queen Louise of Prussia, as the wife for her eldest son.

It is just possible, however, but only just, that the Duke of York may have misrepresented Caroline to his mother, for a correspondent of Lady Charlotte (probably Galt) thus writes to her:

“You remember, I dare say, my amusing intercourse with the old *chère amie* of the Duke, Mrs. Clarke, and how I wheedled her to show me all her papers. Now at that time she did inform me that His Royal Highness told her that it had been proposed to him to marry his cousin, the Princess of Brunswick. He was not, however, for some reason or another, quite enamoured of the suggestion; still he went to the Court of Brunswick, that he might himself ‘spy the nakedness of the land.’ Upon seeing the Princess, his courtly love was not inflamed into courtship. In a word he did not like her; and what he heard of her hoyden manners was not likely to reduce his heart to a cinder.

“Now, supposing all tales to be true, this one must be true also; and I infer from it that, although the Duke may not have thought ‘the lovely young Lavinia’ was a *con amore* Dulcinea for him, he might have discovered in her, or have learnt that she was apt to commit, indiscreet levities, but innocent ones.”

The same correspondent alludes to the same subject in the following words in another letter:

“It respects the Queen’s conduct prior to her marriage; and my informant is the once noted Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, whose informant, as she said, was the Duke of York. You are aware how I *wheedled* her to show me the notes she had prepared for her own memoirs. In consenting to do so, she happened to mention that the old King George III had ordered a set of jewels for the Princess, and that the Duke, when they were ready, being to take them to Windsor, brought the casket, on the Saturday before, to Mrs. Clarke. Nothing less, in consequence, would serve the *chère*

amie, than to go to the Opera, decked in the borrowed plumes; and she actually did wear the diamonds there that night This led her to speak of many other things which His Royal Highness told her of the Princess, and how it was at one time proposed he should marry her; and for that purpose he went previously to see how the land lay at the Court of Brunswick; the result of which was that he did not like the Princess, in many things he heard of her, deeming her ways not likely to take in England. I will not say that I believed all to have been true which Mrs. Clarke told me; for I did not; but, had there not been something coarsish in the impression made on the Duke, and which may have led him to speak of the Princess disparagingly, Mrs. Clarke would not have said to me what she did; for her opinion of the Princess of Wales was on the whole kindly; indeed she was not deficient in that quality, and generally expressed herself respecting even the Duchess of York, with much more consideration than might *à priori* have been expected. However, what I mean to deduce from what she said is, that the Princess of Wales, before her marriage, was hoydenish and addicted to practical jokes, and not at all '*adorable*' in the eyes of the Duke, whom by the way she always spoke of (that is, Mrs. C. said) as naturally subject to *mauvaise honte*."

On one occasion Lady Charlotte Campbell asked Caroline if she left Brunswick with regret. The reply was, "Not at all; I was sick, tired of it; but I was sorry to leave my father. I loved my father dearly, better nor any oder person"; and the tears poured over her face. "I will tell you," she went on to say, and she mastered her emotion—"I will tell you, there is none affection more powerful than dat we feel for a good fader; but dere were some unlucky tings in our court, which made my position difficult My fader was most entirely attached to a lady for thirty years, who in fact was his mistress; she was the beautifulest creature, and the cleverest; but, though my father continued to pay my moder all possible respect, my poor moder could not suffer this attachment; and de consequence was, I did not know what to do between them; when I was civil to the one, I was scolded by the other, and was very tired of being shuttlecock between them."

On another occasion Lady Charlotte records the following statement as to negotiations for Caroline's marriage prior to the proposals from the Prince of Wales:

"The Princess told one of her friends one day, who repeated it to me, that her life had been an eventful one from her earliest years; that at one period, she was to have been married to the uncle of the Queen of Prussia; at another, to the Prince of Orange; at another, to this Queen's brother: the latter, she said, was a most agreeable man, not at all ugly, and very pleasant in his manners—that she had liked him very much as a friend, but nothing more. Prince George of Darmstadt (I think that was the name she gave

the Queen of Prussia's uncle) was a very handsome man, tall, light, yet not too thin. 'He turned all de women's heads except mine. I like him very much, but he was very perfide to me—a false perfidious friend. It was he who was the lover of the late Queen of France, and he was the real father of the last Dauphin. Just before I came to this country, I was very unhappy. My father said to me, if I would marry on the Continent, he never wished to get rid of me, or to send me away; but if I was determined to marry, that this situation which presented itself seemed sent by Providence to my advantage, and he would not suffer me to slight it. So, as a drowning wretch catches at a straw, I caught at this crown and sceptre. But, if I had not been miraculously supported, I could not have outlived all I have done: there are moments when one is supernaturally helped.' The Princess became very grave after this conversation, and soon retired."

Her attitude towards Lady Jersey (for whom the Prince stripped her of some pearl bracelets he had himself given her, which bracelets Lady Jersey subsequently wore in Caroline's presence) has been sufficiently indicated. But it is evident that she was not a jealous woman when not insulted by the rival, for says Lady Charlotte:

"The Princess of Wales speaks highly of Mrs. Fitzherbert. She always says, 'that is the Prince's true wife; she is an excellent woman; it is a great pity for him he ever broke vid her. Do you know I know de man who was present at his marriage, the late Lord B——d. He declared to a friend of mine, that when he went to inform Mrs. Fitzherbert that the Prince had married me, she would not believe it, for she knew she was herself married to him.'"

The separation between the royal pair was practically immediate, but it was not until three months after the birth of the Princess Charlotte that the letters passed between them specifying the terms of the separation. From this date onward the life of Caroline is divisible into four periods. The first, the time spent mainly at Blackheath up to the date of the "Delicate Investigation"; the second, the period of residence at Kensington Palace and Connaught House; the third covering the continental residence and travels; and the fourth, the return to England, the trial and death of the Queen.

During the first period the principal feature of importance was the intimacy with Sir John and Lady Douglas and its consequences, together with the adoption of William Austin. Sir John Douglas was a major-general and a knight, had some staff appointment at Chatham, and was equerry to the Duke of Sussex. The examination of the husband and wife elicited statements that must be regarded by any fair-minded person as open to the gravest suspicion. It is not pretended that there was any concealment between husband and wife, and yet the tremendous charge

afterwards brought against Caroline was kept secret for long after the alleged date of the events, although as the servant of the brother of the supposedly injured Prince it was the obvious duty of Sir John to call the attention of the Duke of Sussex to the matter at once. Lady Douglas published a “vindication” after the investigation. Her description of her first encounter with Caroline is remarkably circumstantial considering that several years had elapsed since it occurred. She says: “As I was sitting in my parlour, which commanded a view of the Heath, I saw to my surprise the Princess of Wales, elegantly dressed in a lilac satin pelisse, primrose-coloured half-boots, and a small lilac satin travelling cap faced with sable.” As she must have been perfectly well aware of the fact that the Princess was her immediate neighbour there seems to have been little occasion for the surprise, and as she could not have surmised from the outset that she would ever have to publish a “vindication,” her recollection of the Princess’s exact costume is remarkable. The intimacy may well have been very close—it was Caroline’s habit, as we have seen, to address even ladies she met for the first time as *mon coeur* or *ma chère*—and no doubt a great deal of nonsense was talked from time to time, partly the actual raillery of the moment, but, as seems probable, when Caroline began to see through her new acquaintance, partly with the deliberate design of conveying a false impression. It has been suggested, as Professor Clerici relates, that the Douglasses were actually commissioned to go to Blackheath, make the Princess’s acquaintance, and concoct false evidence against her. If the least suspicion of this were aroused in Caroline’s mind, no one who has studied her character could doubt what course she would pursue. Years after, according to the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, some circumstances made it necessary for her to entertain at dinner at Brandenburg House a nobleman whom she knew to be of the Carlton House clique. She gleefully filled two decanters with cold tea, and with her own hands put one on each side of her own place at the table, managing during the meal to dispose of the greater part of the contents. She remarked afterwards to her own ladies and gentlemen, “Now he’ll go back and say he saw me the worse for wine, and that I finished the best part of two bottles for dinner.”

Reasoning upon this analogy, one can feel the malicious glee with which, coming to Lady Douglas’s one day unexpectedly, she announced that she was ravenous, and when offered a meal, demanded ale (which she always called “oil”) and onions and potatoes. Lady Douglas says that subsequently, when the celebrated baby was introduced, the Princess remarked airily, “You looked droll when I called for ale and fried onions and potatoes.” To me, at least, the whole incident appears a carefully planned farce carried through by a skilful comedian. I have not a

doubt that a baby *was* produced and fondled and displayed to Lady Douglas; that the violet stain on its hand was pointed out; that whispered confidences passed; but I am equally without a doubt that the object aimed at was not sympathy and help in a dangerous situation, but the befooling and mystifying of a detected spy. A similar instance of her love of playing with the suspicions of people who did not trust her occurs in Lady Charlotte Campbell's Diary. Lady Charlotte must have been a great source of fun to Caroline, when her sanctimonious airs and ungenerous glances and questionings did not irritate; but her professions of devotion and concern are very much discounted by the circumstance that she twice records in her diary that Lady P—"swears she knows a daughter of the Princess, who is living in Durham," and that she has a long conversation with Miss Hayman, formerly Caroline's Privy Purse, of which the following is part:

"I asked Miss H— if she believed the story of the Princess having gone many years ago to Mr. Canning's house, complaining of fatigue; that she remained there, and was confined, and that he kept the secret for her. Miss H— replied, that she did not; that in the first place she was convinced the Princess never had been guilty of any of the crimes laid to her charge, and also that Mr. C. was too honourable, as well as too prudent, a man to meddle in such matters."

The instance, however, of Caroline's detecting (as I surmise) Lady Charlotte's suspicions, and playing up to them, is as follows:

"She swore to me, as she was standing by the fire the other day, *à propos des bottes*, that Willikin was *not her* son. 'No,' said she, 'I would tell you if he was. No,' she continued, 'if such little accident had happened, I would not hide it from you. He is not William Austin, though,' added she; 'but, avouez-moi, it was very well managed that nobody should know who he really is, nor shall they till after my death.' I replied, that I thought it was nobody's business who the boy was, and that I, for one, had no curiosity to know. 'that is for why I tell you,' replied the Princess. 'then somebody ask me who Willikin is de child of. De person say to me, "*Dey* do say, he is your Royal Highness's child." I answered, "Prove it, and he shall be your king." The person was silent after that—I could not resist laughing, and the Princess laughed, also. She takes great pleasure in making her auditor stare. After a pause she said, 'Poor dear Willikin, I am so sorry he is growing big, but I am determined to have *another* little boy; I must always have a child in the house.' I lifted my eyes to her person; I really fancied I saw the full meaning of her words; but she met my glance with a steady composure which reassured me; for I thought no one could look so calm, so bold, were there anything to be ashamed of; and I replied, 'But, madam, you have the same interest in Willikin that ever you had.' 'Oh! yes, to be sure, I love him dearly, but I must

have a *little child*; he is growing too big, too much of a man.”

The following day the comedy is continued. We read: “The Princess went downstairs for some music, and when she came up was ready to fall with breathlessness. This lasted for some minutes, for I was sitting with my back to the pianoforte, reading; but on chancing to look round, I saw her look significantly to S[apio] and say, ‘If you knew *what it is*’—then catching my eye she added, ‘So soon after dinner, to *run up down staircase*.’ I looked steadfastly at H.R.H., but she never flinched beneath my gaze. No, I do not believe her guilty, but I wish to Heaven she did not talk such nonsense.” The *denoûment* is that Lady Charlotte discovers that the Princess has temporarily discarded her stays—no doubt to enjoy the (to her) excellent joke of rousing Lady Charlotte’s apprehensions.

Here is another instance of Caroline’s reckless way of talking about her adopted children, also from Lady Charlotte’s Diary.

“The Princess was in the way of saying jocularly, ‘I have nine children.’ And, when her hearers laughed at the joke as such, she would say, ‘It is true, upon honour; dat is to say, I take care of eight boys and one girl. De boys shall serve de King. My good friend, Sir J.B., will take care of some. The girl I took by a very romantic accident. In the time of the disturbances in Ireland, a man and woman, apparently of the better class, left a female infant with a poor old peasant woman, who lives at Blackheath, and with the infant, a sum of money sufficient to support it a certain time. But the time elapsed, the money was spent, and no one came to supply the old woman with means for the babe’s future exigencies. So she came to me, and told her story, and asked what she should do. At first, I thought of putting the child to the parish; but somehow I could not bear that; so it ended in my taking charge of the infant entirely at my own expense. She is now at school at Bath, under the care of a Mrs. Twiss, sister of Mrs. Siddons. I have not seen the child for five years, and do not mean to see her till she is grown up: she is now twelve years old.”

To return to the Douglasses, Sir John was, about March, 1813, expelled by the Freemasons from their society, dismissed from the household of the Duke of Sussex, and spoken of with contempt by Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Whitbread in Parliament; whilst in March, 1814, the Princess of Wales herself, in a letter to Lady Charlotte Campbell, records “the death of Sir John Douglas, which took place on the 5th of March, when, exactly twelve months ago, the division took place in Parliament upon his conduct.” Of Lady Douglas no further record is preserved. The whole of the allegations which gave rise to the “Delicate Investigation” were, however, obviously discredited, yet the effects of the inquiry probably lasted until long after Caroline’s death. “It was impossible,” the person who became casually aware of the

rumour would say, "that there could be smoke without fire."

With the report of the secret committee in Caroline's favour, however, her wish to come to London could not be thwarted, and apartments were assigned to her in Kensington Palace, where she was residing when Lady Charlotte Campbell, our principal authority for the next period of her life, entered her service.

Lady Charlotte Campbell was a daughter of the fifth Duke of Argyll, and was born in 1775. She was married in 1796 to Colonel John Campbell, who died in 1809, and by him was the mother of nine children. She was a prolific author of novels and poems, all now utterly forgotten, and seems to have nursed a strong vein of sentimentalism. Her service with Caroline was not of long duration, but she maintained a correspondence with her as well as with the two chamberlains, William Gell and Keppel Craven, over a long period. She became the wife of the Rev. E.J. Bury in 1818, and survived till 1861. The one production by which she is remembered, the *Diary illustrative of the times of George IV*, was never acknowledged, but immediately upon its appearance in two volumes, in 1838, it was unhesitatingly ascribed to her, and as no denial was put forward, it has now, for a long time, invariably been catalogued by librarians under her name. The letter from Miss Hayman which is printed in an appendix to the present volume gives a fair impression of the estimate formed of it at the time of its appearance. The following year (1839) two additional volumes were published, under the editorship of John Galt, who died before they issued from the press. The work is amorphous, and quite plainly doctored, but there is sufficient internal evidence that it is based on actual documents of the dates to which the various diary entries and letters are ascribed. The author apparently imagined that the modifications she had made were sufficient to disguise her personality. In particular she posed as a man, and commenced some of the letters "My dear Lord," which resulted in the ludicrous when she overlooked the fact that one of her correspondents, evidently bent on flattering her, says that in order to obtain an adequate portrait of the person he was addressing, he should want Titian to paint the face, Sir Peter Lely to paint the neck, Vandyke the hands, and Rubens the draperies. A smirking self-complacency peeps out when she adds a foot-note to a passage: "I suppose the writer referred to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the beauty of the Argyll family at that date." The climax perhaps comes when she inserts the entry, with her own hand: "Lady Charlotte Campbell is a sweet-mannered person": though another passage in which some foreign potentate is described as showing a marked preference for one of the ladies-in-waiting, but afterwards transferring his preference to Lady Charlotte, is very amusing, containing, as it does, a piece of slang which one would hardly have expected from the proper Lady Charlotte. In the

person of the diarist she records the show of preference, and adds: "Nuts for me! one does like to have one's friends praised."

There is throughout, as regards Caroline, a quite detestable assumption of conscious rectitude on the writer's part, of pitying tolerance towards the erring Princess, whom nevertheless she is for ever mentally suspecting of the supreme lapse. Sir William Gell, whose principal source of amusement, at any rate in his correspondence, seems to have been banter, must surely have been experimenting as to how much banter Lady Charlotte would stand in some of the letters which she complacently publishes. I have said that the volumes are amorphous. They are amorphous in this way. You will find an entry dated, say, Thursday, 16th; you turn back page after page expecting to find the month given somewhere, and perchance the year, but in nine cases out of ten no indication is discoverable. You find a passage dealing with the life at Kensington after a long series of entries referring to Caroline's life on the Continent. Finally the letters will be headed: "From the same to the same," and referring, to discover writer and recipient, you find the first one with no heading at all; whilst they are interspersed in so arbitrary a fashion that, when undated, only by their contents can you assign them to their proper period.

Lady Charlotte's first mention of the Princess of Wales in her Diary occurs in December, 1810, just after her account of a visit in the company of Lady Mary Coke to the Duchess of Brunswick, who was occupying rather squalid quarters in New street, Spring Gardens. At this time Caroline had been for some length of time resident at Kensington Palace, and Lady Charlotte made her *entrée* at a grand ball. Amongst the guests were the Dukes of Portland and Beaufort, and Lord Harrowby; in fact "the company then frequenting the palace were of the best." Lady Charlotte remarks that all these courtly folk disappeared from Caroline's entourage directly the Prince of Wales became Regent, swept away by the besom of expediency. She mentions that the refreshment room was set out with a profusion of gold plate, which she never afterwards saw, and then goes on:

"The Princess complained of the weight of some jewels she wore on her head, and said they gave her the headache; then, turning to a person who was evidently a favourite, asked, 'May I not take them off now that the first parade is over?' He replied in his own *doucereux* voice, 'Your Royal Highness is the best judge; but, now that you have shown off the magnificence of the ornament, I think it would be cruel that you should condemn yourself to suffer by wearing it longer. In my opinion, you will be just as handsome without it.'

"I was convinced, from the manner in which these words were spoken, that that man loved her. Poor soul! of all those on whom she conferred benefits, I think he was the only man or woman who

could be said to have *loved her*—and he ought not to have done so.”

This was undoubtedly Lord Henry Fitzgerald, the period of whose influence over Caroline is alluded to later in the Diary as the reign of the good King Henry. He subsequently withdrew absolutely from her society after writing her a letter announcing his intention, which unquestionably grievously wounded the Princess. On one occasion she said of him, with her customary preface, “To tell you God’s truth, I do hate that man.” Upon which Gell, who reports the incident, comments, *sotto voce*, “The Lord forgive you for lying.”

The following description of Caroline’s personal appearance is worth noting, coming as it does from the hand of one so intimately associated with her as was Lady Charlotte: “I have often regretted that I never saw a tolerable likeness painted of her. Although during the last years of her life she was bloated and disfigured by sorrow, and by the life she led, the Princess was in her early youth a pretty woman; fine light hair—very delicately formed features, and a fine complexion—quick, glancing, penetrating eyes, long cut and rather sunk in the head, which gave them much expression—and a remarkably delicately formed mouth. But her head was always too large for her body, and her neck too short; and, latterly, her whole figure was like a ball, and her countenance became hardened, and an expression of defiance and boldness took possession of it, that was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, when she chose to assume it, she had a very noble air, and I have seen her on more than one occasion put on a dignified carriage, which became her much more than the affectation of girlishness which she generally preferred.”

Caroline seems to have preferred intellectual to merely high-born associates, and after her establishment at Kensington amongst those who frequented her *salons* were Byron, Moore, Monk Lewis, Conversation Sharp, and the leading spirits of the world of art and letters. As we have seen, she was not neglected either by the nobility until expediency became the order of the day and appearance at Kensington occasioned wrath that might have consequences in Pall Mall. After her desertion by the more fashionable of the court circle she seems to have relied largely on the company of Sir Francis Burdett, Lady Oxford, Lord Byron, and a few others, as to whose undesirability her attendants were continually hinting. Byron apparently came because he liked coming. Caroline said, “There are two Byrons; when I write to him I say, I invite the agreeable lord, not the disagreeable one,” and he took my *plaisanterie* well.” Lady Oxford, a goldenhaired enchantress, seems to have come mainly because of the attraction Byron had for her. She is described as passing the greater part of one evening weeping in an ante-room because the poet would take

no notice of her. Sir Francis Burdett apparently was held captive in the golden chains of Lady Oxford.

A record of one of Caroline's earliest jaunts after leaving Blackheath is preserved in *Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian*, by the Countess Brownlow. It is curious as showing how her own imprudence converted a partisan into an opponent. It runs thus:

"1807.—In the spring of this year my father, hearing that the Princess of Wales was going to Plymouth, wrote to offer Mount Edgcumbe to H.R.H. during her stay in the neighbourhood. H.R.H. accepted the offer and passed a fortnight there. Her suite consisted of Lady Hester Stanhope, Colonel James Stanhope her brother, Admiral Sir Samuel and Lady Hood, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Little Billy Austin. I doubt whether my father knew the Princess personally at that time. He thought her an ill-used, slandered woman. Some years after he changed his opinion, from anecdotes he heard from an eye-witness of her conduct at Mount Edgcumbe."

During the residence at Kensington Caroline began and maintained an intimacy with an Italian family of professional musicians, named Sapio. The family consisted of father, mother, and son, and, as in other instances, they had no sooner secured her countenance and support than they began to batten on her and use her for their own ends. Apparently she discovered this later on, for she dropped them as suddenly as she had taken them up, but in the meanwhile the freedom of intercourse between the Princess and the musicians gave rise to scandal out of all proportion to the cause. Lady Charlotte Campbell dwells on the subject continually with her airs of outraged propriety, and from her we gather that the Sapios lived at Bayswater, and were practically free of the palace, dining constantly with Caroline. She probably took lessons from them, for despite the fact that her singing voice, according to all accounts, was anything but pleasing, she appears to have been genuinely fond of music. Sapio senior was commonly called "old Chanticleer" amongst Caroline's attendants, Sapio junior "young Chanticleer." By way of variety, however, the father was alluded to as the "old Ourang Outang." An incident at which he was present has already been recounted. One of the results of this intimacy was that the Princess took a cottage at Bayswater next door to the Sapios, and frequently spent hours there, discarding ceremony altogether. The attendants nicknamed the cottage *Trou Madame*, and on one occasion when Caroline was viewing, with an idea of taking it, a residence somewhere on the Continent fantastically named *Le Paradis*, to which a smaller one known as *Le Petit Paradis* was attached, the remark was passed, "She is thinking the Little Paradise would make a good *Trou Madame*." After all, the whim to possess such a place is not uncommon amongst royal personages, who must be

thankful enough for the opportunity of discarding forms and ceremonies at times, and living as private gentlefolk. The only reason why Caroline's possession of the cottage should have provoked comment was probably that she did her best to convey the idea that it was a house of assignation.

Caroline never made any secret of her wish for her husband's death. She was not a hypocrite. Once when he was ill she wrote: "*My better* half, or my *worse*, which you choose, has been ill, I hear, but nothing to make me hope or fear. Pray burn this piece of *high treason*." It is not then surprising to hear of her diverting herself with the performance of an ancient ceremony by which the death of the person whom it was desired to be rid of was supposed to be procurable. As usual, it is to Lady Charlotte Campbell that we owe the information.

"Tuesday.—Lady— told me the old Ourang and his wife were with the Princess the whole day; that at dinner she cried and looked very ill, and said she had been so all night, and seemed really suffering. After dinner, her Royal Highness made a wax figure as usual, and gave it an amiable addition of large horns; then took three pins out of her garment, and stuck them through and through, and put the figure to roast and melt at the fire. If it was not too melancholy to have to do with this, I could have died of laughing. Lady— says the Princess indulges in this amusement whenever there are no strangers at table; and she thinks her Royal Highness really has a superstitious belief that destroying this *effigy* of her husband will bring to pass the destruction of his royal person. What a silly piece of spite! Yet, it is impossible not to laugh when one sees it done."

But whilst she did not disguise her own sentiments, she was far from encouraging those about her to provide her with tittle-tattle about her enemies. Here is what she says in a letter about the gossip brought to her concerning Queen Charlotte:

"As to myself, I have nothing agreeable to tell you, dear—. I hear plenty of ill-natured stories, put about by dat old witch de Queen; but I say to *dose* who tell them, You do me no good by repeating these reports. You do not gain favour with me either by so doing, I assure you. I hate gossips; and those who really wish me well, will not seek to make me unhappy by repeating the malevolent speeches of my enemies. When I answered Lady Oxford in this fashion de oder day, she did look quite *ébahie*, and ashamed of herself. 'tis true, my dear ———, 'pon honour, I never wish to be told these things. I know them to be said. I know quite enough, God knows, and wish never to know more, if I can help it."

Yet in another letter is her own account of a visit she made to the Queen and her reception, which might have excused her from lending an ear to whatever ill-natured tales the scandal-mongers

had to circulate about her mother-in-law. Her she nearly always referred to as the old Béguine, either because the long cloak and hood Queen Charlotte frequently wore resembled the dress of a *religieuse*, or that she intended to hint at an outward semblance of piety covering an evil disposition. The letter is as follows:

“I am in a state of rage, being just returned from a visit to the Queen, who received me in a most cavalier manner. Luckily I restrained myself whilst in her august presence; but I could have abused her gloriously, so angry did I feel at the old Béguine. I will not submit again in a hurry to such a reception. She never asked me to sit down. Imagine such a piece of ridiculous pride! And when I asked after my poor dear uncle, and said I should like to see him, she made me for answer, ‘the King is quite well, but he will not see you.’ I replied, ‘Madame, I shall ask His Majesty himself; she said *noting*, but smiled her abominable smile of derision.”

Perhaps the circumstance that gave rise to most bitterness during Caroline’s residence in London was the rebellion of Princess Charlotte, which her mother was somewhat naturally suspected of abetting. When she refused to have a new governess appointed, and demanded an establishment with the regulation ladies-in-waiting, her father, finding her obdurate, brought the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) to his support. It was perfectly in vain. When she could not get her own way the Princess Charlotte had an ingenious device of refusing to answer questions, in fact she became temporarily dumb. Says Eldon to the Prince Regent, “If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up.” Upon which, says Miss Cornelia Knight, in whose autobiography the story is preserved, the Princess remarked, “What would the King say if he knew his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier”; whilst Lady De Clifford in somewhat the same vein commented, “Rather violent language from a coalheaver’s son to the future Queen of England.”

Whatever was said or done to her detriment never seems to have disturbed Caroline’s fundamental good nature, however. Lady Charlotte Campbell preserves the following letter, and gives beneath it an explanation of the circumstances:

“Dear—,

Pray do me the favor to accept and wear de accompanying gown, and when you are in de ball at Carlton House tink of me, and wish me well.

“For ever your affectionate

“C. P.”

“The above brief note is full of matter for reflection and comment. In the first place it is a proof of the Princess’s generosity of feeling, as well as her liberality of ideas in pecuniary matters. She always had pleasure in giving to those of her ladies whom she

considered to be in want of her generosity. But the occasion on which the foregoing note was written was one in which she displayed great magnanimity of character and nobility of disposition. All Her Royal Highness's ladies had been invited to a fête by the Prince Regent, from which she was herself excluded: yet she took that opportunity to give them a proof of her regard, by presenting them all with very handsome dresses. Such traits of character should be set forth, and receive the public homage due to their merit."

There certainly is uncommon generosity in equipping her ladies well to visit the man who denied her her natural position of hostess at the entertainment they were going to. Yet, despite all she might do, detractors were ever abroad fomenting the existing calumnies against her by carelessly malicious comments. For instance, the Dowager Lady Vernon, writing to Mary Frampton on 4 June, 1814, says of Caroline: "There is little doubt the lady has been lying quietly by to take advantage of any false step of her amiable husband." Now only a year previously the amiable husband had been busily occupied endeavouring to work up a case for a divorce. As was remarked at the time, "that won't suit the Princess Charlotte at all, for he might marry again and have a son, and how furious she would be at that." The Regent's popularity, too, may be gauged by the following extract from a letter dated 23 February, 1812: "The Prince Regent went yesterday in grand state to the Chapel Royal—the first time of his appearance as virtual sovereign. As he proceeded from Carlton House to St. James's, surrounded by all his pomp, etc., not a single huzza from the crowd assembled to behold him! not a hat off! Of this I was assured by a gentleman present, on whom I can depend." While but four years later, after Caroline had quitted England, both the Regent and his mother not merely went short of huzzas, but were actually hissed. Here is the account:

"The Prince Regent left town last night (3 January, 1816). He has been so much hissed by the mob, he is quite disgusted; and the old Queen also, in going to her last drawing-room, was hissed and reviled, and the people asked her what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. They stopped her chair, and she put down the glass, and said, 'I am seventy-two years of age—I have been fifty-two years Queen of England, and I never was hissed by a mob before.' So they let her pass on without further molestation.

"The Regent sent several aid-de-camps to attend Her Majesty; she would not permit them to do so, but desired them to go back to Carlton House. They replied they could not, for that they were ordered by the Prince to see Her Majesty safe to Buckingham House. She said,—'You have left Carlton House at his orders—return there at mine, or I will leave my chair and go home on foot'; so they left her. There was something like coolness and

magnanimity displayed on this occasion." It is one of the few occurrences as to which we must perforce admire Queen Charlotte.

The greatest sensation, however, of the period between the Delicate Investigation and the Queen's departure for the Continent was the threatened publication of *The Book*. Moore's amusing squib concerning this mysterious production is printed in an appendix to the present volume. The consternation which prevailed was widespread, for it somehow became noised abroad that others beside the Prince Regent would find themselves rather frankly dealt with in the work. It has never been satisfactorily proved that there was anything further than a scheme for a publication. Lady Charlotte Campbell reports the receipt from Caroline of a quantity of papers which she ordered her to publish, and on the title page was to be stated that the contents had been found amongst the papers of Mr. Perceval. Mr. Perceval it was whose name was associated with the proposed publication of *The Book*. What Lady Charlotte did with the papers she does not state, but that a book of some sort, in which revelations were promised, was actually advertised as about to appear is unquestionable, for the following entry appears in Lady Charlotte's Diary:

"Mr. Conant, the police magistrate, went to Messrs. Longman and Rees, and asked what they meant by the paragraph they had put in the newspapers, concerning a publication of letters. Messrs. Longman and Rees replied that they meant what the paragraph specified—upon which Mr. Conant threatened them with the law, and foretold their ruin, and the Lord knows what. But Messrs. Longman and Rees replied they should take care not to publish anything actionable; and, as for the rest, they should follow their trade."

On one pretext or another Caroline was ousted from Kensington Palace and obliged to look out for another residence. She had fixed upon a house in Curzon street and made all arrangements with the executors of Lady Reid, the late owner, when suddenly all the negotiations came to naught almost without explanation or excuse on the part of the vendors. The place was a particularly desirable one, and Caroline had set her heart on it, for it was a kind of *rus in urbe*; so naturally she was intensely disappointed at the turn taken by affairs. She was, moreover, convinced that her opponents had managed to purchase the compliance of those with whom she had been negotiating because for some reason the Regent did not wish to have her so near to Carlton House as Mayfair. Eventually a house near Edgware Road was fixed upon—Connaught House—and here she set up her household for a while.

Perhaps the meanest attempt on the part of the Regent in his campaign against his wife was his endeavour to convey an

impression that the Duchess of Brunswick had withdrawn her support from her daughter. The incident is related as follows by Lady Charlotte Campbell:

“She told me that when she, the Princess of Wales, was at her mother’s the other day, the old lady said in her blunt way, ‘Madame de Haeckle, you may have a day to yourself on Wednesday next, for the Prince has invited me to dine at Carlton House, and he will not suffer any lady-attendants to go there; and, as my son accompanies me, I shall not want you.’ This speech astonished all present except her daughter, who had been apprised by the Duke of Kent that such an invitation would take place. It was so unfeeling to announce this with an air of triumph to the Princess of Wales, that but for the poor Duchess being very weak, and easily gulled, one must have conceived her to be devoid of all heart. This speech was followed by a general cessation of all conversation, Madame de Haeckle only looking dismayed. The Duchess of Brunswick first broke silence by turning suddenly to her daughter and saying, ‘Do you think I should be carried upstairs on my cushion?’ To which the Princess replied with great coolness, ‘there is no upstairs, I believe;—the apartments are all on one floor.’ ‘Oh, charming, that is delightful!’ rejoined the Duchess; and with a few more queries, to which the Princess always replied with the greatest self-possession and sang-froid, as though she was not in the least hurt, this strange royal farce ended.

“The Duke of Brunswick, however, came to the Princess his sister, and said, ‘this must not be. You must not suffer her to think of going.’ Accordingly, Lady G— was despatched the next morning, with a long letter written by the Princess to her mother, explaining to her that if she went to Carlton House, her presence there would seem like a tacit acknowledgment that she was satisfied with the Prince’s conduct to her daughter; that he was in the right; and that she, the Princess, merited the treatment he gave her. Lady G— read the letter to the Duchess, then by word of mouth confirmed the contents, and further commented thereon; but the Duchess was immovable in her intention, and persisted in going. ‘No,’ said she, ‘I see the business quite in another point of view from what you do; I love my daughter above all things, and would do anything in the world for her; but I must go to Carlton House.’ Lady G— continued in earnest converse and entreaty with her for two hours, but nothing appeared to move the old lady from her determination. When weary and worn, the ambassadress was about to depart, the Duchess cried out, ‘No, no; tell her I love her of all things, but give her no hopes on this subject. The Princess has a jewel in you; you have done your embassy well; but give her no hopes.’

“*Eh bien,*’ said the Princess, continuing her narration of this curious scene, and drawing her breath as she usually does when

she is angry, 'I gave the matter up, and thought that, like many other things, it could not be helped; when the next day I received a letter from my mother, saying, "Far be it from me to do any thing contrary to your interests; and hearing that there is a doubt upon the subject, I shall not go to Carlton House." This resolve astonished me as much as my mother's previous determination, and I immediately wrote to say how grateful I was to her; in proof of which, I begged to dine with her the next day, and added that I should take no notice of what had passed. Accordingly,' she continued, 'nothing was said upon the subject, and there the business ended; but was there ever such an idea entered a mother's head!' added the Princess. 'It was so evidently a trap, that was set to inveigle the poor old Duchess into a tacit condemnation of *me!*'"

The crowning series of affronts seems to have been the absolute ignoring of the Princess during the visit of the allied sovereigns to London. The Regent was reported to have sent a special envoy to Russia to desire the Czar not to notice the Princess of Wales. He, however, determined to visit her, and was actually stepping into his carriage when some device was employed to divert him from his intention, and Caroline waited for him in vain. The Duchess of Oldenburg, the Czar's sister, was also prevented from going to Caroline by making her a guest at Carlton House. She was told it would not be etiquette for her to use any carriage but the Regent's, and in a carriage belonging to him it was impossible for her to go to the Princess of Wales. Prince Paul of Würtemberg, whom Sir William Gell calls a "squinting bird," was in London also, but left his aunt unvisited. He presumably was the son of the unhappy sister Charlotte. Amongst other festivities designed in honour of the foreign guests was a grand ball to be given by the members of White's. In order to exclude Caroline the Regent sent to inquire who was to be invited, and, his intention being divined, some too obsequious person returned answer that the tickets for invitation to royalties would be sent to himself for distribution. This was not guarantee sufficient, however, and at a meeting of members one of them was prompted to propose that the members should undertake that the tickets allotted to them for distribution outside their families should not be given to any one below a certain rank of life or higher in station than a peer.

In honour of the visiting royalties a grand procession to the City was arranged, with a banquet and other gaieties. Caroline, of course, was excluded. But she might have borne her mortification with more fortitude had it not been for the action of Alderman Wood, one of her staunch adherents. He, good man, in the simplicity of his heart, thinking perhaps to lighten her disappointment at taking no part in the show, actually wrote to her, saying that if she cared to view the procession he would arrange

that a house on the route should be reserved for her use!

At this time Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Brougham arrogated to themselves the right of directing her every action. She would be recommended to visit the opera or to drive; an hour would be suggested as the most suitable; a countermand would arrive, either for the visit or the hour of its being paid. The fetters became intolerable, and in an outburst of independence Caroline resolved to travel abroad. She did, however, indulge in one frolic during the public festivities. Lady Charlotte gives an account of it. It was a surreptitious visit to a masquerade.

“Saturday, 2 July, 1814.—I dined at Connaught House. Sir W. Gell, and Mr. Craven, and the two ladies, Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Charlotte Campbell, were the party. After dinner came on the *mystery*,—which was quite unnecessary, but which added very much to the amusement. The Princess, in going to the masquerade, took us down the back staircase, and out at the back door from the garden. Mr. Craven and Sir W. Gell, and myself, walked with her and the two ladies to the Albany. It was a very fine night, and Sir William was so amusing it certainly was very good fun. We reached the Albany without adventures or detection; and there we dressed as fast as possible, and from thence proceeded to the masquerade. The danger of exposing the Princess by being myself known took away all the amusement I might otherwise have had. On our return, the Princess was so tired I thought she never would be able to walk from the turnpike to the little door of Connaught House; and, oh! how unmercifully Her Royal Highness leant on my arm! She did, however, get home, and I hope and think without being detected.”

Shortly after this event the start for the Continent was made, and throughout the subsequent travels Professor Clerici has followed the Princess’s footsteps untiringly. One small matter, however, is worthy of mention at the outset of the expedition.

In a letter from Sir W. Gell, dated Brunswick, 23 August, 1814, enumerating the Princess’s party, he says: “The Princess, Willikin, Edwardind,” etc. etc. Willikin was of course William Austin, but who Edwardind was is undiscoverable. In a note to the conversation between Caroline and Lady Charlotte Campbell given earlier there is allusion to a girl-child adopted by the Princess, whom she took on the Continent with her, but of this girl-child no other record seems to have been preserved, and of Edwardind only on one other occasion is mention made in Lady Charlotte Campbell’s Diary, where he becomes Edwardines.

Lady Charlotte Campbell’s account of her first sight of Pergami, at Genoa, in April, 1815, too is interesting:

“The Princess received me in one of the drawing-rooms, opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell

(who came in soon after me) with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported; six feet high, a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from here to London. Such is the stork. But of course I only appeared to take him for an upper servant. The Princess immediately took me aside, and told me all that was true, and a great deal that was not. The same decoction of mingled falsehood and truth is in use as heretofore! Oh! that some one would break the vial, and spill the vile liquid which she is using to her destruction in this world, as well as in the next!

“Her Royal Highness said that Gell and Craven had behaved very ill to her, and I am tempted to believe they have not behaved well; but then how did she behave to them? Besides, she began telling me such stories of them as made me sick, and that I in no way believe, which immediately proved to me that she was lying, from the littleness of her heart

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

All this I laid to its right account; but it made me tremble to think what anger would induce a woman to do, when she abused these her best friends for their cavalier manner of treating her. If there was any cause of complaint, I am sure it was brought about by her own conduct, and I lament that it should have been so.

“Well, when I left Naples, you see, my dear,” continued the Princess, “those gentlemen refused to go with me unless I returned immediately to England. They supposed I should be so miserable without them that I would do anything they desired me; and when they found I was too glad *to get red of ’em*, (as she called it), they wrote the most humble letters, and thought I would take them back again, whereas they were very much mistaken. I had *got rid of them*, and I would remain so.”

“Then came a description of the King and Queen of Naples, the stable boy, and Buonaparte’s sister. He was all delightful, she was false and furious. The stable boy was a prince in disguise!”

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of Lady Charlotte’s account is yet to come. As she says, it seems incredible, and almost suggests that the Princess was subject to delusions.

“After the people went away, the Princess kept me up till very late, talking over her grievances with her ex-chamberlains. I could not help thinking, whatever were Her Royal Highness’s faults, they must have been also to blame. The spirit of expediency, which I had hoped found no dwelling-place in their minds or hearts, must

have led them to think it wisest to leave her service; but they should have attended her till she got others. Among many stories too shocking to put on paper, and which, I make no doubt, were mostly, if not all, lies, the Princess told me one of the minor but meaner kind, with such detail of circumstance that my faith was staggered. It was nearly as follows: 'Some time about Christmas, Sir W. Gell came to me and said, in his cavalier manner, "Craven and I want two coats, and your Royal Highness must give us thirty ducats to buy them." "Very well," I said; and soon after I sent for Siccard and told him. Siccard said, "Surely your Royal Highness is mistaken; Sir W. Gell must only have referred to his salary, which has been due such a time, and is now owing to him." "Very well," I replied, "but you'll see it is not that." I took the sum, however, which Siccard put up in paper, determining to give it him myself, which I did accordingly, on going to the opera. He said, "Do you know I was very near returning the sum you gave me?" "Why?" "Because it is not at all what I meant; I meant to have thirty ducats for my coat" I did not answer a single word, but I gave it him, and then told Siccard. "Is it possible that a gentleman can do such things?" said he. "Amen," said I, in my own person.'

"Abashed and astonished, I own I cannot believe this; I am sure it was false; and yet there was an air of truth in it which terrified me for my friends. How very dangerous to be near such scenes!"

Gell and Craven are represented throughout Lady Charlotte's Diary, by their own correspondence there interpolated, as behaving very much like a couple of schoolboys out for a lark. But they were at least gentlemen. And though Gell seems to have been the one to label Caroline "Mrs. Thompson," and to speak *of* her constantly in a tone of amused tolerance, he came forward in her defence at the trial.

Writing to Lady Charlotte some time after, Sir William says:

"Since the removal of all our worthy friends from the Court of Queen Mab I hear very little royal news; and what is wafted to my ear by the rude breath of scandal does not please me much. I am told '*we*' are very happy, living at Como, in one '*most beautifullest little house*' 'that ever was seen, enjoying the society of a select few.' The happy man increases in favour daily, and Mrs. Thompson declares she is in paradise. I am happy she is pleased; but I live in fear of hearing of the fall of Eve; and then the Regent will, with his sword, chase her for ever from English ground. At present '*we*' completely despise England, and hate all its inhabitants; but we are apt to change our opinions, and I fancy when good King George the Third walks off, '*we*' shall choose to go and show ourselves as '*Queen*'; and then if our well-beloved husband can raise any objections to our doing so, the will will not be wanting—so we had better take care—which, by all accounts, we are not doing just now.

“Oh! how happy a certain personage would be with the heiress apparent dead, and Mrs. Thompson’s head chopped off for high treason! There would not be so happy a mortal on the face of the earth. I also heard ‘we’ are engaged in painting *His* picture. Now as you may not be aware who the *His* is, be it known to all there present, it is the *Comte Alexander Hector Von Der Otto*, a prince in disguise; and his sister, the Comtesse Austerlitz, is a Venus, and a Madame de Sevigné; so that ‘our’ letters are all written for us in the most perfect style; and ‘a Catalani,’ and everything else that is perfect, except ‘Joan of Arc,’ which title is still held sacred to Lady Anne Hamilton. The Count is an Apollo—a Julius Caesar—Adonis—a Grammont—and what not. I wish you and I could find such charming folks to live with. It is very strange that people of such taste and discernment have never been able to discover such paragons of perfection. We are most unfortunate.

“When ‘we’ were at C---, a person who had a sidesaddle sent Mrs. Thompson one to ride upon; but we preferred cross-leg fashion, and wore hessian boots and a sabre! What would I not have given to see the show! We always miss what is best worth seeing in this life.”

And at another date, on the same subject, Sir William writes:

“There was a *fête champêtre* at the Villa d’Este a short time ago, of which, I dare say, you have heard all the particulars. Mrs. Thompson must have looked divine as a *Druidical priestess*, which was the character ‘we’ assumed; and Le Comte Alexander Hector von der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Willikin was the victim offered to his druidical majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the most holy order of Saint Caroline, which consists of a cross and a heart tied together with a true lover’s knot, and the English royal motto encircling the badge: *‘Honi soit qui mal y pense.’* How far these words are applicable to the case, I cannot say; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey.

“‘We’ go constantly on the lake in ‘our’ barge, and are serenaded, and are, as ‘we’ say, very happy; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs. Thompson, whose ‘kingdom is departed from her,’ as surely as that I am at this moment agreeably occupied in writing to you. She has never heard once from Prince Leopold since her daughter’s death. The manner in which she is treated is shameful; but, alas! they have so much to say against her in excuse for their detestable conduct, that one cannot cry them shame

“ADONIS —.

“P.S.—Think you Mrs. Thompson will consent to being excluded from her place in the show *‘as is to be’*? I should say certainly not, without a *tussle* for it at least. ‘We’ are too fond of

gold lace and theatrical amusements to waive 'our' rights; besides, *sometimes* 'we' remember 'we' are royal, though we *often* forget it. What part could the Count Alexander Hector von der Otto take in the ceremony?—ay, there's the rub; and I don't think 'we' should like to go without him."

An unnamed correspondent of Lady Charlotte Campbell writes as follows of a dinner with the Princess when Pergami was not at the table:

"I dined accordingly last evening with Her Royal Highness. The *Comtesse Oldi* sat at table, but her brother *did not*. The Princess talked sensibly, and cautiously I should say, and appeared in very calm spirits. I watched the attendants closely, and could not discover any want of proper respect in their manners, &c., towards her. Perhaps they were on their guard before a stranger; but certainly, as far as I could see, they were as well-behaved as possible. The Comtesse Oldi seems a stupid silent woman. Her appearance is not particular in any way. The Princess's apartments are comfortable, and altogether I was agreeably disappointed; for I own, from all I had heard, I expected to find things very different from what I did. The Princess avoided speaking of England or the English people, and only once alluded to the Princess Charlotte's death, by pointing to the *lilac* bows of her gown, and saying, 'What an ugly thing mourning is!' I could scarcely help laughing, and asking whether that colour was considered as such. But I thought it best not to make any *impertinent* remarks; and my visit passed off pleasantly and quietly, but certainly not so amusingly as I have generally found the time to do in Her Royal Highness's society. I hope the respectable appearance of her house and mode of life is uniformly such as I witnessed; and I am tempted to believe shameful and ill-natured lies are invented against her. Yet, I will own, I can scarcely think she is always satisfied to lead so monotonous a life as it would appear she does. She showed me her villa, and appeared proud of its beauty and comfort, which is certainly very great. The only circumstance which took from my pleasure in this dinner, was the fear that all the decorum I witnessed might not be habitual, but only put on for the occasion. However, I have no right to suppose so, and would fain not; so I beg of you to give me up as authority; and having been an eye-witness, I am ready to testify that I saw nothing that was not strictly proper."

Caroline's impulsiveness in her movements, as well as her right royal disregard of inconvenient facts, may be illustrated by an anecdote Lady Charlotte records of a suddenly formed intention to go from Genoa to Venice. She was persuaded of the inexpediency of the scheme, and gave it up in her usual good-humoured fashion.

"'An affair,' said she, 'my dear —, of ten days; *two days* to go,

two to come back, and four to remain there.’ Her Royal Highness was not very exact in her calculations! I once heard her ask what o’clock it was? Her page, Mr. Steinman, answered, ‘Eight o’clock, please your Royal Highness!’ ‘It does not please me,’ said she; ‘it is only six o’clock.’ ‘Certainly,’ replied the well-educated page of honour, ‘it is only six o’clock, then; as your Royal Highness commands it should be.’”

At one time it seemed almost as though she had made up her mind to abandon her status as Princess of Wales, for when the Villa d’Este was finished and ready for occupation she signed the cards of invitation to the ceremony of inauguration simply Caroline d’Este. This may, however, have been mere romanticism or a tendency, always observable, to the theatrical.

The fact of the existence of the Milan commission and the Regent’s intentions with regard to divorce must have been well known to Caroline long before she left Italy, for the following passage occurs in Moore’s *Fudge Family in Paris*, published in 1818, and Moore was Caroline’s friend.

Reynolds and I—(you know Tom Reynolds—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—d—th wants a death or two);
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men like us of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under*-saviours of the nation—
Have formed a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King Midas,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most asinine,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his ears, but allegorical,
Meaning Informers, kept at high rent,
Genmen, who touched the Treasury glistener
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragment
For Royal Midas’s green bag meant
“And wherefore,” said this best of Peers,
“Should not the R—g—t too have ears,
To reach as far, as long and wide as
Those of his model, good King Midas?”
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank “The R—g—t’s Ears,”
With three times three illustrious cheers,

That made the room resound like thunder—
“The R—g—t’s Ears, and may he ne’er
From foolish shame, like Midas, wear
Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!”

A sort of complement to this is sent by Gell to Lady Charlotte, who inserts it at the date of her visit to Caroline at Genoa. A note follows to explain that it is out of place chronologically, and the use of the word “Queen,” and the phrase “drove me from Rome,” sufficiently date it. Still, Moore’s mention of the Green Bag in 1818 is important.

“Since the law of the land has established the thing,
And Judge Blackstone declares ‘the Queen equals the King,’
As I always must think that a generous nation
May desire to know who gave first provocation,
Which the household of Royalty turned upside down,
And which threatens the credit and peace of the Crown,
I do tie all my evidence up in a bag,
And present, like my husband, my Royal Green Bag.
Mein Gotts! or, my Lords, I believe I should say,
What right has my husband to drive me away?
Do they think with their Oliver, Castles, and spies,
To make me sit silent to prove all their lies?
Let them send all their carles to Milan and Rome
To hash up a story to publish at home,
Or their Browns to spy Como and Lombardy round,
And expend—for the nation—twice ten thousand pound.
Such plots and such plans, I may safely defy,
For *Brown* ne’er can blacken the *white* of my eye.
While their Redens and Omptedas charged with commission
To hunt me through Europe without intermission,
Have only exposed, when they drove me from Rome,
The meanness of those who employed them at home.
At one great distance off, and one great while ago,
I lived safe *wit* my fader at Brunswick, ye know;
And although it be not the most favoured of lands,
Because ‘tis surrounded with deserts and sands,
Yet many fine things may still Brunswick adorn,
Though the stupidest place that God ever did born;
And de mens might be brave, and de women be good,
Though they feed on sour-kraut in a palace of wood.
So my *fader* took part in all wars and all quarrels,
And my *moder* she scold and take care of my morals;
So she gave me the Bible, but pinn’d up some pages,
Not suited, she said, to all girls, nor all ages:
But I knew all good Christians should read all dat book,
So I unpinned the pages and ventured to look.
Then she called me one day, and she tell me fine tales,
Of how I should surely be Princess *von Vales*.
I talk of my heart, but she tell me ’twas just
Like de preach to de wind, for ’twas fixed, and I must;
But she tell me my husband not send for me yet,
Till the nation consented to pay off his debt.
So I soon found my hopes and my pride tumble down,

And was sold to *my husband* for less than a *crown*.
So I leave old mamma, which I like very well,
And quit, without crying, both Brunswick and Zell,
Forget Rostock, and Klopstock, and Weimar, and Schiller,
With Professor Fonfrarius, and learned Von Miller;
And I *tink* to myself, though the thought was in vain,
I'll be whipt if ye catch me among ye again."

As regards some of the Princess's attendants a few words may be useful. Count Münster, in seeking to soothe the wounded vanity of Baron Ompteda, tells him that Hownam was the child of a servant of Lady Charlotte Finch, and so, presumably, unworthy of his sword. It seems just possible that this may have been mere invention on Münster's part, and that Hownam was actually one of the children she adopted, or befriended, and sent into the navy. At the "Delicate Investigation" it was stated that Caroline's confidential conversations with Captain Manby of the navy had to do with some of the boys who were at sea under his charge, and Hownam may well have been one of them. His immediate compliance with Caroline's orders to him, to charter and take command of a ship for her, and his subsequent dog-like fidelity would then be accounted for.

Sir William Gell was much about the Princess at Kensington. He was something of an artist, and very much of a dilettante. He had instruction at the Royal Academy, though he never appears to have exhibited. A large collection of his original drawings made during his travels is in the British Museum. He is perhaps best remembered as joint author of Gell and Gandy's *Pompeiana*. Byron made his acquaintance whilst *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was being printed, and altered a reference to him from "coxcomb Gell" to "classic Gell"; this he afterwards changed to "rapid Gell," with the note "Rapid indeed! He topographized and typographized King Priam's dominions in three days." The determination to be facetious at all costs evident in his letters must have been something of a trial to his friends, and the extraordinary signatures he adopts appear somewhat pointless. "Your affectionate grandmother, John Julius Angerstein," for instance, reads rather like lunacy. Gell died at Naples two years before the appearance of Lady Charlotte's Diary. He was affectionately tended to the last by his friend Craven. Greville has the following mention of him in his Diary. One could wish that some of the anecdotes spoken of had been put on record.

"May 27, 1830. Breakfasted with Gell, in his Boschetto Gellio, under a treillage of vines, and surrounded by fruits and flowers. He was very agreeable, and told us a great many anecdotes of the Queen and her trial."

Keppel Craven was the son of the sixth Baron Craven, and his mother, a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, took for second

husband the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Baireuth, and was sometimes called the Princess Berkeley. It was, no doubt, owing to this connexion that Caroline became the tenant of Brandenburg House in 1820. Craven seems to have possessed much the same exuberance of spirits as his friend Gell, and, doubtless, their company was very congenial to Caroline. In the light of after events it seems perhaps the most regrettable circumstance in her career as Princess of Wales that these two men should have left her service. Craven died, also at Naples, in 1851. Of Lady Anne Hamilton, up to a certain point, one hears nothing but complaints. But her character must have been a noble one, and despite the Princess's imputation of masculinity, not wanting in gentleness and sympathy, for she was the first person to be summoned when Caroline approached England once more; and though she had in former times done her best to get rid of Lady Anne, she admitted in the end how unjust she had been. On this subject Sir William Gell writes:

"The Princess is very busy trying to make up a marriage for Joan of Arc with some one; any one *voud* do. 'Oh! mein Gott, she has de eyes of Argus, and do pry into my most secret thoughts; 'pon honour, I wonder sometimes how she guess what I tink.' 'Tis a great plague to have dis dragonne de Virtue always attending me partout, partout. I must find her a husband to deliver me of her. Mais qui voudrois l'entreprendre?' And then Her Royal Highness looks very significantly at me, as if she thought I should have the courage necessary to conquering this '*Amazon*.' I leave that boast to a more fortunate, or unfortunate, man. Meanwhile the lady in question, it would seem to me, makes les yeux doux to Lord B—.

The Princess herself, speaking of Lady Anne, writes: "Joan of Arc was in waiting, and looked very grand. She is a good creature, and I believe attached to me very sincerely; but oh! mein Got, she is wearisome sometimes. Job would have got into a passion *wid* her, I am sure." On another occasion Caroline says: "Lady Anne is en petite santé just now; she is truly interesting; yet, as your song says, 'Nobody's coming to marry her,' nor I fear never will; so I and Joan shall live and die together, like two turtle-doves, or rather like dem two foolish women, Lady Eleanor Butler and Mlle. Ponsonby, who must be mad, I should tink, to choose to leave the world, and set up in a hermitage in Wales,—mais chacun a son goût,—it would not be mine. My dear—, I do dread being married to a lady friend. Men are tyrants, mais de women—heaven help us! dey are vrais Neros over those they rule. No, no,—give me my sweet Prince, rather than a female governess."

But the final comment reads thus: "Poor Joan of Arc has really proved herself true to de name I used to give her *pour me moquer d'elle*. She has staid wid me through it all, and God he knows dat was no small trial Poor soul! I hope he will reward her for her

courage.”

From the Greville Memoirs we learn that some intention of return on Caroline’s part was anticipated in August, 1819. Greville enters on 11 August: “The Vice-Chancellor was going to Italy, but his journey is stopped, as he says, because the Prince Regent has desired him to stay in England in consequence of the approaching return of the Princess of Wales.” However, as it turned out, the rumour was a false one. From Greville too we learn that the omission of the Queen’s name from the prayer-book was entirely the King’s doing. He writes on 14 February, 1820: “The Cabinet sat till past two o’clock this morning. The King refused several times to order the Queen to be prayed for in the alteration which was made in the Liturgy. The ministers wished him to suffer it to be done, but he peremptorily refused, and said nothing should induce him to consent, whoever might ask him. Lord Harrowby told me this last night”

His account of Caroline’s entry into London confirms the general report of the immense enthusiasm that prevailed, but adds a curious piece of information: “Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honour, while the Duke of Hamilton’s sister was sitting backwards in the carriage.” The contrast between this and the former entry, when by George III’s directions Malmesbury prevented Lady Jersey from assuming the coveted position, is sufficiently marked to be worth allusion. When not yet Princess of Wales she occupies the seat of honour in solitary state. When Queen she gives a place beside herself to a commoner. The incident is typical of Caroline’s waywardness. Greville gloats over the details. He says: “The alderman showed a specimen of his taste as he came into London; when the Queen’s coach passed Carlton House he stood up and gave three cheers.”

At this moment the ascendancy of Lady Hertford over George was ended, and Lady Conyngham ruled his movements. Lady Hertford, according to Greville, being asked if the King had ever talked to her about Lady Conyngham, retorted that “intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had always talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses.” Thereafter the entries on the subject in Greville’s Diary are almost unanimously fretful: “The discussion of the Queen’s business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society,” or “The town is still in an uproar about the trial.” He reports on the authority of Esterhazy, who was present, the extraordinary dignity with which George, on the Queen’s letter being brought to him whilst he was at dinner at the cottage in Windsor Park, said, “Tell the Queen’s messenger that the King can receive no communication from her except through the hands of his ministers.” But a little later he records that the Duke of Wellington, to whom the Duke of Portland was urging the

expediency of the withdrawal of the bill, on the score of the disgrace it would entail on the King, by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons, answered that the King was degraded as low as he could be already. A humorous occurrence, which does not appear to be chronicled elsewhere, is preserved in Greville. Great emphasis was laid on the vulgar accent of the Countess Oldi, with the object of proving her low origin. Lord Lauderdale drew particular attention to this inference, himself speaking in very broad Scotch, upon which a member of the opposition said to the witness, "Have the goodness to state whether the Countess spoke Italian with as broad an accent as the noble Earl speaks his native tongue."

It has been suggested elsewhere that the Queen's exclamation on seeing Maiocchi in the witness-box was not "O Teodoro," but "O Traditore"; and the suggestion appears reasonable enough. The evidence of this witness and the maid Demont as printed in the verbatim reports of the trial is of such a nature that no impartial person can fail to perceive that they were suborned. What they say to the Queen's detriment they say parrot fashion. When an attempt is made to catch them in a contradictory statement, the one has recourse to "I don't remember," the other to "I haven't the least idea." In fact, the latter phrase might just as well have become a popular catchword as the former, so many times did the demure Louise repeat it. It is a pity to omit from any account of the trial Denman's magnificent point; when referring to the exclusion of the Queen's name from the liturgy he said that it mattered little, for she was prayed for none the less together with "all those who are desolate and oppressed."

Brougham, in his *Memoirs*, gives an account of the intended action of himself and his colleagues in the event of the Bill passing. It does not carry conviction, but it is worth quoting. He says:

"Independent of our support from the people, and even upon the supposition of the case appearing against us, I had a sure resource—a course that could not have failed, even if the Bill had actually passed the Lords. The threat which I held out in opening the defence was supposed to mean recrimination; and no doubt it included that. We had abundant evidence of the most unexceptionable kind, which would have proved a strong case against the King—indeed, an unquestionable one of that description; but we never could be certain of this proving decisive with both Houses, and it assuredly never would have been sufficient to make the King give up the Bill. . . . When I said that it might be my painful duty to bring forward what would involve the country in confusion, I was astonished that anybody should have conceived recrimination to be all I intended. . . . It was of the last importance that the real ground of the defence should be brought forward by surprise, or at all events that it should be presented at

once in its full proportions, and by a short and clear statement. The ground, then, was neither more nor less than impeaching the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the crown. He had married a Roman Catholic (Mrs. Fitzherbert) while heir-apparent, and this is declared by the Act of Settlement to be a forfeiture of the crown '*as though he were naturally dead.*' We were not in possession of all the circumstances as I have since ascertained them, but we had enough to prove the fact. Mrs. Fitzherbert's uncle, Mr. Errington, who was present at the marriage—indeed, it was performed at his house¹—was still alive, and though, no doubt, he would have had the right to refuse answering a question to which an affirmative reply exposed him to the pains and penalties of *premunire*, denounced against any person present at such marriage, it was almost certain that, on Mrs. Fitzherbert's behalf, he would have waived the protection, and given his testimony to prove the marriage; but even his refusal would have left the conviction in all men's minds that the marriage had taken place. However, there existed ample evidence, which Errington would undoubtedly have enabled us to produce without the possibility of incurring any penalties whatever."

The writer of the "Supplementary Letters" at the end of Vol. II of Lady Charlotte Campbell's Diary, who may have been Galt or may have been Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, but was certainly a Scotchman, gives one of the most dramatic impressions an historian has ever given of a great moment of tragedy in his description of the Queen leaving the House of Lords after the abandonment of the Bill. He writes:

"I shall never forget what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the House, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not indeed proceed, for she had a '*daized*' look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great staircase; she began to descend, and I followed, instinctively, two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief—an echoing of the voice of the soul.

"Four or five persons came in from below, before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them;

but I was in indescribable confusion; the great globe itself was shaking under me. I rushed past, and out into the hastily assembling crowd. The pressure was as in the valley of Jehoshaphat that shall be. I knew not where I was, but in a moment a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the house were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer; but at first there was a kind of stupor. The sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street. Every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.

“The generous exultation and hurry of the people were beyond all description: it was a conflagration of hearts. But before I had struggled to St. Margaret’s, I was seized with hoarseness and rage. The Queen of the greatest of all the nations was allowed to escape from jeopardy, with as little public deference, save the voluntary huzzahs of the people, as the vilest delinquent from a police office.”

From this time onward the Queen’s life was passed at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith, of which mention has already been made.

Henry Angelo in his *Reminiscences* has several references to the place in the time of the Margravine of Anspach. Speaking of his friend, John Nixon, he says: “He was an excellent amateur performer, and shone one of the stars at the private theatricals at Brandenburg House, where he and I have frequently played together. . . . On these occasions the dramatis personae who came down from London to render their gratuitous services were invited to dine with the Margrave and Margravine.” Angelo then proceeds to tell how on one occasion Nixon on his way to Hammersmith had some accident with his post-horses, and completed the journey in a baker’s cart. When he entered the dining-room it was discovered that in his hurry to keep his appointment he had, by mistake, donned the dress-suit specially designed for members of the Beefsteak Club, with gilt buttons embossed with a gridiron, and that this was plentifully powdered through his ride with the baker. The Margravine thereupon dubbed him “the well-bred (bread) man,” a nickname which stuck. On another occasion, when Angelo was acting in an adaptation from Schiller by the Margravine herself, his antagonist in a fight was Keppel Craven, and, chagrined at being unprovided with “lines,” Angelo “gagged,” which brought down the noble author’s wrath upon him. On still another occasion he gives a lengthy account of a performance on the Margrave’s birthday. The play was an adaptation, again by the Margravine, of Mrs. Sheridan’s *Nourjahad*, and the Margravine took the principal female character. She could not persuade any of

her friends to assume the part of the leading man, as there were over a thousand lines to be committed to memory, so in her imperious way she imposed it on Angelo, who submitted with the best grace he could. From this account we learn that the theatre was a temporary structure only, and further that the noble hostess possessed plate of immense value (which at Rundell's cost two thousand pounds more than that of Queen Charlotte, which it was said was twenty-four thousand pounds) and which was pressed into the service of the play, when Fatima (the Margravine) to gain the love of Nourjahad (Angelo) makes a display of her wealth. So it is clear that the notoriety of Brandenburg House was not restricted to the period of Caroline's occupancy.

Of its condition during the Queen's occupancy Grantley Berkeley gives us a glimpse.

"When the Queen adopted the Hammersmith Mansion as her residence, the Rev. John Wood (afterwards Sir John Page Wood, Bart.) acted as her secretary and chaplain.

"The house commanded a pleasant view of the Thames, and in the grounds was a walk on the bank of the river, leading to what had been the private theatre. The Queen adopted as her private apartments a suite on the ground floor, adjoining the capacious dining-room. The glory of the house was the saloon on the first floor, which was of large size and lofty dimensions, with massive folding doors. On one side was a life-size, full-length portrait of the Margravine [of Anspach and Bayreuth], or Princess Berkeley, painted at a time when she was in the zenith of her charms; on the other side of the doors were life-size portraits of her brothers [sons?], Berkeley and Keppel Craven, the former, a very handsome young man, leaning on the shoulder of his brother. Both were painted, I believe, by Romney.

"At one end of the room, in the centre, stood a self-acting pianoforte, the tones of which were beautifully modulated and sweet. This instrument was always kept surrounded by a bower of tuberose, and the scent from it perfumed the entire apartment.

"At a little distance off there also stood a grand pianoforte with keys at each end for two performers, on which William Austin used to play duets with the chaplain's lady."

Sir John Page Wood assured Grantley Berkeley that "there never was a more attractive and alluring person in manner than Queen Caroline. She had an excellent temper and most benevolent disposition. Her fault was a contempt for the world's opinion when she was unconscious of wrong-doing."

This is a fair set-off to Captain Gronow's ferocious dictum, which reads: "The Princess of Wales was one of the most unattractive and almost repulsive women for an elegant-minded man that could well have been found amongst German royalty."

The truth appears to be that her merits and her demerits of

manner were largely attributable to whether she did or did not desire to please; whether she was or was not attracted to the particular company she was in.

We have Lady Charlotte's own testimony that she knew how to be dignified, and Lady Charlotte belonged to a great family, and should have been a judge. Yet here is an anecdote that the writer of the "Supplementary Letters" before mentioned gives, which seems to imply that dignity sat ill on her.

"An old lady from the country, of a truly Shakspearian discernment of character, and who was famed for her perspicuity among all her circle, requested me to go with her to see the Princess, in the church of Greenwich. We were, however, rather late, the service having commenced; but as our errand was to see Her Royal Highness, we filled up the time by strolling in the Park, and were back to see the Princess pass to her carriage. I was anxious to hear what my companion thought of her, knowing the singular talent of the old lady; and I remember very distinctly her saying to me, with an inflection of sadness, '*Poor woman! she's endeavouring to be a lady.*' Many years after, when Mrs. Clarke told me of the Princess's *hoydenishness*, I recollected this opinion; and I remembered it with sorrow, convinced of its justness, even to the day I followed her down the great stairs of the House of Lords, when the impolitic Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned. Yet, surely, there is no moral crime in the manifestation of natural character, if that can be said not to be an offence, which is apt to be felt as disagreeable."

A marked feature of Caroline's character was her desire to be constantly amused, but it is pretty certain that she would demand a considerable amount of brilliancy from the entertainer for the time being. Of a bore she remarked, "Mein Gott! Dat is de dullest person Gott Almighty ever did born"; and some witty sayings of her own have been handed down. When still a girl she overheard her father asking Mirabeau how he would define Time and Space, and at once interrupted with "Space is in Madame de L.'s mouth, and Time is in her face." When the Regent took to himself the applause that greeted Caroline's entry at the opera, being urged to bow *her* acknowledgments, she retorted, "Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present." During the trial two witticisms escaped her. Being asked if she would have some refreshments prepared, she replied, "If I am hungry I can take a chop at the King's Head"; and when stress was laid on the unimpeachableness of her character, she remarked, "I am not altogether blameless, for I have committed adultery—with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband." This last remark might have explained to her, if she had reflected, how it came about that when she started from Rome for England her passport was made out in the name of Princess Caroline of Brunswick instead of as Queen of England. She attributed it to the

machinations of George and the compliance of Cardinal Consalvi. But the Court of Rome had authorized Mrs. Fitzherbert to resume cohabitation with George after the ceremony of marriage with Caroline. Mrs. Fitzherbert was living, so the same authorities could not admit the equal claim of another woman to be the legitimate wife of the same man. A witty, but cynical remark is also recorded in allusion to Samuel Rogers. One day she had a party dining with her at Kensington Palace, and noticed the eyes of some of her guests attracted to a bilious-looking picture of a child. She said meditatively, "If Rodjair, de poet, were to make a shild, it would be like dat shild."

The closing scene came with great unexpectedness, but the weary woman must have welcomed it as a termination to the sorrow heaped upon her by outrageous fortune. To Lady Charlotte's Diary again we owe the picture that best assorts with the description of the passing of the Queen.

"A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed, the very night indeed on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburg House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene."

A curious coincidence demands mention at this point. George was on his way to Ireland. Arrangements had been made for the illumination of the coast and the firing of salutes. In his train was that very Sir John Stanley who "did think and dream of her day and night at Brunswick, and for a year afterwards" when Caroline was fourteen. To him it fell to communicate to the King the news of his wife's death, and his influence it was that prevented the firing of the beacons and the salutes, and procured for the dead lady the observance of at least a semblance of respect. Still another coincidence, this time recorded by Doran. He says: "As the Princess was stepping on board the *Jupiter* off Stade, a young officer named Boyle [Doran writes Doyle, but the note at the end of chapter i. may be here referred to] handed her a rope to assist her. Something more than a quarter of a century later he who thus aided the bride was charged as commander of the frigate *Glasgow* with the mission of taking back her body for burial.*"

I am conscious that the foregoing notes might be more fittingly relegated to an appendix. The difficulty is that I fear in that case they might escape the notice of many readers.

I am conscious, moreover, that in adopting a line vindictory of Queen Caroline I am opposing the view taken by Professor

Clerici, whose book I am presenting in an English version, and whose conclusions on the subject are sufficiently obvious.

On these points, however, I am not disposed to be apologetic, since the question involved is one upon which each person who weighs the evidence must decide for himself. It will be perceived that I have not hesitated to print matter supplementary to Professor Clerici, which, nevertheless, does not redound to the credit of the Queen.

With one other point only it remains for me to deal. Professor Clerici has propounded a curious theory as to the paternity of Princess Charlotte, and supported it by a still more curious theory with regard to George, Prince of Wales. In England, at any rate, nobody has ever doubted that the Princess Charlotte was the daughter of the Prince, afterwards George IV. One writer of the period observes, "She has her father's stammer"; and her physical resemblance to the Prince of Wales was too marked to leave the matter open to question.

The terrible secret to which, according to Professor Clerici, Caroline held the key, must have been altogether of a different character.

Few impartial readers of the speeches of Brougham and Denman in the House of Lords can fail to realize what was the nature of the threatened recrimination. If there be any, however, who require further explanation of the character of this threatened recrimination, they are referred to a pregnant sentence in *The Secret History of the Court of England*, which, although published anonymously, has always been attributed to Lady Anne Hamilton.

FREDERIC CHAPMAN.

Acknowledgments are due to Mr. A. M. Broadley for placing his collection of autographs and prints at the disposal of the publisher and translator; to Mr. J. T. Tussaud, through whose kindness the painting of the marriage ceremony has been reproduced; to Mr. Francis Jeffrey Bell and Mr. A.E. Shipley, F.R.S., for the like courtesy in respect of the rare engraving of the meeting of the Prince and Princess; to Mr. John Haines for the loan of prints from his collection; to Baron Tauchnitz and Dr. Otto for their endeavour, though it proved fruitless, to trace a portrait of Baron Ompteda; to Mr. M. Oppenheim for the service referred to in a note to chapter i.; and to Mr. A. Francis Steuart for many helpful suggestions.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE well-nigh infinite mass of documents of all kinds, public and private, scattered amongst the archives of half Europe, in relation to the scandal which forms the subject of the present work, would afford material for several volumes instead of one, though one may be permitted to doubt whether, if all the particulars were dealt with in their prolixity and completeness, the resulting volumes might not prove more learned than interesting. I think it probable that at some future date some learned writer may undertake even this exhaustive treatment of the subject; but, so far as I am concerned, I must confess that my aim has been wholly different: it has been simply to present a reasonably full narrative, made up of authenticated facts, and assuming the form of a book the reading of which will bring pleasure rather than weariness in its train.

That part of the work which has to do with the Princess Caroline's sojourn in Italy (1814-20) is founded on public and private documents hitherto unpublished; whilst the account of the Great Trial, which unwound its slow length in London, at the House of Lords, from August to November, 1820, is derived straight from the fountain source, the English Parliamentary Debates.

It is unnecessary that I should forewarn the reader further in regard to my own views.

But I must not neglect the duty of acknowledging here my indebtedness to Professor Gustavo Tommasini, of the University of Parma, who has placed at my disposal unpublished documents having reference to his illustrious grandfather. And my thanks must also be expressed to Senator Giovanni Mariotti, Syndic of Parma; to Cav. Edoardo Alvisi, of the Palatine Library at Parma; to Conte Luigi Sanvitale, Prof. Alberto Del Prato, Conte Giuseppe Nasalli-Rocca, of Piacenza; Prof. Comm. Alessandro D'Ancona, Comm. Emilio Treves, Prof. Gilberto Boraschi, the Advocate Cencio Poggi, of Como; Prof. Ferruccio Calonghi, of Genoa; Cav. Carlo Cinelli and Prof. E. Viterbo, of Pesaro; the Marchese Alessandro Ferrajoli and Prof. Dino Feliciangeli, of Rome; Cav. G. D'Elia, librarian, and Prof. Gioacchino Maruffi, of Naples; Prof. Carlo Oreste Zuretti, of the University of Palermo; and finally the learned archivist Hanselmann, of Brunswick, who have all been unstinting in their help and advice.

G.P. CLERICI.

Parma, 25 *January*, 1904.

A QUEEN OF INDISCRETIONS

CHAPTER I

Preliminaries—The Prince of Wales—Caroline of Brunswick—Marriage—Separation.

ON 29 January, 1820, at nine o'clock in the evening, King George III of England died at Windsor Castle, where for more than ten years he had dragged out a most unhappy existence, deprived alike of reason, of sight, and of hearing.²

On the following day the Prince Regent, in the presence of the members of the Royal Family, of the ministers of state, of the Lord Mayor of London, and of a considerable number of other personages, surrounded by his Court and in his own royal palace, was proclaimed his father's successor, confirmed the ministers in their offices, and received from all present the oath of fealty and the ceremonial homage under the name of George IV.

He was the eldest of a family of twelve brothers and sisters,³ and was born on 12 April, 1762. He ascended the throne, then, at the age of fifty-eight, but he had practically occupied it already for ten years with the title of Regent

So far as state affairs were concerned, the change was consequently a change in name only.

The legitimate wife of George IV, from whom he was separated, Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, had been living for six years far from the capital, in a foreign land indeed, hated and persecuted by her husband. Upon the announcement of the death of George III, however, she made arrangements to assert her rights as Queen and to return to England.

This decision occasioned the revival of an old, protracted, and delicate controversy, which already for a long period had disturbed palace and people, and which developed into a scandal of prodigious dimensions.

The Prince of Wales, who thus became King under the name of George IV—the histories and memoirs of the period supply us with details in abundance—was on the whole a King devoid of character.⁴ Some have gone so far as to say that his was one of the worst crowned heads of the nineteenth century; but such a verdict seems scarcely just, though this is not an occasion for making an inquisition into all the events of his life. For our purpose it is only necessary to call to mind some of the most notable and well-attested facts bearing on that part of it which preceded his accession to the throne. It is necessary, then, to remember that the youth of the Prince of Wales extended over the period just antecedent to the French Revolution, that period which has been

interpreted to Italians by the immortal work of Giuseppe Parini. There are indeed between the “noble youth” and the heir to the crown of England many analogies—of temperament, propensities, environment—which in England perchance persisted longer than elsewhere.

As Prince of Wales George IV received neither a better nor a worse education than that of other princes of his age; but it is only necessary to say that it was conducted under the immediate surveillance of his father, King George III—noted in history for his stubborn severity—in order to realize that it must have been an education rigorous to the point of pedantry. And so it came about that scarcely had manhood enabled him to free himself from the paternal supervision and the demands of his tutors than, by a rebound as it were, he gave himself up absolutely to the pursuit of the few things in which he could display his own will and independence—the same thing happens as a matter of course with youths not destined to wear a crown—and, consequently, as he was more powerful and more flattered than any other young man in London, it was his ambition to be remarked and wondered at for those pursuits in which youth is wont to pride itself. Handsome in person, tall in stature, vigorous, and not lacking in that *verve* which intensifies the pleasure of self-indulgence, he showed a partiality for those relaxations which gave opportunity for display: horsemanship, dancing, luxury in dress, licentious parties. In such pleasures, and in others which every one can imagine for himself, he steeped himself so recklessly that he very soon became what perhaps it was his aim to be—the foremost *flâneur* in London. And this aim gathered force with the years, until he piqued himself on nothing so much as on being styled the first gentleman in Europe.

His companions were his brother, the Duke of York, the redoubtable Fox, Sheridan, and many others, who in after life became famous in other ways. In competition with them he surpassed all in the magnificence of his banquets, in his contempt of everything that was conventional, in his mad profusion with money, and in the extent of his licentiousness. According to English custom, Parliament voted him an allowance for what was called his civil list, which grew in course of time from fifty, seventy, and a hundred to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds annually; and in addition to this sum he derived a further twenty or thirty thousand pounds from various other sources. However, this income did not suffice for his ordinary expenses, and on two occasions the state had to come to the assistance of the Prince, whose debts could not otherwise have been paid. In 1793, that is to say at the age of thirty-one, he owed to his creditors the tremendous amount of about four hundred thousand pounds. And these creditors were so importunate that the Prince decided to avoid their clamour by withdrawing to the country.

He did not on this account change the tenour of his life, which was still given up to orgies and gambling, and he surrounded himself with the class of people who live upon and enrich themselves out of the foibles of their fellows—jockeys, people connected with the theatres, dealers in bric-à-brac, fencing-masters. It is notorious that Alexandre Dumas *père* introduced the Prince in his well-known comedy entitled *Kean*, giving him the character popularly attributed to him, which impartial historians confirm. It is deplorable, but none the less incontrovertible that this kind of life was in the Prince's case never redeemed by the exercise of any noble qualities or even by the endeavour to exercise them, and that it was not abandoned until, at a much later date, satiety and incapacity overtook him. His amours kept pace with the rest of his conduct. His first passion was for a woman who was not ashamed to avow her dishonour publicly, Mrs. Robinson, the actress, who in her memoirs recorded the most intimate details of her relations with the Prince. Later he involved himself inextricably with a widow, a Catholic, several years older than himself, with whom he finally went through a private ceremony of marriage, or pretended to do so, subsequently when occasion demanded disowning the marriage. This lady was Mrs. Fitzherbert. Finally he fell into the toils of Lady Jersey, from which he did not know how to extricate himself. The catalogue of his amours does not end here, but it would be somewhat useless to make a list of the women who were honoured with the temporary duty of enlivening the tedium or satisfying the restless desires of the Prince of Wales.

In the end, as the necessity of providing a legitimate heir to the throne became more and more pronounced, King George III, who had been for some time past much disturbed by his son's conduct, resolved to elicit his consent to a marriage by the promise of relieving him from his difficulties and paying his debts. The Prince, who recoiled from the matrimonial tie, had several times declared that rather than consent to take a wife he would renounce his rights of succession to the throne in favour of his brother Frederick, Duke of York. But saying and doing are quite different affairs. James Harris, the first Lord Malmesbury, who was on intimate terms with the Prince and was a very capable man, managed to arrange matters so skillfully that in the end his acquiescence was obtained. It is said that the Prince, not convinced but over-persuaded, exclaimed, "You want me to commit suicide as a remedy for my difficulties; let it be so, I will sink my personality in marriage."

At this juncture it seemed to King George III, to the Privy Council, and to the Government that, amongst the Protestant princesses between whom the choice lay, the most worthy of being selected as consort to the Prince was Caroline Amelia Elizabeth,

second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

Caroline's mother was the Princess Augusta of England, elder sister of George III, and consequently she herself was niece to the King and first cousin to the Prince who had been selected as her husband.

In the autumn of 1794 Lord Malmesbury was despatched to the little Court of Brunswick in Germany to demand the Princess's hand and to make the preliminary arrangements. Towards the middle of December the same year the King announced solemnly in the two Houses of Parliament the approaching marriage of his son, and during the same month, with suitable pomp and state, the first part of the nuptial ceremony, the formal betrothal, was performed in Brunswick.

What a strange Court at that period was the Court of Brunswick, and what extraordinary customs prevailed! From the letters of Lord Malmesbury, which were published many years after his death, between 1845 and 1870, a deal of curious information with regard to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick and the Princess Caroline can be extracted, though more extensive and more important information may be derived from other sources. Lord Malmesbury has a good deal to say about the private life of Caroline's father, Duke Charles William Ferdinand, one of Frederick the Great's generals, who met his death whilst fighting valiantly against the French at the Battle of Jena, near to Auerstadt, in 1806. But we will not dilate upon the doings of the Duke, who was more valiant as a soldier than he was exemplary as husband and father. Let us rather speak of the Duchess Augusta, his wife, who, having taken the English envoy aside, regaled him with a great deal of gossip about the King, city, and Court, and enumerated many sordid experiences to which her husband's infidelity and triviality had exposed her. It is incontestable that her attitude only served to make her own shortcomings more manifest; but the whole thing helps to make clear to us, just as it did to Lord Malmesbury, in what extraordinary and depraved surroundings they were living.

With regard to Caroline, the Prince of Wales's appointed bride, she was by nature a good woman, but she had had a superficial and frivolous training and a false and imperfect education. The Duke, her father, always travelling or away at the wars, knew no other duties than those demanded of the good soldier on the battlefield, and the Duchess, her mother, had no other aim than to hold her own in the face of the slights put upon her by her husband. The youthful Caroline was consequently entrusted to old servants, ignorant and superstitious, full of the defects incident to attendance at a Court, who taught her few things of solid worth and many ceremonial trivialities: to give signs of approval by a gesture, to speak in general and indefinite terms, to

display benevolence to one and all, and to learn by heart certain verses from the Bible. In her father's palace, besides his wife there was his mistress, and according to all accounts, the Duchess was not without her compensations; so that the young Princess was necessarily the witness of both her father's and mother's weaknesses, and whilst she heard it said and repeated by her attendants that to the Prince who knew how to lead everything was permissible, she saw with her own eyes that the gloss agreed with the text.

Nature had not bestowed upon Caroline remarkable beauty, but had given her a great quantity of fair hair, large blue eyes, an unusually developed bust, a lively and excitable temperament, and a desire for every kind of amusement. These circumstances being understood, and others of the same nature which it seems unnecessary to detail, it may easily be realized that the inexperienced girl was led by example and by her own temperament to indulge in unbecoming desires, and that neither her father's great name nor her mother's illustrious origin sufficed to exert over her either as a girl or subsequently as an adult and a bride, a beneficent influence, or to awaken in her that pride of place which is so great a safeguard against pitfalls.

It was whispered by the gossip-mongers of the period that Caroline had known what it was to love whilst still quite a young girl, and that somewhat later, when she had then changed the object of her affections, the natural results would inevitably have become public if provision had not been made to conceal them. The man on this second occasion was not a page, but one of the chamberlains who enjoyed the Duchess's protection. The report was circulated—we are still quoting the gossip of the time—that she had fallen ill of a serious complaint, and she was sent suddenly into a kind of retreat, where the illness took its natural course. No sooner had she recovered than she returned to the paternal residence, more developed and wayward than ever. It is possible that the reports were only of that malicious type which passes from one Court to another, restricted for a time to the higher circles of society, but eventually disseminated amongst the lower orders. Be it how it may, Caroline reached her twenty-sixth year, and so far none of the younger princes in the European Courts had come forward to demand her hand in marriage.

It may then easily be conceived with what transports the formal request which Lord Malmesbury made on behalf of the King of England was received at the Court of Brunswick, and how promptly and willingly Caroline renounced her dreams of a marriage for love—it had been said that she was in the habit of declaring she would only marry a man of her own choice—for the promise, which seemed likely to be realized, of becoming one day Queen of England. Lord Malmesbury either was not or feigned

not to be acquainted with the gossip about Caroline's early youth, and set himself earnestly to bring this mission to a favourable termination. From the days of his earliest conversations with her he realized that he had to do with one who was rebellious against Court ceremonial, but none the less not wanting in those attractions which natural freedom exerts upon an intelligent mind. Time was devoted to the matter of outfit, to the more intimate details of the trousseau which was not always either well selected or appropriate. On the occasion of a masked ball, Lord Malmesbury, who had been wandering through the rooms engaged in observing his future Queen, approached her, and discussed a number of important matters with her. Caroline listened deferentially and attentively, and then suddenly, as though expecting to meet the Ambassador's approval, broke in with these words, "My lord, I should wish to be loved by my people." The Ambassador gravely replied, "It is a delusion to imagine that you can be loved by the people; at any rate, bear in mind that it is not familiarity which procures love, but the observance of customary ceremonial and constant watchfulness in complying with the demands of decorum." Thereupon Caroline, disappointed of the approbation she had counted upon, retorted with one of her usual sallies, which disconcerted the sprightly diplomatist "In your opinion, then, my lord, who would make the better Princess of Wales, myself or my sister-in-law?" "Oh," replied the Ambassador, who was somewhat taken aback by her imprudence, "you have everything which has been denied to your sister-in-law, you have grace and beauty; as to discretion and restraint, you can acquire those."

Another time, on the occasion of a state concert, Mlle. de Hertzfeldt, who was the Duke of Brunswick's mistress, approached the English envoy and promptly remarked: "I beg you to endeavour to arrange a quiet life for the Prince and Princess at the outset; the Princess has always been much restrained and watched over, and it was quite necessary. If all of a sudden she finds herself at large, unhampered by restrictions, she will not observe conventions. She is not at all bad at heart and has never done anything seriously wrong, but she never thinks before she speaks, and she expresses herself to those with whom she is in conversation entirely without reserve, from which it comes about that meanings and intentions are often attributed to her for which she has given no grounds. It is absolutely necessary that he should be watchful with her, and that he should provoke her respect, otherwise she will be led astray. I know that you will not betray me. I speak to you as to an old friend. I am attached heart and soul to the Duke. I am devoted to him. I have ruined myself for him. My only desire is the welfare of his family. He will be the most wretched of men if this daughter does not get on better than her elder sister. I tell you again, she has never done anything wrong,

but she lacks judgment and gets condemned beforehand. I fear the Queen. Our Duchess here who passes her time in thinking out loud or in not thinking at all, has no love for the Queen, and has talked a good deal too much about her to her daughter; all the same, the Princess's future happiness will depend upon her being on good terms with the Queen. For God's sake, then, repeat to her continually the maxim that you have already more than once urged. You will have more influence with her than her father, of whom she is too fearful, or than her mother, whom she does not fear at all."

When the formal ceremonies had been concluded Caroline set out from Brunswick on her way to her new home, attended by a retinue of English officials who had come for the purpose, and escorted by Lord Malmesbury. But it was nearly four months before the state of the country allowed of her embarkation on the royal yacht which awaited her at Hamburg. She took ship amidst the acclamations of the people, the roar of cannon, which thundered salutes from the forts, and the National Anthem, which was played by all the bands. After a voyage of one night and one day, Caroline arrived in the Thames, and, according to custom, disembarked at Greenwich.

But during the night on board the royal yacht a curious circumstance occurred which subsequently gave rise to various comments, the importance of which is left to the reader's discretion. The story goes that the bride, excited and overstrung by the joyous and powerful emotions of the day, not being able, even for a moment, to find relief in sleep, preferred to pass the night walking up and down the deck in the company of a young and agreeable naval officer. As we shall see subsequently, this promenade, although it was night-time and it had not been foreseen by the members of the suite, did not pass without occasioning observation and suspicion.

From Greenwich, not without notable incidents, the newly-made bride was conducted with considerable pomp to St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales hastened to meet her, raised her very graciously when she was about to go on her knees before him, and embraced and kissed her. The nuptial ceremony took place in the Palace Chapel, late on the evening of 8 April, 1795. But the princely bridegroom, who had been seeking solace in stimulants, was by this time so drunk that if the Duke of Bedford, who was in attendance upon him, had not held him up forcibly at the moment that the procession set out, he would have fallen to the ground like any common clown.

This was the first step upon that matrimonial ladder which was to lead twenty-five years afterwards to the turbulent close, which, skillfully epitomized and histrionically presented by an oratorical

artist, we shall encounter later on.

With the marriage the scandal begins, for the Prince of Wales certainly had not the makings of a good husband, possibly not even of a husband at all, and whatever his wife may have been, she did not possess the fortitude to resign herself to do without him: quite the reverse.

The first night of the marriage was, in its not impenetrable mystery, everything that the mind can conceive of the tragic and the vulgar intermixed. Certain it is that the Prince of Wales did not pass it upon the nuptial bed; but that *adhaesit pavimento corpus suum* until the approach of dawn. At that hour the pages heard cries proceeding from the nuptial chamber, and shortly afterwards saw the bridegroom rush out violently.

Various rumours went abroad: there was talk of drunkenness and of compromising discoveries; some maintained that a potion of malignant effect had been administered to the bride; some hinted at other things. Silence is golden.

Two months after the wedding or thereabouts, although Caroline had already been privately informed through Lady Cholmondeley that the Prince had no further intentions of acting a husband's part to her, the pair made a journey to Brighton and along the southern coast, either to sustain an appearance of concord or from some other motive. The officer of the yacht was on this occasion one of the suite; and Caroline, either because she really felt a strong liking for him, or because she was unable to conceal her irritation against her husband, or perhaps from a mixture of both these motives, conducted herself with so much levity, especially when it is remembered that she was in a country of rigid conventionality, that she gave occasion for much comment among the courtiers. Caroline showed sufficiently plainly that she preferred the company of the seaman to that of her princely husband.

The following day the Prince received, or pretended to receive, whichever it may have been, an anonymous letter in the following terms: "You need not be surprised at the preference displayed by your wife for Lieut B—. Make inquiries of Lady Jersey and the other ladies of the suite; they will assure you that this is not the first time that she has passed an evening with him tête-à-tête. Look into the matter." Lady Jersey was a friend of the lady who had been sent to Brunswick to attend upon Caroline and who had afterwards accompanied her on her journey from Brunswick to London, that same lady who during the night passed by the bride on board the royal yacht had secretly kept watch upon her conduct.

But whether the letter were genuine or concocted, whether it were written by her rival, the aforesaid favourite, or by the old Queen Charlotte, who from the very beginning had been inimical

to her daughter-in-law, the Prince of Wales displayed a great deal of resentment, and provoked a violent scene with his wife. On this occasion he disclosed the fact that he was aware of the rumours about her juvenile escapades at her father's Court. He pretended to be furious, and to consider both the present reports and those relating to her earlier conduct to be well founded. He thus moved towards the conclusion which he most desired—the necessity of a more complete separation, a separation which should include separate residences, so that each of the pair should in future be free of the other and able, with due regard to appearances, to lead a peaceful and independent life. Caroline was at once up in arms. From the first day of her meeting with her royal spouse to the moment of the crisis she now confronted, she had experienced a series of disillusionings of every kind: discourtesies from the members of the Court, rancorous sarcasms from her rival, slights from her mother-in-law and her debased and violent husband. What was she to do? Rebel? To what purpose? She was already weary of it all, and seemed to descry from the first something like physical and moral freedom in a separation.

Nevertheless, the doubt whether Caroline was likely to become a mother was day by day passing into certainty, and she was consequently not exposed to too pronounced a reproof, since the happy event had been from the first hoped and waited for by the nation at large not less than by the princes of the blood and the Court circle. All attempts at a decisive arrangement were consequently postponed to a more convenient season, and in the meanwhile Caroline and the Prince, her husband, did not meet again. After the necessary lapse of time, on 7 January, 1796, one day before the expiry of the ninth month of her marriage, she gave birth to a child, who received the name of Charlotte Augusta.

However, no festivities in celebration of the happy event were inaugurated by the Prince or by the Court party, since, although the matter was tacitly ignored, the fact that husband and wife had been separated from a very early date after the marriage was well known to all, as well as his repugnance to the match, and many other circumstances which tended to place Caroline's levity in an unfavourable light.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had now complied with his duties as heir-apparent by providing for the future succession, and who was looking forward ardently to the moment when he should be freed from a companionship he so cordially detested, resumed with the assistance of his most faithful and resourceful adherents the intrigues directed towards the accomplishment of his desire.

The separation was agreed upon in written documents which some years afterwards were made public, although, as may be supposed, nothing was at the time further from the intention of the parties than a disclosure of their contents. Amongst these papers

are two letters, one from the Prince to the Princess, dated 30 April, 1796, the other from the Princess to the Prince in reply, dated six days later. These have already been many times given by biographers in their entirety, and for those who can read between the lines they form spontaneous revelations, not only of the Prince's culpability, but of the nature of his guilt. He states, in the first place, "Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answer-able to the other because nature has not made us suitable to each other." He goes on to say that "tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power," and finishes by stating, "I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, and I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction, even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter."

The Princess replied, "It would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself." She then says very clearly, "I should have returned no answer to your letter if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me." Her reason for replying is, as she says, that "You are aware that the reproach of it belongs to you alone." She then continues, "I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart, I mean charity." And she closes by a promise to give by her life "an example of patience and resignation under every trial."

The Princess left to take up her residence at Montague House, in the suburb of Blackheath. The Prince remained at his own palace, Carlton House, London.

Note by the Translator:—The officer referred to in this chapter is by Professor Clerici called Captain Poll. From a list of the officers of the ships which brought over the Princess, supplied to me by Mr. M. Oppenheim, the naval historian, it seems likely that the person intended was Lieutenant Boyle.

CHAPTER II

Caroline of Brunswick, as Princess of Wales, at Blackheath—Sir John and Lady Douglas—The “Delicate Investigation”—“The Book”—Scandalous publications—Flight of the Princess Charlotte Augusta—Departure of the Princess of Wales from England.

BLACKHEATH, where the Princess settled down with her Court, was an agreeable village surrounded by rising ground and within a short distance of the lower Thames.

In London the disagreement and separation of the royal couple had in the first place excited a great deal of dissatisfaction, and subsequently given rise to a flow of idle talk, taking its origin from different sources. At the Court the stronger party, perhaps by reason of the Queen’s support, was on the Prince’s side. Amongst the remainder of the nobility and the general populace the opinion prevailed that Caroline was the victim of misrepresentation.

The Princess, therefore, set out for her suburban residence followed by secret sympathy on the part of many. She took with her the newly born Charlotte, the hope of the English people, who at that time seemed likely one day to wear the crown of the Confessor. She was assured also of the sympathy of her father-in-law and uncle, King George III, whom the double link of kinship inspired with the duty of protecting her, since he knew well how capricious the Prince of Wales was, and had himself been the sturdiest and most determined contriver of his son’s marriage.

For some time the Princess concerned herself only with duties relating to the proper nourishment and elementary education of her daughter. Whilst the stupendous occurrences of the end of the eighteenth century were agitating the whole world, she was living in seclusion as happy as a simple bourgeoisie, and offering no occasion for remarks upon her conduct, even had it not been the case that everybody’s attention was for the time diverted to more important matters. It is doubtful indeed whether she really displayed in her behaviour that resignation of which she spoke in her response to her husband’s letter, but it is certain that she did exercise the virtue dear to her heart, namely, charity. It must be admitted, however, that this always laudable virtue was practised by her in so strange a fashion that it was never possible to tell where the generous impulse of the heart ended and where caprice began. Her beneficence was in a marked way displayed towards children. She surrounded herself with poor people’s babies. She visited the institutions in the neighbourhood where such children were cared for, and did not even disdain the purely maternal duties of feeding them, weaning them, and rocking their cradles, so that Montague House, according to accounts which have reached us as to this particular period, was turned into a positive nursery, littered up with cradles, swaddling bands, feeding-bottles, and other things of

the kind.

It is even said that as a sequel the Prince of Wales, stirred by the accounts which came to his ears of his wife's self-sacrifice, touched with remorse for his past, and perhaps drawn thither by affection towards his little daughter, secretly visited the grounds of Montague House, and having surprised his wife in an idyllic posture with the little Charlotte upon her knees, ended by finding his esteem and affection awakened. The truth was different enough. Far from being moved, he ridiculed the extravagance of her surroundings and found plenty of amusement in the society of other ladies of the Court, whose interest it was to emphasize the ludicrous side of Caroline's conduct.

About this time the Princess made the acquaintance of a family at Blackheath, with which she entered into close relations.

One day after a walk, returning on foot to her house, she stopped for a moment before a villa which was the residence of some people named Douglas. She was invited to enter and rest. She accepted the invitation, and thus a friendly acquaintanceship sprang up with Sir John Douglas, the husband, and Charlotte, his young wife. Certain portions of this villa were occupied from time to time by one of the owner's friends, a certain Sydney Smith, who was then in the prime of life, and enjoyed a high reputation in the English navy. At this time he had reached the rank of captain. The intimacy with the Douglasses extended also to Sydney Smith, and the friendship soon became confidential. The Douglasses and Sydney Smith were received effusively at Montague House, and the Princess honoured the Douglasses with confidential visits both upon their invitation and upon her own initiative.

Between the two ladies, especially on the part of the Princess, confidences of a very delicate nature were exchanged, such as very rarely occur between women, but which will not seem incredible to those who are at the trouble of surveying Caroline's conduct exhaustively, apart from special relation to the present circumstances. Of these confidences we shall have occasion to speak shortly.

According to another account, the halt in front of the house occupied by the Douglasses was not a chance one, nor Sir Sydney Smith a person unknown to the Princess, but an old friend of several years' standing. The fact remains that after the first meeting, whether it was fortuitous or planned, the Douglasses and Sydney Smith were constant guests at Montague House, and that the latter spent a great deal of time there at all hours of the day and sometimes even of the night. The Princess, furthermore, maintained constant intercourse with Captain Manby, also an officer in the Royal Navy, with Lord Hood, and with the fashionable painter, Thomas Lawrence. Captain Manby's visits commenced towards 1804, when the great friendship with the

Douglases and Sydney Smith had not only considerably cooled down, but was even verging on open hostility. What the real reasons for the interruption of the friendship may have been it is not easy to say. Some authorities trace it to the beginnings of a rivalry between the two ladies, each desirous of holding first place in the regard of Sydney Smith; others discern some imprudence on the part of the Princess; others, again, motives of a more trivial nature.

The imprudent conduct of Caroline could not fail to give rise to suspicions, and so much the more readily inasmuch as it was evident that the Prince of Wales, so far from being desirous of reconciliation with the mother of his only daughter, became day by day more and more estranged from her, and constantly entangled in new amours, on which account he was anxious for a legal separation from her. Nevertheless, the accusatory rumours took no definite form until the beginning of 1806, when apparently Charlotte Douglas made certain direct communications to the Prince's brother, who had throughout never given up his visits to his sister-in-law. The Duke of Sussex then, and afterwards the Duke of Kent, younger brothers of the Prince of Wales, were the first to be informed and the first to draw the attention of the dishonoured husband to the state of affairs. The rumours resolved themselves into two terrible charges, adultery with several different people and the concealed birth of a child.

The matter was doubly delicate, inasmuch as, if the charges were true and could be substantiated, the succession to the throne might have to be otherwise provided for.

The Prince of Wales hastened to communicate with the King his father, whilst the Princess, warned of the infamous rumours, and consequently of the charges against her, vehemently refuted them and called for an inquiry which should prove their baselessness. The charges were in substance the following. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales had received at her house for a considerable length of time past Captain Sir Sydney Smith, with whom she had had dishonourable relations. She had subsequently given birth to a child, who, under the pretence that it was the son of some poor people in whom she was interested, was being kept in the house. In addition to this she was declared to have had adulterous relations with others, in particular with Captain Manby.

The accusation was further supported by another rumour, according to which Sir Sydney Smith was that very person who had occupied the position of lover to Caroline at the Court of Brunswick, where he had held a post on the Etat-Major of the Duke her father.

The charges were enormously weighty, but before making

them the substance of a parliamentary inquiry—for within the private and dynastic question the public and national one was contained—King George, who so long as he retained his reason was always favourably disposed to his daughter-in-law and niece, appointed a Commission of peers, whose characters offered assurance of the highest probity, and entrusted to them the truly delicate duty of examining into the matter and ascertaining the truth. The persons selected were Lord Grenville, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Erskine, and Lord Spencer.

The task committed to them was styled a “delicate investigation,” and under that name it has passed into history.

The proceedings of this inquiry were intended to be kept private, but by that constantly repeated fatality which we encounter again and again in the coil of scandals, which we have already recorded or have still to record, they became public seven years later, and it is precisely because of the publicity then given to them that we can extract the account which follows.

The investigation began in June, 1806. Sir John Douglas and his wife were the mainstay of the charges, and their depositions before the Commission of Inquiry were so minute and unwavering as, without confirmatory evidence, to be convincing, did not a single suspicion arise to disturb the apparent certainty. It has been said, then, that the Douglasses were untrustworthy people who had been bought by the Court party, perhaps through Lady Jersey, and that they were instigated by a desire to be revenged for slights which they had suffered through the Princess’s caprice. It has even been said that the Douglasses had gone to reside in the neighbourhood of Blackheath with the object of keeping a watch upon the Princess, and that they had wormed themselves into her society and her confidence purely with the idea of ruining her.

The examination of Lady Douglas was begun on 6 June, 1806. “In the month of May or June, 1802,” said Lady Douglas, when called upon to give evidence, “the Princess on one occasion came to my house and asked me confidentially to guess what had happened to her. I said first one thing and then another, and ended by saying that it was impossible for me to guess. Thereupon she told me that she expected to become a mother, and was already conscious of the movements of the child.”

After this the baby really comes to town towards the end of 1802, and Caroline—Caroline herself—shows It to Lady Douglas, who has come to call on her, and says, “Here is the baby; it has a violet spot on its right hand just as yours has.”

The evidence of this lady was lengthy and full of details, more appropriate to the conversation of a woman of the people than of a woman of breeding. But though this is the case, it fails to arouse in our minds suspicions of shady devices on the part of the accusers. On the contrary, it rather stirs us to wonder at the incredible

carelessness of the accused. Amongst other things, Sir John Douglas said “that he owned a house at Blackheath, a few rooms in which he had lent to Sir Sydney Smith, and that he was of opinion that the Princess, who called very frequently, had some other inducement to do so than the mere desire to call on his wife.”

After this several other persons were examined, amongst whom was Robert Bigwood, a groom, who stated that he had noticed that Sir Sydney Smith came to Montague House about the beginning of 1802, and that one day he came across him in the Blue Saloon towards eleven o’clock in the morning without having heard of his arrival. “That is to say, for two good hours before we were in the habit of seeing company.” As to Captain Manby, Bigwood stated, and other witnesses confirmed him, that he commenced frequenting the Princess’s house at the beginning of 1804. Eventually the Princess looked forward with much eagerness to his return from sea, and on one occasion Sicard, the *maître d’hôtel*, kept watch for his arrival with a telescope in order that the Princess might be warned of his approach.

According to another groom, the famous painter, Thomas Lawrence, who visited the house to execute a portrait of the Princess, was also admitted to a greater degree of intimacy with her than was customary or permissible.

But not to detain the reader too long with wretched points such as these, we will merely say that several other witnesses were examined with absolute impartiality and moderation. The Princess herself was not heard, and on this account subsequently made repeated complaints; but probably without good ground, since the inquiry in itself was vested with power to free her from the harmful suspicions and accusations, whilst should the conclusions arrived at by the Commission not have been unanimous, it had no power in itself to condemn her.

The substance of the secret report presented by the Commissioners to His Majesty the King was, then, as we are informed, that the Princess of Wales was cleared of the charges of adultery and concealed birth, and that the child known under the name of William Austin was the son of a poor woman at Deptford, whom Her Royal Highness had taken under her protection.⁵

The Commissioners declared, however, at the same time, that certain facts had come to light with respect to Her Royal Highness’s conduct which, when regard was had to her high rank, gave occasion for undesirable conclusions.

It was to the interest of the King, of the Government, of the nation, and perhaps even of the Prince of Wales, that the scandal should be terminated in this fashion, and the King was glad to avail himself of the decision as a reason for inviting Caroline to Court,

and thither she went; but at Court there were also the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and from them she neither obtained nor was likely to obtain a cordial reception.

Piqued at this, the Princess again addressed a letter to the King, still under cover of secrecy, in which, amongst other things, she said, "I entreat your Majesty as a favour that you will be pleased to give orders that the various proceedings of the Special Commission of the Privy Council may be made public without the least reserve, or at least to consent to my appearance before the House of Lords, there as of right to be acquitted or condemned." And a little afterwards she presents the audacious alternative: "If I am guilty, why not establish my guilt unquestionably? If I am innocent, why not punish those who have conspired to dishonour and ruin me?" King George, who was still in such a mental condition as to be able to confirm what was done in his name, answered that in Great Britain, where the laws are so equitable, there is none better than the one which permits a woman accused of dishonourable conduct to make public the official report of a legal inquiry of which her conduct has been the subject; that the liberty of the Press, which secures to any person the right to place his cause before the public, is sufficiently powerful to put a stop to scandal and to remove the cause of it. But in her case it was necessary to adhere to certain formalities. Why would she insist upon giving publicity to matters of which the imputation was alone sufficient to wound the delicacy of a woman? Let her remain content with this fact, that the King, his Privy Council, and the Prince of Wales had all agreed on the expediency of hushing the matter up.

As to the trial which she requested to be allowed to undergo, ought she not to be satisfied that her conduct had been pronounced irreproachable; that the report of the Special Commission had rendered this testimony to her innocence; and that the Privy Council, subsequently reviewing that testimony, had confirmed it and added that she had done nothing blameworthy? What significance, then, would a further inquiry possess? still, if the Princess insisted that the publicity of type should be given to the proceedings, the King would feel bound to give orders that her wishes should be complied with, but would reserve all the printed copies for the sole use of the Royal Family, who would be called together once more to have the Princess's cause and the reparation she demanded submitted to their consideration.

Caroline appeared submissive to the wise and affectionate counsels of the King, and no longer insisted upon the course she had demanded. The person to whose advice it was due that she had raised her claim for publicity was Mr. Spencer Perceval, the head of the Opposition under Lord Grenville's Government. Perceval and Lord Eldon kept the question alive in Parliament

until, by reason of information which leaked out indirectly, a public party was formed, which grew more devoted to the Princess the longer the desire in high circles to keep secret the result of the inquiry lasted.

At this time the news got abroad that Mr. Perceval was preparing a publication in which, besides a report of the proceedings of the secret inquiry, facts and comments would appear which would overthrow the achievement of the Commission completely. Nobody knew what this work would be likely to be or what title it would bear. Perhaps even Perceval didn't know; but the talk of it became more and more widely diffused as a desire for its appearance became more pronounced, and everybody alluded to it under the title "The Book"—the book of scandalous revelations!

Certain it is that the book so much looked forward to never saw the light. On 6 March, 1807, the Government of Lord Grenville and Lord Grey fell, and a new one was formed under the Duke of Portland, in which Mr. Spencer Perceval was assigned an official position and from which public opinion expected what it had not expected from its predecessor.

The Princess's innocence was indeed proclaimed afresh, and in order that the matter might assume a greater solemnity, the King in person went to visit her at her residence at Blackheath, and publicly lavished respect and attention upon her. In the wake of the King arrived other princes of the blood, and the Duke of Cumberland, a younger brother of the Prince of Wales, accompanied her to Court and afterwards to the opera in the midst of public acclamations. Nor was this enough. It was pronounced by the Council that those among the witnesses who had made depositions reflecting so gravely upon Caroline's moral conduct (and here pointed allusion was made to the Douglasses) were unworthy of any confidence whatsoever.

Fanned by so propitious a breeze, the Princess gave up her residence at Blackheath and came to settle in London at Kensington Palace.

Immediately she surrounded herself with people of questionable reputations, and in no way schooled and disciplined by the serious ordeal she had been through, gave herself up once more to a life of undiluted extravagance.

Then that happened which was bound to happen: the people of standing who had at first responded to her invitations little by little drew aloof, until at length she was left practically isolated without any real friends suitable to her lofty station. Last of all, she flung herself almost unreservedly into the arms of a family of Italian musicians settled in London, for one of whom she displayed an excessive regard which was looked upon as unbecoming. At Carlton House, too, the favourite residence of the

Prince of Wales, festivities and orgies of every description were the order of the day.

Several years passed, throughout which the inhabitants of London had before their eyes the spectacle of two royal households, one at Kensington and one at Carlton House, where the future King and Queen of England abandoned themselves recklessly to a sort of contest in which each, in addition to discarding the remnants of his or her own reputation, seemed bent on outstripping the follies of the other.

But the years went on, and Charlotte Augusta, who had remained the sole offspring of this ill-omened union, was growing up, and with her growth introducing fresh ground for disputes between the royal pair, since, naturally enough, each desired to preserve a place in her affections, each desired to retain over her education that superintendence which by nature was the privilege of the mother, by law the right of the father.

From 1807 to 1811 the mental condition of the old King George III grew worse and worse by degrees, until at length Parliament was obliged to confer the Regency permanently upon the Prince of Wales.⁶

Charlotte Augusta, who was born on 7 January, 1796, passed during the period alluded to from her eleventh to her fifteenth year. At such a period a mother, however willing, is not able to attend to the education of a daughter destined to wear a crown. Now the Prince of Wales, at first making capital of the rights which the law secured to him as a father and afterwards exerting his whole authority as Viceroy, withdrew Charlotte from her mother's influence, and when at length he had been appointed Regent, entrusted his daughter to people devoted to his cause who were required to attend to her education.

The Prince availed himself of a right which the law admitted, a right which up to a certain point was both natural and befitting; but it appears that he carried his spite against his wife to such an extreme as to prevent her from visiting her daughter in the house which had been fitted up for her residence whilst her education was proceeding. He even went so far as to order the coachman who took the young Princess out driving not to come near the carriage of the Princess of Wales if he should happen to meet it.

Recriminations were, it is very evident, reciprocally intensified, and it was very difficult to determine the just limits on either side beyond which the circumstances were purely arbitrary or the dire necessity of a false situation.

It is clear that the youthful Charlotte, although she recognized quite calmly and censured with severity the faults of her parents in a phrase which has become historic,⁷ at this time (1813) took the side of her who had exhibited the greater warmth of affection, and with whom she had had more frequent opportunity of mutual

confidence. The thing is so natural that it would be impossible to imagine a contrary state of affairs. Emboldened, then, by this affection, Caroline addressed a long letter to her husband, complaining of various things, and particularly of the odious restrictions placed in the way of her visits to her daughter, and finally begging him not to continue authorizing a system of education inappropriate to her daughter's future destiny and contrary to the wishes of the nation.

The letter was returned unread, and when the Princess sent it once more it met with the same fate; eventually, on 13 February, 1813, it was published in a London newspaper. No one knows who was responsible for this. The Prince attempted to throw the blame on his wife, and she energetically repudiated it.

This publication had the same effect as if it had been a cry of distress heard through the windows of Kensington Palace. Everybody's eyes were at once directed towards the windows, and whilst at one time the question was asked, what it was that was hidden away within, at another the little that was the common property of everybody was discussed. Persistent rumours were circulated for a time as to the causes of the separation in 1796, as to the ins and outs of the "Delicate Investigation," and as to the moral conditions prevailing at Carlton House. But all the discussions so far had been jealously confined to the immediate circle of the Court and the Government officials. If Sir John and Lady Douglas and the other witnesses examined at the inquiry in 1806 had chattered, or if something had leaked out in the House of Commons, the great majority of the public knew nothing with certainty, or next to nothing, for there were too many people interested in keeping the scandalous occurrences quiet. And so it was that this cry of distress not only reawakened a curiosity almost smothered, but greatly stimulated it, and he was pointed at as the guilty party who was already despised and impeached by public opinion.

From London the rumours progressed throughout the kingdom, and through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle* were carried all over Europe.

To the Regent the best policy appeared to be to take refuge behind the authority of the Privy Council, to which body he submitted not only this latest letter but all the records of the proceedings at the "Delicate Investigation." At the same time he asked for an explicit opinion upon the course to be pursued with regard to the relations between mother and daughter.

The Privy Council included many princes of the blood, the ministers, and the two Archbishops; and once more it announced that the innocence of the Princess had been proved, fully proved beyond any possibility of question, but that the restrictions imposed by the Regent upon communications between the young

Princess and her mother were necessary and must be maintained.

Caroline would not own herself beaten, but immediately addressed a letter to the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament, in which she repeated the demand which she had already made in her appeal to the King, that a public inquiry into her conduct should be made before the House of Lords. This bold demand, to which she was advised by Brougham, who about this time made his entry on the scene as defending counsel to the Princess, gave rise to interminable discussions in the newspapers and in Parliament, but the Government did not accede to her demand, which might indeed be designated a challenge, and after making certain skilful explanations, the House was persuaded to proceed with the order of the day. At this time, too, the Douglasses, in a petition which they presented to the House of Commons, declared themselves ready to maintain the truth of their testimony.

From this moment it could be foreseen, says a prominent historian, that if the proceedings assumed a public character, the seditious faction would take them up eagerly as a means of exciting the populace. And at this publicity we arrive all in a moment, for at the beginning of March, 1813, the famous letters which were exchanged between the royal couple at the time of the separation in 1796 were made public, and shortly afterwards the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Herald* printed a full account of the proceedings at the "Delicate Investigation." This, of course, was an exchange of hostilities between the Princess and her husband, she leading off with the correspondence and he retorting with the report of the investigation.

The effects, as may easily be imagined, were extraordinary; but what the Regent could not possibly have foreseen, nor, perhaps, any one else in the world, was the exact nature of those results, for the most scandalous revelations of the servants about the Court and of Lady Douglas only served to increase public sympathy for Caroline. In the publication so often appealed for, so ardently desired, and so long withheld, nothing else could be discerned but one infamy the more. In the House of Commons Mr. Whitbread questioned the leader of the House as to whether Lady Douglas had been indicted for perjury, since according to him it was impossible to evade this dilemma. Either the Princess must be put on her trial or an action commenced against her slanderers; but as the House had proclaimed the Princess's innocence . . .

"Technical innocence," interrupted Lord Castlereagh at this juncture.

The interruption resulted in a lengthy speech from Mr. Whitbread, in which he surveyed the complete records of the inquiry now for the first time before the public, and concluded with a solemn declaration that the Princess's innocence was made clear and unimpeachable by those very records in the form in

which they were published. At last, through the conciliatory intervention of George Canning, an end was put for a time to the discussion of an affair which was to know no end, and which would have developments a little later.

Charlotte Augusta had arrived at that age where childhood ends and womanhood begins, and the woman in her showed itself with all the attractiveness of outward beauty and mental precocity. A woman born to rule. The Prince her father, and the Queen her paternal grandmother, always in agreement on all subjects, hesitated to break the last link which still united them respectively to the banished wife and daughter-in-law. Until Charlotte Augusta should arrive at a marriageable age, it was in the highest degree inexpedient that that family tie should be broken, and it had consequently to be tolerated. As early as it was possible, however, they began to think of finding her a husband, and the man who seemed to them both most worthy of the position was the heir to the crown of Holland. After the customary preliminaries and a visit from the prospective bridegroom to his future wife, in January of 1814, the approaching marriage between the Princess Charlotte Augusta of England and the Prince of Orange was publicly announced; and as each of the parties to the alliance, by right of succession, would one day become a reigning sovereign, the Prince in Holland and the Princess in England, it was arranged by the ministers that the royal couple should pass certain months each year in Holland. This understanding was communicated to the young Princess by her betrothed during one of his visits, but Charlotte, who for various reasons had not been feeling for her future spouse for some time past the same sympathy which had at first been aroused in her, immediately declared to him without any circumlocution that she would never consent to leave England. Attempts were made in all sorts of ways, both by her relatives and by the ministers, to combat her scruples and persuade the Princess to a compromise, but all was in vain: on that point she would never yield, not even when confronted with her father's violence.

On the other hand, Caroline, kept secretly informed by her daughter, followed with a watchful eye but with suppressed bitterness the vicissitudes of this hastily arranged betrothal. Everything had come to pass as though she did not exist. She had not been consulted or forewarned, either by the Prince or by the ministers, nor had the fiancé even paid her a visit of dutiful consideration. Such treatment was insupportable, since it struck at the feelings of the mother even more than the dignity of the princess. These small events in the royal palace at London coincide in date (the early months of 1814) with other and very weighty ones upon the Continent. There would be no occasion to draw attention to this fact if it were not that between the two series of events there existed a relation to which we must refer. It is well

known that after the collapse of Napoleon's tyrannical dictatorship, when the continental nations had risen anew to greater power than ever, the King of Prussia, Frederick William III, and the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I, with other minor potentates, were invited to London to celebrate the victory. The national rejoicing was tremendous, but legitimate and justifiable. While the preparations at Court were going on for the reception of the illustrious guests and Caroline was flattering herself that she would at least take part in some of the festivities, the old Queen hastened to let her know that the Regent intended to exclude her from all participation and would not consent to meet her on a single occasion. It was a second cruel blow, which struck alike at the woman and the Princess.

The sovereigns arrived, and with them the idol of British patriots—General Blücher. London was seized with a delirium of enthusiasm: everybody was out of doors to gaze, to shout, to partake of the universal joy; only the enraged Caroline remained perforce in the background. Towards the end of the festivities a German prince, a relative of hers, and the Emperor Alexander of Russia himself, proposed to pay her a visit. It got to the ears of the Prince Regent, and he succeeded in preventing them from carrying out their intentions.

And here is a final incident, sufficiently romantic, with which we will close the series of scandalous occurrences of this second period. Already, as far back as the last days of June, Charlotte had written to her fiancé that henceforth everything was irrevocably at an end between them. The Prince, her father, having been informed of this, had succumbed to the most violent rage, and some days afterwards, with the intention of accomplishing a great *coup d'état*, as Stockmar calls it, he betook himself to Warwick House, where his daughter was residing.⁸

He first of all dismissed everybody whom he considered likely to support her in her obduracy, and then he caused the culprit to be brought before him. It would appear that the interview between them was violent, for hardly had the Princess succeeded in quitting the room, when she rushed out of the palace, got into the first public vehicle she could meet with, and hastened to the abode of her mother, with the fixed purpose of remaining permanently with her. She was immediately pursued by her uncles, the Dukes of York and Sussex, and then by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Brougham, by Whitbread and Lord Eldon, who all pleaded with her, as finally did her mother, at first a consenting party, and other ladies. All of them endeavoured to make her realize the gravity of the error she had committed, and begged that by her return she would soften the wrath of her father. They explained to her that obedience was due to the Prince Regent, both as Viceroy and as father; that the law clearly and unmistakably gave to him the right

of regulating the education of his children until they should have passed out of their minority; that it was not in her power to choose for herself either her dwelling-place or her companions; and that finally ordinary regard for her rank made it imperative that she should return as soon as possible to the palace from which she was a fugitive. It was all eloquence thrown away. Charlotte was as deaf to the reasonings of her uncles as to the prayers of her mother and the other ladies. The night was spent in discussion, in entreaties, in tears, and refusals. All hope of overcoming the resolution of mind of the young girl was abandoned, and already terror had settled down upon them of the new scandal which would be talked of far and wide in London the following day, when Brougham took the hand of the Princess and conducted her to a window. Dawn was beginning to break. "In a few hours," he said, "the crowd will have assembled outside here as it does on election days. I should only have to show myself with your Royal Highness upon the balcony, I should only have to utter a few words, and you would see all the people in this vast metropolis hurrying to support you. But this triumph of an hour would be bought at a high price with the consequences which would not be slow to follow. The troops would be hurled upon the mob to suppress the attempt at a violation of the laws of England. Blood would be shed broadcast, and for the whole remainder of your life you would be pursued by the intolerable remorse which in this country at least must weigh down whosoever through law-breaking gives rise to such a calamity."⁹

Charlotte burst into a flood of tears. She was conquered, and allowed herself to be conducted by her uncle, the Duke of York, to Carlton House. What will happen to her? She will one day be the happiest wife in England, yet the most mournful fate is close upon her heels.

Caroline was weary enough of this life of constant reverses. Some poor consolations to her pride it had been possible for her to obtain during the festivities. But at what a price! Brougham and Whitbread had as it were become masters of her. By reason of her very pride she had been forced to do and to abstain from doing certain things like an automaton. Ah! how prudent it had been of her to be nothing but an instrument in their hands! Weary of her lot and dissatisfied with her paltry victories, crossed in her affection, wounded in her amour-propre, she decided to quit the country of her adoption, whither she had come with such splendid hopes, and where she had found only magnificent disappointments.

On 25 July she wrote two letters—one to Lord Liverpool, the other to Mr. Whitbread, and in them communicated her intention of quitting England and returning to the Continent. "The Princess of Wales desires," she wrote, "that Lord Liverpool will make the

Prince Regent cognisant immediately of the contents of this letter.

“With the object of restoring the equanimity of the Prince and of assuring to herself that tranquility of mind of which she has for so many years been deprived, the Princess of Wales has taken the resolution to withdraw to the Continent. This resolution ought not to come as a surprise to the ministers of the Prince Regent after the griefs and torments which the Princess has had to support for years and years and the indignities and mortifications to which she has recently been exposed, since it has even been forbidden to her to receive the visits of the nearest relatives and most intimate friends of her illustrious father the late Duke of Brunswick.

“The Princess of Wales would have undertaken this journey a long time since if the proposed marriage, not yet concluded, of the Princess Charlotte with the hereditary Prince of Orange had not induced her to remain in order not to desert her daughter at a difficult juncture. But not wishing to be an obstacle to her future well-being, she has decided to retire to Brunswick, her native country, whence in all probability she will eventually set out on a journey to Italy and Greece. She has hopes of passing in those countries an agreeable sojourn, and trusts that no obstacles to her wishes will be raised by the Prince Regent.”

In this same letter the Princess announces her intention of accepting only £35,000 of the £50,000 sterling voted in her favour by the Houses of Parliament, “as she will no longer need to maintain a Court,” and she states definitely that she will never return to London.

The letter which she addressed to Mr. Whitbread is very much longer:

“The Princess of Wales feels it her duty to inform Mr. Whitbread that she has taken the most important decision of her life—she has resolved to quit England. She has written to Lord Liverpool requesting him immediately to make the Prince Regent acquainted with her intentions, and she sends Mr. Whitbread a copy of that letter in order that both he and his friends may be clear about the line of conduct she has adopted. The Princess is filled with the most profound gratitude for all the attentions that at all times and on every occasion they have displayed towards her, which is the true reason why she refrains from asking their advice on this occasion. At every other important moment she is able to assure him that she has always deferred to the opinions of her legal advisers and friends. It is possible that many people who do not know the character of the Princess thoroughly may imagine that she has allowed herself to make this resolve in a moment of vexation or disgust. The Princess would assert here, and call the Almighty to witness, that she had turned her thoughts to the possibilities of travel as far back as the year 1806, but reasons too lengthy to explain have so far hindered her from putting her design

into execution. Now, however, it is impossible that any person who retained either feelings or pride could longer support a condition of things so humiliating. The Princess is now so much an object of hatred to the Prince that he will not tolerate her presence either in private or in public, and henceforth she cannot submit to disdain of this kind nor allow herself to be treated as a guilty woman when her innocence has been recognized by the ministers and by the Parliament and the accusations of her enemies and betrayers have been disproved.

“The Princess is much moved by the generosity of the nation in affording her the means of living for the future in tranquility and in displaying so lively a resentment against the indignities put upon her and so much sympathy with her unjust and cruel sufferings. She hopes that her own gratitude, which will endure while her life lasts, will be shown some day by her daughter the Princess Charlotte in a measure proportionate to the power she will wield, but she will never desire to retaliate upon those who may have the misfortune to displease her. The Princess will feel the deprivation of her mother’s company the less inasmuch as, during the last two years, there have at times passed five or six months together during which she has been unable to see her mother, and has even been denied the consolation of receiving letters from her. Living both of them in the same city, it has been forbidden to them to speak to one another when they met in their walks. And orders were even issued to the coachman never to stop or even give any sign that he recognized the carriage of the Princess of Wales. On this account the separation will only be as the grief of a day; to remain would be the daily plunging of a dagger into the hearts of both mother and daughter.”

Lord Liverpool’s reply was both prompt and explicit:

“Lord Liverpool is instructed to let the Princess know that no restriction will be placed upon her movements, neither as to the time of her departure nor as to the places in which she may choose to take up her residence.”

In less than a couple of weeks the necessary preparations had been made, and on 9 August, 1814, the Princess of Wales set out from England on her way to the little state of Brunswick.

CHAPTER III

The Princess of Wales in Switzerland and afterwards at Milan—The Milanese painter Giuseppe Bossi and the Princess of Wales—Bartolomeo Pergami of Crema—The Princess of Wales at Rome and afterwards at Naples—The Secret Commission of Milan and Baron Friedrich Ompteda—The Military Plot of 1814 and the part the friends of the Princess had in it.

AFTER leaving England, the Princess, having spent some time in her native country, Brunswick, resumed her journey, and crossing Germany and Switzerland, set her face towards Italy. Before starting in pursuit of this homeless wanderer on her journeys from year to year and from city to city, in Europe, Africa, and Asia, it is proper that we should at once say that it is not our intention to follow her with scrupulous fidelity step by step, but only with such discreteness as to render, as far as possible, our task as observers pleasantly engrossing. The writer is of opinion that it is quite unnecessary to give an exhaustive account of the affairs and the innumerable people with whom the Princess was thrown into some sort of relation; that it is only needful to present, from amongst the mass, a series of facts and anecdotes, the evidence for which can be relied upon. We shall, then, relate everything which can be ascertained, and which does not appear, owing to the recurrence of the same incidents, to be a useless repetition of identical events. Too often, alas! in the act of giving thanks to the recorder of some excursion here or there, we have been pulled up short, and obliged to resume the narrative with only the fragmentary assistance of the customary entries in a journal of travel, because no other record is preserved, or because all that can be trusted is for ever the same round: the arrival, the official ceremonies of reception, theatres, fêtes, and . . . departure.

For instance, as a prelude to the scene which has Italy for its theatre, here are brief specimens of records relating to the very short stay which the Princess made in certain towns in Switzerland. They are unearthed from a group of letters which have been preserved in Paris in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.¹⁰ In the fifth, which is dated from Geneva, September 13th, 1814, we read:

“Then on the other hand there is Marie Louise, astonishingly lively and gay: I can’t think of anything that would depress her; and then the Princess of Wales, who has just installed herself in the next suite with her sensibility and her extravagance. Who amongst us could have guessed a couple of years since that at one and the same time the Empress of France and the Princess of Wales would have been in a little Swiss inn? Kings have, all of them, their understudies, as opera singers have; whence it comes about that the performances vary in merit!”

In the following, dated October 1st, also from Switzerland, we find: "Discrowned heads race up and down our country continually. Marie Louise has made excursions here like a lunatic, on foot and on horseback, never even seeming to dream of making people remember that once, before she became mixed up with a Corsican adventurer, she was an archduchess. The Princess of Wales, whose reputation is still lower at present, pervades the streets of our little towns of Geneva and Lausanne with all the freedom afforded by a constitution which permits every one to do exactly what pleases him best. From the inn where she was stopping she heard music, and, quite unaccompanied, immediately entered a neighbouring house, and disappeared in the medley of dancers, who were, as it happened, respectable enough, though that was more her good fortune than her desert." Finally, it is recorded that at Berne the Princess of Wales (Letter 8) sang two duets with Marie Louise, and then "joked in rather bad taste about the trio abandoned by their husbands—herself, Marie Louise, and the Grand Duchess."

Blind chance, always unreasoning, had brought together two women with many points of resemblance, one of whom had borne only a short time before the most notable crown in Europe, and the other of whom had been anticipating the succession to a crown of no less dignity; each alike unworthy of the honour bestowed or expected, each alike emanating from a German court, where it would seem that for too long a time feminine morality had been exposed to strange perils.

But duets sung in a Swiss inn by an ex-empress and a future Queen of England are a mere bagatelle beside what is recorded in the twelfth and last letter: "At Geneva the Princess of Wales walked about the town a good deal, and the little boy¹¹ always accompanied her. At Lausanne she was most imprudent. She learned on her arrival that a little ball was in progress at a house opposite the 'Golden Lion,' and she asked for an invitation. After dancing with everybody and anybody, she finished up by dancing a Savoyard dance called a 'fricassée' with a nobody. Madame de Corsal, who blushed and wept for the rest of the company, declares that it has made her ill, and that she feels that the honour of England has been compromised."

The Princess's descent upon Switzerland brought about also an unforeseen disturbance in the life of an austere and studious Genevan, at that time engaged upon a great work dealing with Italian history. We speak, of course, of Carlo Sismondi, who had already published several volumes of his well-known *History of the Italian Republics in the Middle Ages*. Sismondi, in addition to his fame, was a man of fine presence, still a bachelor, well up in English affairs, with which he was acquainted through a lengthy residence in England, and of an age when if a man does not seek

affairs of gallantry he does not at least repel them when they present themselves spontaneously. According to report he was a native of Tuscany, where he had spent several years in his youth, and suffered imprisonment for his republican opinions in company with the maternal grandfather of Giuseppe Giusti, and whither he withdrew from time to time to pass a few months. There exists indeed one of Giusti's letters, which describes him as resident in a little hamlet not far distant from Pescia, when he had become famous throughout Europe, and was already advanced in years; but at the time of his meeting with Caroline he was not above forty.

If the French correspondence to which we owe the previously quoted information be trustworthy, it would appear that the immediate admiration which he aroused in the wandering English princess found in the heart of the Genevan historian a no less immediate response, so that for the remainder of the time which the Princess spent at Geneva they were always to be seen in company at meals and walks, and with him alone would the Princess dance, nor would she tear herself from his side except unwillingly.

In the afternoon of October the 8th, 1814, the Princess of Wales, with a sufficiently numerous retinue of ladies and gentlemen and servants, arrived at Milan and engaged rooms at the Royal Hotel. The lady-in-waiting was Lady Elizabeth Forbes; the chamberlains, Sir William Gell and the Hon. Keppel Craven. The third chamberlain, Mr. Anthony Butler St. Leger, who was the chief of the household at the moment of departure from London, had only followed his mistress as far as Brunswick, and the same was the case with the chief lady-in-waiting, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. The latter, however, rejoined the Princess at Naples, whilst Mr. St. Leger made his way back to England, alleging as the motives of his resignation his own poor state of health and certain family affairs.

A Captain Hesse was equerry, and Dr. Holland the Court physician. There were besides, a German *maître d'hôtel*, Herr Sicard; a German page, Philip Cravel; a courier, Hyeronimus; the English head coachman, Charles Hartrop; and in addition, two or three women of the bedchamber and other servants of the kind. The youth William Austin, then about thirteen, was always with the Princess, treated as a son, and by most people considered so to be.

From this time forward, that is to say from 8 October, 1815, till the spring of 1820, practically for six years, the Princess's principal residence, or perhaps one should say the place to which she most frequently returned and where she spent most time, was in Italy. It is true that during that period of six years she passed about four months in Sicily, and that about the same length of time was spent

in travelling in Greece and Palestine. After her return from the East she stayed here and there in various Italian cities and at the Villa d'Este, near Como; then she undertook further journeys in Switzerland, in Austria, and elsewhere, and she changed her dwelling successively from one villa to another five times; from the Villa d'Este to the Villa Rufinella at Rome, and thence to the Villa Brandi, in the same city: after that to the Villa Caprile, and thence to the Villa Vittoria, near Pesaro.

The Princess of Wales arrived among the Italians as a guest who joins unexpectedly a family in which, up to that moment, there has been much dissension. At the sight of the new-comer the members of the family forgot instantly their disputes, and were all of one mind to give her a hearty welcome, to make their delight evident, to do her honour in the most demonstrative fashion. But a few months since the various Italian rulers had returned to their seats of government, but all had not laid down their arms, nor had the recent restoration inspired confidence. Everything appeared unstable by reason of the violent perturbations they had suffered, and the near neighbourhood of Napoleon, conquered but not tamed. How many events had tripped one another up between April and June! the abdication of Napoleon and his immurement on the island of Elba; the fall of the Italian kingdom, and the restoration of Austrian supremacy in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces by arrangement with the Great Powers; the return to Turin of Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia, and of Pope Pius VII to Rome; the assignment, as a new duchy, to the ex-Empress Marie Louise, of Parma and Piacenza; the restoration of Ferdinand III to his grand duchy of Tuscany; the duchy of Modena conferred upon Ferdinand IV, heir to the last duke of the house of Este, Ercole Rinaldo; Ferdinand IV permitted to retain the kingdom of Sicily; and finally, Joachim Murat that of Naples.

There was at this time at Milan, as commander of the Austrian military forces and high commissioner of civil affairs, Field-Marshal Count Giulio di Bellegarde. Five months earlier, moving from his head-quarters in Verona and arranging to be preceded by proclamations of liberty and peace, of which he wished to appear to be the angelic herald, he had entered the Lombard capital as a conqueror, and had thence been able to write to Vienna that the annexation was an accomplished fact, and that the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera were already in the occupation of his troops. In Milan he was in reality Dictator, at the very time that in order to carry out the instructions of the distant Power resident in Vienna; he appeared in the eyes of the people as a dreaded instrument. To tell the truth, Bellegarde was not a mere soldier, unable to discern other means of governing the people than violence and craft: according to the reports which he sent to Vienna, some of which have now been published, it appears that

he was not oblivious of the aspirations of the Lombards to a semi-independent form of government, and that he considered it expedient to support them; that he aimed at preventing the dissemination of discontent, and wished to consolidate his position without trampling on the liberty of the nation.

From the first moments of the restoration he seized eagerly every occasion that offered itself of endearing himself to the nobility and the populace of Milan, forwarding their desires, promoting all kinds of festivals, letting himself be seen at public spectacles, and showing himself lavish of rewards and praises to the organizers.

Scarcely had the Princess taken up her abode at the Royal Hotel at Milan than Bellegarde presented himself as a caller. The same evening the Princess was present at the performance at the Scala Theatre, where she was received with torrents of applause, which were repeated a few days afterwards at the Teatro dei Filodrammatici, and again at the Scala, with a significant growth in volume, on the 18th. These applauses were not all bestowed upon her, Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, but were, so to say, signs of the reawakening of hopes for some time sinking but not altogether dispelled, that England might consent to give its aid to the establishment of an independent Lombard state. In May of that year, a few days before Bellegarde entered Milan, a lieutenant-general of the English army had been dispatched there from Genoa, in response to entreaties from the Communal Council. To these entreaties Lord William Bentinck had replied immediately, to this effect: "For this purpose (the re-establishment of order and tranquility) I send Lieutenant-General Macfarlane, who has my fullest confidence."¹² Macfarlane himself wrote from Milan under date of 29 April, "The Milanese regard England as their guardian angel, and look upon Austria with terror and apprehension. Their generals, their statesmen, their merchants, and persons in every rank of life, have called on me, and all have given expression to the same sentiments," and thereupon he closed with these noble words: "I implore you, my lord, to give this people all the aid that is in your power; it is to the interest of England to assist them, and they have turned to her hopefully and trustfully." And not even content with this, having occasion to write to London to Lord Castlereagh, he declared that the general results of his researches and his observations had brought about the conviction that the French, the Viceroy, and the system of government just then re-established, were alike detested. "Allowing to the full," he proceeded, "that the political existence of the minor European states must depend to a great extent on the protection of the more powerful ones, if this protection should rightly be extended by anybody, it appears to the Italians that England is better qualified than any other power whatsoever to ameliorate the condition and

increase and strengthen the happiness and prosperity of Italy.”

When, therefore, Austria, with the assent of the Allied Powers, was left in undisputed possession of the provinces of the late kingdom of Italy, and orders were received that the British army should be immediately withdrawn, Macfarlane, under date of 9 May, wrote to Lord Castlereagh: “I should not be doing my duty if I did not add here that these two announcements have produced in the country the most profound sensation, and have excited sentiments of desperation precisely proportionate to the hopes of protection and assistance which Italy anticipated eliciting from the justice and impartiality of England.”

Although Macfarlane had left Milan, and the Austrian domination had been re-established, it did not follow that the plenipotentiaries assembled at Vienna had spoken the final irrevocable word upon the subject. Moreover, the Congress was suspended and its reopening fixed for 1 November. It was not, therefore, as we have said, without a silent hope that the Milanese greeted the arrival of the English princess, and every person strove with his neighbour to accord her a joyful and fitting reception. As to Bellegarde, it is to be believed that he wished to a certain extent to conceal and disguise the hostile significance of the popular attitude by making himself appear one of its warmest promoters.

Two or three days after her arrival, the Princess, always on the look out for new experiences and risky diversions, set about an exploration of the city from end to end, sometimes in her carriage, sometimes on foot, accompanied by persons of her suite, and visited the monuments, the churches, the public edifices, and the studios of the artists. On the 12th she came to the residence of the painter and archaeologist, Giuseppe Bossi. Although a young man, Bossi had already received in his studio kings, princes, dukes, and lords, and been on familiar terms with them; he enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished artists in Italy, such as Appiani and Canova, and he had the high and well-deserved reputation of being the best portrait-painter of his time. Before Caroline’s arrival he had received a visit from another princess, a sister-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, and she had left in his heart something beyond a pleasant memory, whilst he had produced for her both poems and pictures. Let us, however, leave him to speak for himself, the more so inasmuch as he is so good a raconteur that it would be a sin to take the words out of his mouth.

“On Wednesday there came to see me the Princess of Wales, wife of the Prince Regent of England; she remained a good time, conversing gaily and pleasantly. Sir William Gell, her chamberlain, asked me if I painted portraits, and what I charged. What a commercial nation! I told him that I did paint portraits, and that I endeavoured to make them as good as possible, and that as to price, well, I was indifferent. The Englishman urged me, however,

so I told him what others had paid me, which naturally seemed the most discreet thing to me in the circumstances. Thereupon, in a little while the Princess demanded if I was willing to paint her portrait, and I said, Yes, as soon as she liked, provided it would be agreeable to her to come to my house for three sittings. She replied, That she would come each day that she continued at Milan. Well, Thursday came, and I sketched her successfully in the character of a muse; then on Friday she came to show me her arms, of which she was, not without reason, decidedly vain. On Saturday I visited her instead, and made her a small portrait in sanguine in the same attitude as I had already sketched her in. She is a gay and whimsical woman; she seems to have a good heart; at times she is ennuyée through lack of occupation, having got into the habit of finding society necessary to her pleasure, which of course makes her very dependent upon others. She expressed an emphatic desire that I should accompany her to Naples; her chamberlain advised me on all accounts to accept this invitation, which would prove of the greatest service to me. I made answer to the Princess, promising to go to Naples, and seek her out there, if the disorders in that kingdom did not end in its downfall, and to the chamberlain I said that willingly whenever I could I would pay a visit to the Princess, but that I preferred my liberty to any other advantage whatsoever, and that I didn't believe there could be liberty in any court, large or small. In conversation with her, or at times in the presence of the boy, who may or may not be her son, and who is a child of about ten or eleven years, I have learned things both amusing and important, concerning her family, her relatives, the character of the English, etc.¹³

"She told me that the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, related to herself by being a member of the house of Würtemberg, had some months since given birth to a son, of whose parentage her husband was innocent, and I replied that that sort of thing depends on such trifling circumstances that it has happened even to women who are not princesses; and so, turning from one subject to another, but more particularly discussing the women of various nationalities, I completed that little portrait which to-day I handed over to her."¹⁴

Before setting out the Princess betook herself to the residence of Bossi on two or three additional occasions, and on one of these there were also present the Countess Belgiojoso, and two French ladies who had at one time been mistresses of the King of Westphalia. The ladies were able to sing almost professionally, and Mr. Craven, who was of the party, finished up by playing a *contredanse*, and the Princess displayed her agility. "Upon this," continues Bossi, "it was necessary to enlist more boisterous courtiers and chatter in different other languages till the house was possessed of the devil, and you can imagine with what kind of ease

it was possible for me to work." Bossi then showed her his own portrait engraved on a cornelian in a ring which was on the *escritoire*. The Princess praised it and asked him to make her a present of it, but that day, although Bossi replied that it was entirely at her disposal, she did not take it, but laid it down again with a complimentary remark. The following day found her again in Bossi's studio with Mr. Craven, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, and others. She took up the ring again, and remarked, "Will you allow me to steal this ring from you?" And now behold what sort of fortune awaited poor Bossi, contrary to all his expectations. He continues: "In the meanwhile I had worked without cessation from one Wednesday to another, making nine sketches in various attitudes, one portrait in outline and two large ones in colour, and so far there hadn't been a word about remuneration, nor had I worried myself about the matter. On Tuesday evening, being at dinner with the Princess, Sir William Gell called me aside, and in the name of the Princess made as though to proffer me a certain sum of money. I was astounded at this, and told him that I could not possibly receive it, that I had no need of anything on account, and that when the work was completed and approved, the Princess might reward me as it seemed good to her. Sir William Gell said to me that the Princess did not care about contracting debts, and that I could not possibly refuse the money, which he forcibly placed in my waistcoat pocket, saying that it was forty gold napoleons, that is, twenty double napoleons. I was quite thrown off my balance, and told Sir William that the strangeness of such a way of doing business utterly astounded me, and that if the Princess disliked contracting debts, it would be better if she realized their extent and paid accordingly, that the manner in which I had received and treated her should not have led her to suppose that I had need of a paltry sum, and that indeed I did not know how to reconcile the profound distinction and friendly demonstrations she had displayed towards me with a proceeding so unworthy. Sir William sought to propitiate me with further explanations, telling me that the Princess was an amazing person, and that you never knew what she would do next, and that, being unaccustomed to the control of money, at one time she would scatter it in profusion, whilst at another, with exaggerated parsimony, she would withhold it where it was due. I was inclined to break altogether with the Princess, but Sir William begged me to reconsider the situation, which I somewhat unwillingly agreed to. In the evening I was invited to a ball and supper at the Princess's. Sir William told me that he felt quite sure that the Princess, who would be masked, would seek me out for the purpose of bestowing some gift upon me, as she had a great partiality for surprises of that kind. I, however, was of quite another mind, not having been able, as yet, to digest those

napoleons. However, I went to the ball, and I received—nothing.”

Resenting his treatment as he did, it was impossible for our artist to remain quiet. Being informed that the Princess was on the point of departure, he repaired the next morning to the Royal Hotel, with the intention of returning the napoleons to Sir William Gell, whom he found in the company of Mr. Craven. Both of them were extremely courteous towards him, and sensible and regretful of the way things had fallen out. Upon this Bossi begged them in all sorts of ways to be good enough to take the money back (and it was seventeen double napoleons, not twenty). But these gentlemen were quite unwilling to fall in with his views, and told him that they had every hope of arranging the matter satisfactorily before their arrival at Florence; thereupon, recognizing the way in which they regarded the matter, he acquiesced, and promised to keep silence about the occurrence, so that no dishonour should result to their mistress. “Thus, although the way in which she had comported herself towards me had been sufficiently condescending, her whims, or my misfortune, had removed all possibility of pleasure in the completion of the portraits, and several times I was on the point of painting out the canvases, and so to the devil with my work, after remitting the famous seventeen napoleons to Sir William Gell, in Florence. I have still to mention, however, that, before leaving, the Princess, after she had lavished upon me the most flattering remarks, asked me whether I would care to accept a souvenir from her, to which I replied that I had always been given to understand that it was not permissible to decline the offer of a gift from a person of her rank, but that a material souvenir was not at all necessary to me as a means of preserving my recollections of her. Here, of course, I was employing words with a double meaning. However, she gave me a ring worth a few francs, containing a little diamond and an emerald badly set, and of hideous design. I showed it shortly afterwards to Sir William Gell and Mr. Craven, who had the appearance of being much astonished, exchanging significant glances. The ring, however, wouldn’t have been so bad apart from the earlier vexation about the money. To conclude, I behaved towards her with entire prudence and consideration, and displayed such becoming pride, as in like circumstances one has a right to show, towards her chamberlains.”

Thus we see that our artist had worked for an English princess for more than a week, had made three portraits for her—not finished, it is true, but all in a state of forwardness—besides several sketches, had made her a present of an artistic book worth, say, five louis dor, and of a ring of the value of twenty-five to thirty; and after all this, he had been put off with a fee of seventeen double napoleons. He felt injured by his treatment, both as regarded his

remuneration and his amour-propre. We shall see how the affair terminated six or seven months afterwards.

Before setting out for Tuscany, the Princess gave, at the Royal Hotel, a grand banquet, in honour of Bellegarde and a number of Milanese gentlemen. She intended that it should be at once a recognition of hospitalities received and an act of leave-taking. Amongst the invited guests the Marchese Ghisleri was included; he had become, so to say, the shadow of Bellegarde, and had been constantly in the entourage of the Princess, from the very day of her arrival at Milan. There was also General Pino, one of those who had shown the most chivalrous attention to the Princess, and who merited her gratitude for having procured her, by arrangement with the Marchese Ghisleri, an attendant who turned out to be singularly acceptable to her.

The matter had come about in this way. From the very outset of her stay at Milan, the Princess had shown a desire to increase the number of her suite by the addition of an Italian courier, who, by his knowledge of the places and the language of the country, might the better serve her during her approaching journey in Tuscany. Just at this very time, too, another courier had been dismissed, in consequence of which General Pino had concerned himself earnestly to satisfy her requirements. Consequently, the following day a tall and handsome man, dressed in the uniform of the Italian Hussars, had presented himself at the Royal Hotel with a letter of introduction. In the vestibule there was nobody to whom the hussar could turn for information. He proceeded farther and almost ran into a lady, who at that moment was struggling to free the train of her long robe from a piece of furniture in a saloon. The hussar bent down with a rapid movement, skillfully disentangled the dress from the piece of furniture, raised himself, and, making a respectful inclination, asked to be directed to the Princess. "I am the Princess," replied the lady, with obvious complacency. Thereupon our Hussar bent one knee to the ground, withdrew from his pocket the letter of recommendation from General Pino, and gracefully presented it to the lady. The handsome and stalwart bearer of the letter was Bartolomeo Pergami of Crema, and his lucky encounter with the Princess was the beginning of a romance of which the epilogue was reached in London at the House of Lords, six years later.

Pergami had been confidential courier to General Pino, and had at first taken service in the vice regal army on the footing of a sort of under-officer in charge of the billeting, a rank which carried the high-sounding name of *maresciallo d'alloggio*.

The descriptions of his physical appearance, which have been preserved to us, seem to be pretty unanimous; they all speak of him as tall, dark, about thirty years of age, and a model of bodily vigour and strength of will. Although he had appeared before the

Princess in the guise of a soldier, he had been obliged to quit the army some time before it was disbanded, owing to one of those encounters which bring no discredit upon a person. He is said to have killed in a duel a person of higher rank than himself, who had behaved arrogantly towards him. One thing is certain, that just then he found himself without employment, and that from April to October he had been seeking some occupation unsuccessfully. To conclude, he was a man of that particular type which has no preference for one profession beyond another, seeming qualified to employ himself to the best advantage in this or that way, according as occasion offers; skilful in intermeddling with the affairs of other families and then seeming to become indispensable, having no other ambition than to give satisfaction to the persons upon whom at the moment his precarious lot depends, and able to ignore such obstacles as honour and self-esteem might place in the way of some. Pergami, or Pergomi,¹⁵ did not come of the peasantry; he had, indeed, received elementary teaching in Latin in the seminary of his native place. His family, if not rich, was at least in easy circumstances, and one of his sisters, Angela, had become the wife of Count Oldi, of Crema. His mother belonged to a Cremascan family of some standing, and if having set out upon a career of arms he had remained in the lower ranks, he was not unacquainted with many others who had risen to positions above him. He had a wife and a daughter, but he lived apart from them, after having got to the end of the small dowry; and whilst he proceeded from adventure to adventure, his poor little wife got on as best she could, sometimes well, sometimes ill.

He was immediately received into the service of the Princess, who, on 19 October, set out from Milan for Tuscany. Installed in his office of courier, he went on horseback a little in advance of the numerous carriages of the suite; and on the 22nd of the same month the whole party arrived at Florence, where they were received by the officials of the Court of the Archduke Ferdinand III in the fashion proper to royalty. After a delay of a few days, the journey was taken up again once more in the direction of Rome; but long before they arrived there, the valiant Pergami had learned how to assure himself of the unstinted favour of his august mistress to such an extent that already some of the members of the suite were not backward in whispered jealousy. As soon as the Princess arrived in Rome, she lost no time in paying a visit to the Pope (Pius VII), who had just been restored to his throne with great pomp by the efforts of Cardinal Consalvi, and a few days afterwards the great banker Torlonia gave a splendid ball in the Campidoglio in her honour. The Princess danced there with indescribable abandon. Her dress consisted of a single embroidered garment, fastened beneath the bosom, without the shadow of a corset and without sleeves. A shawl floating in the air

did not succeed in making the costume decent even to the eyes of the Roman ladies, who were themselves not particularly scrupulous in the matter of dress. The attention of the Princess was particularly drawn to the Prince of Canino, Lucien Bonaparte, who was one of the guests. One of those present remarked that between the Milanese standard of clothing and that of Rome there was actually an advance in the display of the nude.

As at Florence, so at Rome, the Princess did not make a long stay. In visits to great personages and to remarkable places she spent only about a week, for, to her, antique monuments and the history of those austere remains could be but of little concern. Naples was the goal of her journey, lively Naples, where reality bears the semblance of a dream, and where everything, from the calm and seductive sea to the clear and limpid atmosphere, seems an invitation to joy. Behold her, then, once more on her travels, this time in the direction of Naples.

Go, make merry, and forget, unfortunate wife. Perhaps you will lose your crown and your honour, but what is a crown and what is honour in that intoxicating hour so long anticipated and at last attained? At Aversa there came to meet her the King, Joachim Murat, the handsomest man in his dominions, and the two Courts joining in one procession then entered the city in the midst of the acclamations of a people apparently created for just that sort of spectacle. And here commenced all over again fetes and reciprocal visits and gala performances at the Teatro San Carlo and excursions upon the sea. But from this point the scene begins to change. Within the environs of the Court dissatisfactions and misunderstandings begin to exhibit a contrast to the noisy outdoor festivities; whilst favours towards Pergami are continued and grow in significance, protests and threats of desertion begin to emanate from the English members of the suite, who are little inclined to too decided an exchange between the formal duties which it was nominally an honour to demand from them, and the actual offices which they were obliged to perform. But on this first occasion the difficulties were straightened out, and the merry-making still lasted for some time. At a fête given by the Princess in the evening of St. Sylvester's Day, in honour of King Joachim, she appeared successively in three different costumes, the last being that of the genius of History or of Fame. Baron Friedrich Ompteda, who had kept a watchful eye upon her from Rome to Naples, sent the following information to his chief in London under date 4 January, 1815: "The year finished up brilliantly on St. Sylvester's Day. The Princess gave a splendid masked ball in a casino near to the sea. The royal quadrille was danced in knightly costume. At a late hour His Majesty (Murat) appeared dressed as an English sailor. The Princess had had a room fitted up as the Temple of Glory, and in it was to be seen a bust of the King. The Princess, dressed as the

goddess of Glory, crowned the bust with a crown of laurel, whilst the muse of History and other goddesses of lower rank proceeded to carve upon the pedestal the name Gioacchino. On account of the space being somewhat restricted, the tableau was not perfectly successful, but the King appeared to be much affected."

To whose credit this device should be placed the newspapers of the time do not tell us, although, of course, it was not free from allusion to the actual political conditions; but in all probability the idea was conceived by Pergami, who, in these matters of decoration and striking tableaux with a meaning, on many occasions displayed a positively creative genius.

At another time the Princess arrived at a rout at the Teatro San Carlo so lightly attired that many who saw her at her first entrance looked her up and down, and not recognizing her, or pretending not to recognize her, began to mutter disapprobation to such an extent that she was compelled to withdraw. Joachim, after the first effusive welcome, when he had got to know his guest better, discreetly drew back, and surrounded himself with a prudent reserve, whilst the English residents of Naples let her understand, by ceasing to frequent her palace, that even at Naples there were certain laws of dress which could not be trampled under foot in this hoydenish fashion.

When the Princess of Wales, in July, 1814, made known to Lord Liverpool her intention of leaving England and travelling on the Continent, the reply was sent with eagerness, as we have already seen, that the Prince Regent and the Ministry accorded her entire freedom to go whithersoever she was inclined, and take up her abode in whatever place might seem convenient and desirable to her. The departure of the Princess was, as a matter of fact, an unhopd-for piece of good luck for the Ministry, and certainly owed nothing to the advice of Brougham. With her departure there vanished at once a difficulty which up to that time had appeared perilous and menacing to the Regent and the Ministry alike. What would happen on that day when the infirm health of King George III should at length render necessary the accession to the throne of his legitimate heir, who then reigned with the title of Regent? How comport themselves towards the august lady, who, though separated from her husband, was not divorced by legal process; who had been three times proclaimed innocent of the offences laid to her charge, and who enjoyed a marked degree of favour amongst the English people? To acknowledge her right to become Queen of England would be a culpable piece of weakness, but, on the other hand, it was a most dangerous proceeding to deny it. Her voluntary departure came, then, to all as the happy solution of a most intricate problem, and from the moment that it came about every effort of the Government aimed at keeping the

future Queen, not only outside the orbit of the Court, but at establishing on every side such a state of affairs as to prevent her ever returning to England. At once steps were taken to profit by the lightness of her nature, and by the indiscretions into which she would naturally fall, to put together materials for a new indictment, which in the end should render necessary a formal and irrevocable separation.

The succession to the throne upon the death of George III, which could not be far distant, was already assured without question to the Regent. He had nothing to fear, except from his wife's unfaltering assertion of a right, which in the strict letter of the law nobody could dispute, and which many who were opposed to the Regent and the Ministry were inclined to support.

Thereupon a corps of secret police was organized, whose duty it was to keep watch over every movement, every action, every word, of Caroline, wherever she might betake herself, and to report everything to London. It is impossible to tell to what an extent the incautious woman played into the hands of the government, for she had never in her life realized what prudence and reserve are. A biography of George IV well says upon this point that her whole life may be looked upon as a long suicide of her own reputation. In the first instance, it was not proposed to do more than keep a watch upon her innumerable journeys from one city to another, to penetrate into the hotels where she stayed, to take part in the fêtes to which she was invited, or to which she in her turn invited others. A kind of permanent bureau of information was established in Milan, which was actually an organization for secret attacks, and may be likened to the office of the Holy Inquisition. Expert agents were selected and sent out to Italy, agents who put themselves on her track, and prying into her most intimate affairs, gathered together the irrefragable evidence of which use was made in the famous trial for adultery.

At that time there was in London Count Münster, who had given evidence of great diplomatic abilities on various occasions. From London he directed the politics of the kingdom of Hanover for the Prince Regent, who was actually sovereign by hereditary right, but had eased himself of his responsibilities by transferring the power to his brother, the Duke of Cambridge, who bore the title of governor. From this kingdom of Hanover, of which the Prince Regent was the nominal King, the Duke of Cambridge the local governor, and Count Münster the minister who pulled the strings, the Hanoverian baron, Friedrich Ompteda, was at that time the envoy accredited to the Pontifical Court.

Münster, who had valued Ompteda for many years on account of his experience and sang-froid, immediately realized that here was the man he needed; and, without further consideration, appointed him, with the most clear, precise, and minute

instructions, to the arduous office of diplomatic head of the information bureau, to search out, to watch, and to report. The heads of his instructions were as follows:

1. To inform the English Government all about the condition of Italian politics.
2. To obtain exact knowledge about the conduct of the Princess of Wales.

Münster completed his instructions with these and other personal admonitions: "The Baron will locate himself as close as possible to the Princess, with the object of accumulating such evidence of her doings as can be brought up against her in court, and should need arise, he is at liberty to show the sheet containing the said instructions at the English Embassy."

Baron Friedrich Ompteda seemed to be, then, nothing more than the diplomatic agent of the King of Hanover at the Pontifical Court, but in reality he was no other than the chief agent of the English Ministry in direct correspondence with Count Münster. Münster had an understanding with the head of the Government, Lord Castlereagh, and the latter with Sir John Leech, who enjoyed the full confidence of the Prince Regent, and who had risen to his very powerful position exactly because he understood better than anybody else how to interpret and how to act upon the wishes of his master. The Prince Regent, the English ministers, Count Münster, and Sir John Leech, with a marvelous unanimity, superintended in London the Italian campaign against the Princess of Wales from the moment that that unlucky woman first set foot in Italy, hoping there to free herself from the hated surveillance to which she had been subjected in her own country.

To Ompteda were attached other agents, under his orders, perhaps because he could not be expected to provide for every contingency, perhaps because during a certain portion of the year he was bound to reside in Rome. Of these agents the most active were Colonel Browne, who had known his Italy for a long period, and Mr. John Allan Powell. Subsequently persons versed in law, such as Mr. Wm. Cooke, to whom special instructions were issued, were sent out from London, and by degrees they enlisted the co-operation of certain Italians, experts in the laws and customs and in the dialect of the country, amongst whom were Vimercati, a Milanese advocate; Giuseppe Sacchi, of Bellagio, formerly equerry to Her Royal Highness; Giuseppe Rastelli, at one time coachman at the Villa d'Este; and a certain Swiss-Italian named Andreazzi, cleverer, perhaps, than any of the rest at getting information, and in all probability also that very Marchese Ghisleri, whom we have seen as one of the guests at the banquet at Milan, and whom we shall shortly see at other functions, that Ghisleri whom Foscolo bluntly designates "Austrian spy."¹⁶

To the Commission at Milan were also attached members of

the English aristocracy and of the English diplomatic body, amongst whom was Lord Charles Stewart, who had special responsibilities delegated to him, and who suddenly displayed preposterous zeal in collecting legal proofs of adultery. He distributed such a quantity of money with this end in view that in comparison, Ompteda observes in his *Memoirs*, "my own generosity appeared little short of miserliness."

Confederate with these active partisans there were also in Lombardy the Austrian Government, with Saurau and Strassoldo; and in the Papal states Cardinal Consalvi, although on all occasions each sought to appear independent and neutral. Of the last named the Princess frequently complained in letters written to her friends, and she does the same in the letters addressed to Tommasini which appear at the end of the present volume.¹⁷

But the heart and soul of the campaign was, as has been said, Baron Friedrich Ompteda, who stands out from the rest as a prince of hypocrites and dissemblers, and whose policeman-like doings won him the approbation of the English Ministry, a notoriety no one need have envied, and the honour of being hanged in effigy at the time of the famous trial. In addition to the minute, exact, and precise reports which he dispatched periodically to London, he left to his family a sort of memoir, rich in anecdotes, which remained unpublished until recent years, and at length appeared at Leipzig in 1894, under the editorship of his nephew, Baron Ludwig Ompteda¹⁸

Let us glean from these jottings, which are here and there explained and illuminated by the comments of the nephew. And we will begin with the year 1815, that is to say, a few months after the arrival of the Princess of Wales in Italy.

Under date 20 January he writes from Naples: "There has been a violent quarrel between the Princess and her suite, but the cause of it is unknown to me. She was disposed to dismiss the lot, but was eventually pacified. For the time being every one seems following his own bent: Lady Elizabeth Forbes appears disposed to captivate the handsome Marchese Giuliano; Captain Hesse is paying court to the principal singer at the Teatro San Carlo; Sir William Gell is nursing his gout and writing a book which he proposes to dedicate to the Queen of Naples; Craven is doing nothing at all. Little by little light is being thrown upon the Princess's doings."

On 24 January, reporting that the Princess had taken into her good graces an attendant, he thus describes him: "He is a sort of Apollo, of a superb and commanding appearance, more than six feet high: his physical beauty attracts all eyes. This man is called Pergami; he belongs to Milan, and has entered the Princess's service. Probably it is he who is the cause of the turmoil amongst the members of the suite. . . . The Princess is shunned by all the

English people of rank.”

Finally, on 1 March, he writes: “Impressed as I am by the great importance of the object of our correspondence, it is impossible for me to propound anything concerning which I have not the most absolute certainty. Acting on this principle, having written to you a while since that the Princess’s conduct might be described as to the last degree extravagant . . . I am forced to withdraw my previous words, and if, now, I declare that her behaviour has created the most marked scandal, I am convinced that nobody in Naples will wish to maintain the contrary.”¹⁹

In the end the Princess realized that her best policy was to her tents and get away from Naples. The highest prudence, in order to avoid the worst results of scandals, is always that of beating a retreat from the places in which they have their origin.

The only one who reaped any benefit in the affair was Pergami. He had come to Naples as a courier; he left it an equerry, and not without the *éclat* attaching to the dignified refusal of a proffered honour. He had had the dexterity to procure from King Joachim the offer of a commission in the Neapolitan army, and he had also the inspiration to decline it in such a magnanimous fashion that his august mistress for a long time regarded him with lively gratitude on that account, if on no other.

Whilst the Princess at Naples was giving herself up to a careless and self-indulgent life, at Milan the semblance of a conspiracy was set in train and developed up to a certain point. Certain persons were in various ways concerned in it who afterwards had direct or indirect relations with the Princess, and about whom we shall have more to say later on. This was the so-called military plot, which may be regarded as the first effort on the part of the Italians to assert their independence. The affair is somewhat involved, and it will be desirable to take up the threads of it at a little earlier stage.

A few days after Bellegarde’s entry into Milan the order came from Vienna to disband the vice-regal army. If these instructions had been carried out promptly, when the minds of the soldiers were still profoundly impressed by the simultaneous collapse of Napoleon and of the Italian kingdom, acquiescence would have been secured with ease. But Bellegarde, who was perhaps more of a politician than a soldier, reported that the troops might be led to excesses which would have dangerous results if they were suddenly dismissed. His plan of handling them in the wariest possible fashion was consequently adopted, and thereupon, in order to separate the interests of the French troops and of those who were natives of territory not about to be placed under Austrian dominion from those who were to remain Austrian subjects, the former were sent back to France or to their homes in the Italian

provinces and out of the latter new regiments were constructed. This was the primary cause of discontent in the army, which was further rapidly increased through several other agencies. From passive discontent to action is but a short step. To begin with, a conspiracy arose in Turin: its aim was the establishment, with the assistance of Napoleon, of a great independent Italian kingdom. A second began to take form in Brescia and Milan, aiming at the same results, but without any anticipation of Napoleonic assistance.

The idea of this second plot originated in Brescia towards the middle of September, and Colonels Silvio Moretti and Paolo Olini were the founders. Both these officers had been drafted into new regiments, but at the moment held no command. Lieutenant-Colonel Pietro Pavoni and Ugo Bonetti of Lodi shortly afterwards joined them. At the beginning of October a young lawyer, Giovanni Lovera Lattuada, arrived at Brescia. He had already for some time previously been well disposed to the enterprise, and in this respect was in accord with Baron Filippo de Meestre, at that time governor of the military orphanage of S. Luca, at Milan. After de Meestre, who was the first of his rank, two other generals joined, Teodoro Lechi and Gaspare Bellotti. Still later, Professor Dr. Giovanni Rasori gave in his adherence, and lastly, a certain Jean Baptiste Maréchal, a Frenchman, residing at Milan. Altogether the movement could count upon three generals, five colonels, five high officials, and a considerable number, not exactly specified, of simple citizens.

At a first meeting of the conspirators, held at the beginning of November, the general plan was agreed upon on the following lines. On a day to be appointed not far ahead a popular rising was to break out in Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona. This would then be supported by the officers and soldiers forming the garrisons of those cities. The fortresses of Peschiera and Rocca D'Anfo were then to be taken by surprise. This accomplished, the rebels were to march upon Verona and Mantua and seize them with the assistance within the towns. The signal for the rising was to be given at Milan, where the inhabitants were to be stirred up by the ringing of bells. In the midst of the disorder Bellegarde was to be made prisoner. On these lines, then, not to enter too minutely into details, the enterprise was to be carried out. It is true that so far the man who would direct the execution of their designs had not been settled upon, for it was patent that neither General Pino, nor the King of Naples, nor the King of Piedmont would agree to take a leading part, and exactly for this reason the undertaking would have been at once brought to a standstill, and perhaps nothing further would have been done, but for the arrival at Milan of a certain Desquiron de Saint-Agnan, who reawakened hope in the minds of all concerned and helped to precipitate matters.

Who exactly the aforesaid Desquiron de Saint-Agnan may have been it would be difficult to say. It is certain that for some time previously he had belonged to that shady brotherhood of secret agents of international police who possess a keen nose, a conscience in their purse, and a fertility in devising expedients to make their schemes appear plausible and even admirable to the eyes of others.²⁰ It is known for a fact that he had previously had relations with both the police of Vienna and the police of Paris, which is equivalent to saying, in other words, that he had served two masters at one and the same time.

It is known in addition that for some time previously, In the reports which he had forwarded to Bombelles, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, he constantly stated that in Italy events were occurring which would ultimately develop into a conspiracy. Informers are well paid and not much trusted: it is notorious that they detect perils and conspiracies in order to extract money. But when their reports are seen to be based on some substructure of truth they are put to the proof; this happened with Saint-Agnan. He started from Paris on 2 November and reached Milan on the 18th or 19th of the same month, and this is what happened: "During his journey from Turin he came across a fellow-traveler, of whose careless loquacity he was able to take advantage in the interests of his mission. The fellow-traveler was Jean Baptiste Maréchal, to whom he introduced himself as a compatriot and a Royalist. Then going from confidence to confidence, he disclosed to him, after swearing him to secrecy, that he was travelling in Italy in the interests of some one of high position, that is to say, in order to arrive at the inclinations of the Italians and prepare the way for the Duc de Berri, who had cast envious glances upon that beautiful district for so many years annexed to France. What Maréchal said in response may easily be conjectured, although nothing is known with certainty. It is a fact, however, that on the evening of the 22nd Saint-Agnan appeared at Dr. Rasori's accompanied by Marshal, and made out that he was the son of a peer of France and in very good odour with Louis XVIII. On the following evening a fresh meeting was called together, which was attended by both Lattuada and Gasparinetti, and on this occasion Saint-Agnan announced that his King was ready to provide both money and troops if the crown of Italy could be secured for the Duc de Berri or the Comte D'Artois. He added that they would do well to hasten the drawing up of a definite plan of action and a written programme of what it would be desirable to do after the revolution was accomplished, in order to secure the results at which they were aiming.

"The conspirators, suspecting nothing, were enthusiastic about the new programme, and met to draw up, in readiness for the 26th, the suggested documents: but on the 24th the Italian troops left the town, and their departure occasioned questionings between

Rasori and his companions. Saint-Agnan, however, assured them that the troops would mutiny in whatever place they might be as soon as they learned that the French army had entered Italy to free them from the Austrian yoke.”²¹

And now we have at last arrived at the famous night of 26 November. Professor Rasori, Lattuada the lawyer, Colonel Gasparinetti, and Saint-Agnan are in a private apartment in Professor Rasori’s house in Milan. Lattuada has already written out the draft of a constitution and the outlines for the formation of the new provisional government. Professor Rasori has written out the proclamation which the commander of the imaginary French army which was to champion their cause was to address to the Italians immediately after the Italian frontier was crossed. Gasparinetti has drawn up the proclamation to the soldiers, in which also is contained a plan of action for the entire army. Whilst matters were being discussed and modifications agreed upon between the persons just enumerated, who were the real heads of the conspiracy, and Saint-Agnan, suddenly Maréchal bursts in out of breath and announces that the house is surrounded by the police. At this moment also the governess of Rasori’s daughter enters the apartment, and confirms Maréchal’s statement. There is no longer any doubt they are detected. The papers were scattered about the table. Saint-Agnan hastily gathered them up, and declaring that he did not fear anybody and that he could save the situation, made his exit dramatically from the room and from this mortal stage.

Concerning him nothing further is known subsequently, but it is fairly certain that the wretched man went straight from Rasori’s house to the palace of Bellegarde, where perchance he was expected, and where he produced evidence that he was a well-informed spy. The following day Bellegarde was in a position to write to Vienna that the documents relating to a revolutionary scheme to establish the independence of Italy had fallen into his hands.

But the police were not really on the spot, or had more important tasks to fulfil, for, at any rate, the conspirators left Rasori’s house as much unhindered as Saint-Agnan himself, and might all have placed themselves in safety if an inexplicable dilatoriness had not kept them in an undecided state of mind for several days. It was not till the early part of December that the four ringleaders were arrested, and shortly afterwards, in consequence of confessions which were extracted without much difficulty, the three generals, Teodoro Lechi, De Meestre, and Bellotti, and at length the remainder of the conspirators, fourteen in all. They were then removed to Mantua, where the trial, which lasted from the 2nd to the 14th of April of the following year, took place. The sentences of the judges were of extraordinary severity, but were reduced by the clemency of the Emperor—it was precisely to leave

room for this exercise of clemency that such heavy sentences were imposed—so that the punishments amounted only to a few years' ordinary imprisonment. Rasori, against whom the weightiest charges were preferred, was condemned to a year's imprisonment, the others to a little more because they were soldiers. Maréchal got off scot free.

The details of the last meeting of the conspirators are not told in the same way by all historians. It has been said that the last to arrive was not Maréchal, but Saint-Agnan himself—that it was he who announced that he was pursued, and thereupon gathering up the papers which strewn the table, made himself scarce. There is no occasion to be over-insistent about these details. A clearer mental picture is conveyed to our minds by the description of a meeting at which certain definite conspirators were present—the ringleaders, together with the supposed French envoy, Saint-Agnan, and Maréchal, who always took a secondary position in their councils.

Failing this, the arrival of Saint-Agnan at Milan at a prearranged time, his immediate encounter and understanding with Maréchal, and his no less sudden and timely disappearance bear a suggestion of mystery and enigma; but it has been said, and even revived recently, that Maréchal was the first to fall into the snare, and that he subsequently led Rasori into it, and afterwards the others. But might it not have been the case instead that the net was spread in the first instance by Maréchal himself with the aid of Saint-Agnan? We repeat that it is not worth while to insist upon this or that detail nor to contradict an account which marches more or less on all fours with our own. But we cannot refrain from saying that Saint-Agnan could not have brought off his *coup* if he had not had an understanding with one or other of the conspirators, and that the contrivance of the making-off with the papers has all the appearance of an arranged scheme. Who, then, was this Maréchal? Bellegarde, in his report on the affair and the persons concerned, sent to the Emperor at Vienna, calls him a horse-dealer, and accuses him of having introduced Saint-Agnan to Rasori; of having been present at the meeting when the plans of the conspiracy were discussed, and of being appointed to lead a corps of fifty mounted men. But Dr. Cheluzzi, ex-mayor of Trento, a man of extraordinary ability in his sphere, who came to Milan on the same day as Saint-Agnan, under orders from and in the pay of the Austrian Government, in a report of his which is preserved in the archives of the Ministry of the Interior at Vienna, thus speaks of Maréchal "Maréchal was captain-instructor in the riding-school at Lodi. I don't know whether it was before or after the break-up of the school that he wrote to Murat, but he appears to have had some relations with him. Concerning him all I can say

is that rumour points to him as the instrument through whom the heads of the military government obtained their knowledge of what was going on, and that his arrest is a ruse to conceal from the public eye the true state of affairs.”

Maréchal was, then, merely an ex-captain, a riding-master, who turned for the means of livelihood to the trade of a livery-stable keeper. Something of the same kind, but on a lower plane, was the case with Bartolomeo Pergami, who at this time had left Milan, and was engaged in other pursuits; but previous to his departure he was on terms with Maréchal, as will be shown on another occasion. We can, at any rate, confidently assert that between 1817 and 1821 both friendly and business relations existed between Pergami and Saint-Agnan in matters which concerned Pergami himself and the Princess of Wales, and that he was a protégé of the Marchese Ghisleri.²²

As to Professor Rasori, of whom we shall have to speak more particularly later on in connexion with the Princess, this is what we are told about him by that same ex-mayor of Trento, who came to Milan as a mock member of the conspiracy: “Rasori, a man of uneasy nature, possessed for twenty years by the revolutionary spirit, full of talent, but very ill-affected, was chief physician under the Government of the late Italian kingdom. This appointment was as it were the cake which they threw into the jaws of a Cerberus who could not otherwise be quietened. At the present moment, deprived of the emoluments attached to his office, fired by Anglo-Neapolitan notions, and flattered by a certain amount of deference rendered to him by the somewhat inexperienced youths who assist him in his profession, in the practice of which he has for so many years massacred humanity, he probably believed he would be able to domineer over public opinion in the same way as he had contrived for a time to impose his special scientific theories upon the practitioners of the healing art.”

Last of all comes the Marchese Ghisleri, one of the most ardent advocates of the Austrian restoration. He was one of the guests invited to the banquet at the Royal Hotel, which the Princess gave by way of acknowledgment of hospitality on her departure. He was the friend of Baron Ompteda, the person entrusted by Bellegarde with the arrest of the conspirators and with the arrangements for the trial at Mantua which followed. He was, in short, the one amongst the Princess’s counselors upon whom she became most dependent. The noble Marquis also was in direct correspondence with Vienna, and in one of his reports on the subject of the trial at Mantua he wrote, “Your Majesty may be assured that in this place he is served heart and soul.” So much zeal was promptly rewarded by a formal promise: “I regard it as a duty,” a high functionary at Vienna wrote to him, “to lay these considerations before His Majesty, and to draw his attention to

your undoubted deserts, which, after the instructions have been fulfilled, shall be fully rewarded.”

There is no occasion to say that the promise was kept.

Count Giulio de Bellegarde, Professor Giovanni Rasori, the Marchese Ghisleri, the painter Giuseppe Bossi, the Hanoverian Baron Friedrich Ompteda, Joachim Murat, King of Naples, Saint-Agnan the spy, Pergami the courier, and, amongst others, the horse-dealer Maréchal, together with the receptions and fêtes at Milan, Rome, and Naples, combine to form a picture of the political and social surroundings of the Princess in Italy at the end of 1814 and the beginning of 1815.

CHAPTER IV

The Princess at Genoa and once more at Milan—The Villa d'Este on the Lake of Como—The Princess in Sicily—Her voyage to Tunis, Malta, Greece, Constantinople, and Jerusalem—Her return to Sicily and to the Villa d'Este—Baron Friedrich Ompteda at the Villa d'Este—The incident of the keys and the duel.

AT the beginning of March 1815, as has been said, instructions were issued for the whole party to set out for Northern Italy, but for the moment the point of the journey towards which their course was directed was Rome. At Rome several days were given up to rest, and then a fresh start was made via Civita Vecchia, from which port they set sail in the ship "Clorinda" for Leghorn, and thence finally proceeded to Genoa, which they reached on the 29th of the same month. A salute from the English man-of-war anchored at Genoa announced Her Royal Highness's arrival. The salute was repeated as she disembarked at the Ponte de San Lazzaro at nine o'clock in the morning, and was followed by further salutes from the batteries on the two mounds; thereupon the Princess proceeded with considerable pomp to the quarters prepared for her in the Palazzo Durazzo. Immediately on her arrival Lord William Bentinck, Lieutenant-General in the British army, hastened to pay his respects. On the same day, also, the Count de Geneis came in full state to offer her a welcome as Governor of Genoa for His Majesty Vittorio Emanuele I, King of Sardinia.

The Princess appeared well enough contented with her reception, with the delightful climate of Genoa, the agreeable position of her quarters, and most other circumstances; but it had not proved possible to remove permanently the dissatisfaction which had shown itself at Naples the previous year amongst the English portion of the suite, and this was not unproductive of results.

Already at Leghorn, before the journey to Genoa was resumed, Lady Charlotte Lindsay had a second time applied for leave, and as Lady Elizabeth Forbes had been detained at Naples, the Princess would have been left without a lady-in-waiting at Genoa if she had not unexpectedly met with one in the person of Lord Glenbervie's wife, who consented to enter Her Royal Highness's service temporarily, until the arrival of Lady Charlotte Campbell, who was expected from day to day. Sir William Gell asked for some months' leave of absence, and nothing more was seen of him; Mr. Keppel Craven, the other chamberlain, also stated that family matters compelled him to absent himself, and finally Captain Hesse declared that he was obliged to join his regiment.

In place of Sir William Gell a young naval lieutenant, Robert Hownam, was summoned from England. This Lieutenant Hownam, to whom a little later fell the duty of acting as the Princess's champion in the duel between Baron Ompteda and himself, occupied an official position in the ship commanded by Captain Manby, but his real origin was then, and remains to this day, wrapped in mystery.

Out of this general secession, Pergami, who had already become master of the situation, knew how to reap his own advantage. To the eyes of the infatuated Princess he seemed to be a man always prepared for an emergency, and the most devoted of her attendants. From time to time, as vacancies in the suite occurred, he managed to procure the appointment to the vacancies, of relatives of his own, of one sex or the other, until at last the Princess was entirely surrounded by the members of one family, that of Pergami. The first to be engaged was his brother Luigi, who was appointed to a position of trust. Immediately afterwards his daughter Vittorina arrived from Lombardy. She remained constantly about the Princess as some sort of justification for the absence of his wife, of whom we hear nothing further.

The Princess remained at Genoa about six weeks, during which she received visits from the King and his ministers, the Archbishop of Genoa, the Queen of Etruria and her family, the Duchess of Modena, and the Prince of Carignano. There were also public and private fêtes in which she took part.

One night the Palazzo Durazzo was thrown into a state of disorder. Maiocchi, an attendant and formerly a fellow-servant of Pergami, who had shortly before entered the Princess's service, was heard to fire a pistol twice at rapid intervals. The sounds, which came from the garden, filled the members of the suite with alarm. Everybody ran about in terror and perplexity, calling out and inquiring what could be the matter. Pergami also appeared opportunely, and succeeded in saving the Princess. In saving her from whom? And how? Possibly from nobody, and very easily. But, at any rate, Maiocchi had the credit of having seen, and Pergami of having arrived in time to rescue the Princess from two shadows, which had penetrated into the Palazzo with undoubtedly nefarious intentions, and which effected so successful an escape that not only did nobody but Maiocchi and Pergami see them at the time, but no one ever saw them afterwards. Nevertheless the shadows left behind them in the garden traces of footmarks, and amongst the footmarks—most remarkable circumstance—they let fall a letter addressed to Baron Ompteda.

Upon this occurrence many comments were made, but from that day to this nobody has taken the affair seriously.²³

Towards the middle of May, the Princess had become weary of Genoa. By chance it came to her knowledge that great festivities

were in course of preparation in the Lombard capital to celebrate the visit of the Austrian Viceroy. Behold her, then, once more on her way to that place.

After some days' stay at Milan, Lady Charlotte Campbell, who had accompanied her from Genoa, gave her delicately to understand that she could not further prolong her stay in Italy, and the Princess was once more left without a lady-in-waiting. But even for this calamity Pergami was able to provide a remedy, and at the same time to increase his mistress's sense of obligation to him. Two days only, indeed, after the departure of Lady Charlotte he managed, with the assistance of the Marchese Ghisleri, to secure the appointment as lady-in-waiting at the Princess's Court of his sister Angela, the wife of Count Oldi of Crema though separated from him.

Angela Pergami was a large, handsome woman, of distinctly bourgeois breeding and somewhat vulgar habits. She spoke Italian with a Lombardic accent. Her matrimonial misadventures had been much discussed in the little town of Crema, but she succeeded so well in satisfying her mistress, and adapting herself to the surroundings of the Court, that she retained her position up to the end.

At Milan we once more come across the painter and antiquary, Giuseppe Bossi. When he learned that the Princess was back again, he at once made it his business to call upon her, and was received with entire courtesy. The subject of the portrait came up in conversation as well as other matters, and an appointment was made for the following day at the studio. "The next day the Princess came, bringing with her the usual small boy, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and a former servant or courier of the Countess Pino, now confidential equerry to Her Royal Highness. This was the first equerry of that class who had entered my studio, and it vexed me to have to submit to his estimates of my work. Such privileges appertain to people of blue blood like the Estes and Brunswicks, that a stable-boy is transformed into an equerry if they take it into their heads to work the transformation. Some days afterwards I sent the portrait to the Princess, but, nevertheless, not a word was said about payment, a circumstance which astonished me, and was most annoying on account of the constant questions that were put to me on the subject. If I had been able to avoid completely all reference to that vexatious piece of work, I shouldn't have cared in the least about not having been recompensed for my trouble, and I would willingly enough have returned those accursed napoleons, paid for the frames myself, and painted out the portrait; but this being quite impossible, I debated with myself as to whom it would be best to consult. The Princess had nobody with her with whom I was acquainted except Dr. Holland, and I did not consider him quite the sort of man to

burden with a troublesome affair of this kind. Lady Charlotte Campbell's face struck me as that of a woman to whom the situation might be safely confided, but she was on the very point of departure. The only thing that remained for me to do, then, was to speak to the Princess herself, but there were difficulties in the way of that also. Whilst I was indulging in these thoughts, Lady Charlotte and Dr. Holland were announced. After I had shown them several things, turning now to one and now to the other, I said that I badly needed their advice on a subject in which they could not but be interested.

"Lady Charlotte and the doctor sat down in my studio, and having sat down myself also, I briefly recapitulated all my adventures with the Princess. My narrative made such a sinister impression on the mind of the worthy Lady Charlotte that she fainted, and I had to break off my story as it was nearing its end in order to procure spirits and water; but the indisposition quickly passed off, and after exchanging many significant glances and talking in an undertone in English, the lady and the doctor turned to me and said that I must write clearly and unmistakably to the Princess, reminding her that she owed for the portrait, and on some pretext or other reclaiming my ring. This was easy enough to say, but I felt just as awkwardly placed as ever. In the end, Lady Charlotte, in a friendly and gracious fashion, asked me to promise that I would write, as undoubtedly a letter would effect what I wished. I promised, although unwillingly, and, indeed, scarcely had they gone away than I was at my desk and had written the letter. The Princess replied in a couple of lines inviting me to dinner.

"I was sick of the whole affair, and left it to the last minute before going to the Princess, so that almost immediately on my arrival she came out of her apartment ready for dinner. For this reason I had little opportunity of speaking to her alone, but in that short interval she talked of anything else in the world except what I had written to her about. I was seated opposite to her at dinner, and I made signs to Lady Charlotte that I had written as promised, and that I was still in as much difficulty as ever."

However, once again our painter experienced the unpleasantness of being obliged to swallow a dose at which his stomach revolted, for the Princess set out unexpectedly for Venice. From the Venetian newspapers we gather that she arrived about the beginning of July, and that she held her Court there at the Hotel Gran Bretagna, with the co-operation of the heads of the Austrian Government, the fine flower of the Venetian nobility, and Lady William Bentinck, who arrived at Venice almost on the same day as the Princess. She returned to Milan towards the end of the month, where poor Bossi was already at his wits' end, and resuming his complaint, gave vent to his increased bitterness, but with his pen and in his Memoirs, not openly. "I paid my respects

on her return, and endeavoured to lead the conversation round to the subject of my letter, but it was all in vain. Weary of this lack of success, one morning, when I visited her, I said unequivocally, although it cost me a considerable effort, that I had reason to believe that Her Royal Highness had issued some instructions which had not been carried out with regard to the recognition she intended to make to me of what I had executed for her. She replied that she had instructed Sir William Gell to attend to that matter. I recapitulated to her the incident of the seventeen napoleons, and told her that Sir William Gell, when I had discussed the matter with him, promised that it should be settled as soon as Her Royal Highness reached Florence, which undertaking, however, he did not carry out, as he subsequently wrote to me from Naples. Thereupon the Princess demanded how much was owing to me. I replied that she owed me nothing, but that if she desired to know what my customary fees were from private people, I would say sixty, thirty, or twenty louis, according to dimensions, as I had stated in the letter I wrote her; that of the seventeen napoleons handed me by Sir William Gell I had spent so much upon frames that only eighty-two francs were left over, and that consequently that was all there was to deduct from the sixty louis. At this moment, by chance, the Marchese De-Negro from Genoa interrupted our conversation, so the Princess gave me a sheet of paper, and in a genial way asked me to write a memorandum for her of the amount due. I declined, but she insisted, and finally I wrote, Sixty louis less eighty-two francs."

"Two days later the Princess's banker called on me with an order from her to pay me the sixty louis, and so ended this miserable and irritating business. And if the memory of the Princess A[nnal] F[eoderownal] had not exercised a soothing effect, I should have cursed from the bottom of my heart all the princesses of the north who, if their education and their descent lead them to behave as this Princess has done, have no claim to be compared with the *vivandières*"

If the inclemency of winter, the storms at sea, and the disorders in the air did not hinder the Princess moving about, from continually jaunting from one place to another without any occasion or necessity, can we imagine her willing to remain shut up in Milan through the summer heats when the neighbouring lakes offered her the temptation of fresh air and cool water? On the occasion of an excursion on the Lake of Como she was so fascinated that she conceived the idea of remaining there for some length of time and establishing herself in one of those outposts of the celestial regions in a residence of her own. No sooner said than done. On 17 July a contract of purchase and sale was entered into between the Princess of Wales, represented by Count Alessandro

Volta and the Countess Calderara Pino, for a villa known as the Villa del Garrovo, in the village of Cernobbio, at a price of 150,000 francs. In this sum were included the fixtures which formed part of the villa and two houses in the Vico di Como.

At once work was commenced on the enlargement, restoration, and decoration of the villa, which was proceeded with rapidly, but not so rapidly as to satisfy the pair of turtle-doves who were waiting to settle into this nest. In the interim the Princess occupied quarters in the villa of the Villani family, and not being able as yet to settle down to a permanent residence, she indulged in short journeys, during one of which she managed to reach Venice once more. On 24 August, although the Villa del Garrovo was not yet out of the hands of the builders who were enlarging and decorating it, a crowded reception was held to mark the commencement of the Princess's occupation, and these festivities did not lack celebration at the hands of the Italian muse, represented by the poet Bernardo Bellini, who called the Princess "the most exquisite flower of the Este stock." At Milan, by the way, the discovery had been made that the German House of Brunswick and the Anglo-German House of Hanover, both reigning houses to which the Princess of Wales belonged by birth and marriage, were descended from a Guelph of the House of Este, who about the year 1054 passed into Italy from Germany. On this account the Villa del Garrovo was renamed Villa d'Este, which name it still bears. Bellini thus describes the place:

Where Lario, laughingest of lakes,
Mirror for Pliny's cradle makes,
The sun-tipped towers to her breast she takes,
Beloved of Love and the Mother of Love.
Whilst hills bedecked with bosky woods
Surround the silvery solitudes,
And day, in gladsoonest of moods,
Smiles from the heavens above.²¹

In the meanwhile Pergami rose and rose, and from the position of equerry leaped to a position of fuller confidence, being elevated to the dignity of chamberlain, publicly admitted to the Princess's table, and grudgingly waited upon by those who had theretofore been his fellow-servants. But in the same degree that he plumed himself upon the honours to which he had attained, he experienced the longing to justify them in some way, and to put a distance between himself and those places and people who had known him as a simple courier. He was hopeful that opportunities would not be wanting, by going in search of fresh adventures, to appear deserving of further marks of favour. He consequently urged the Princess, whose inclination already set in that direction, to hurry forward the journey to the East whilst the works in

connexion with the adaptation of the Villa d'Este were in course of completion. To Pergami's persuasions must be added the intolerable espionage of which the Princess was the object

Baron Ompteda and Colonel Browne had established their head-quarters at Milan, and from that centre, with every species of stratagem which the brains of a soldier and a politician could devise, they spied upon the Princess's every movement by day and more particularly by night: now by means of their emissaries, now with the assistance of the menials attached to the villa; sometimes appearing at fêtes, from which it was impossible to exclude them, sometimes feigning to take an amicable part in the affairs of the Court. At the outset the Princess received Ompteda as a friend and fellow-countryman; later she began to suspect him, the more so inasmuch as the members of her suite, and particularly Pergami, continually reported to her that people had been surprised in this or that part of the gardens, or in the cellars of garrets, managing to make off when any one approached, and reappearing later on under other disguises and with fresh pretexts. Both at this time and on subsequent occasions she was persuaded to believe in reports of attempts upon her life and unsuccessful schemes at robbery which had no other foundation than the heated imagination of the narrators. It was neither against the life nor the property of the Princess that attempts were being made: the search was for material proof of the guilt which lay hidden in the dark corners and tortuous ways.

One who had exceptional opportunities of direct information upon this state of affairs thus describes it: "This incessant persecution, slow, silent, subtle, the realization that persons unidentifiable, yet suspicious, encompassed the place, emerging from and disappearing into the shadows; this strange kind of mysterious invisible foe which might be concealed where least expected, even in the personnel of the suite itself—induced a curious superexcitement in the nervous system of them all. Every one questioned the good faith of the other; every one shut himself up in himself, or if conversation was indulged in spoke least of all of what was passing in the mind. And when their talk, as was inevitable, approached the fatal subject, each would speak in a suppressed voice of surprises and ambushes, of uncertain shadows gliding in the twilight along the paths and between the hedges, and even in the cellars and attics of the villa, where they endeavoured to conceal themselves for the night, disputing the position with the rats and bats."²⁵

The season of enchantment was past, and day by day the vague terrors increased. The Princess was no longer under the spell of the season and the lake, and prompted by these annoyances and suspicions, made up her mind to set out. Having left certain of the people in her employ at the Villa d'Este, amongst whom were

Luigi Pergami and Dr. Mocchetti, who had now succeeded Dr. Holland, a start was made, in the early days of November, from Como to Genoa, where it was arranged to embark for Sicily, from which place they would set sail for the East.

The suite included the following persons: the Countess Oldi as lady-in-waiting, Pergami as chamberlain, Pergami's daughter Vittorina, the youth William Austin, Count Michele Schiavini of Crema, whose duties were various, Lieutenant Hownam as private secretary, Hyeronimus as *maître d'hôtel*, a doctor, and several servants and attendants, amongst whom were the famous Louise Demont, a Swiss from the Canton of Vaud, who took such an important part in the subsequent trial in London, and Teodoro Maiocchi of Lodi, the mainstay of the prosecution.

On 15 November, 1815, the following paragraph appeared in the *Gazzetta di Genoa*: "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales arrived here yesterday about four o'clock from Milan, and immediately embarked to proceed to Palermo, with the intention, it is understood, of subsequently journeying as far as Greece." And three days afterwards, on 18 November, this paragraph: "On Tuesday night and on the two following days a heavy storm prevailed at sea. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who had embarked the previous evening, remained on board in port; but yesterday morning, the weather having improved, the frigate 'Alcmena,' upon which she is travelling, set sail escorted by the 'Leviathan.'"²⁶

With regard to the goal of her journey, the Princess's intentions were sufficiently definite, but not so much so with regard to her route and the duration of her stay in the various places through which she proposed to pass. The journey had indeed no object but enjoyment, the satisfaction of curiosity, the search for fresh incentives to distraction.

They reached the shores of the island of Elba, and only stopped just long enough to visit the places so recently made memorable in history. Thus whilst an English princess out of feminine curiosity entered the deserted dwelling of him who had shaken the thrones of Europe, Napoleon himself, now a prisoner of England, wandered in torment about another island where he was destined to find a grave.

From Elba the journey was continued to Sicily, and on 27 November, eleven days after leaving the port of Genoa, the Princess entered Palermo. She arrived at the Bourbon Court very shortly after King Ferdinand IV had discarded the ceremonial mourning for his wife, Maria Carolina of Austria, who had been exiled from Sicily through the instrumentality of Lord William Bentinck. She died at Schönbrunn on 7 September of the preceding year, a few weeks before the assembly of the Congress

of Vienna, where possibly she might have been able to effect the accomplishment of her aims. The feeble Ferdinand IV of Sicily, who became, though void of merit of his own, Ferdinand I of Naples and Sicily, had lost, as far back as 1806, his possessions on the mainland, and had for the second time retired to Palermo, where he led a wretched life at the mercy of his more powerful neighbours, but protected from motives of interest by the English fleet, though practically restricted to a private life. At that time the horrors of the Neapolitan risings in 1799 were associated with his name, and if he was not to be regarded as the principal cause of them, he will always remain primarily responsible before the tribunal of history. Beyond this we can, and indeed are almost forced to think of him in connexion with the double pusillanimity of Lubiana and the perfidy of 1820 and 1821, the contempt of his authority as husband, and the derision of his people, who mocked him with the nickname Nasone.

The newspapers of Palermo and Messina and of other Sicilian cities, as well as the contemporary memoirs, give detailed information concerning the Princess's arrival, her reception, the visits she made, the fêtes in her honour, her excursions to places more or less notable, and other matters.

When first the "Leviathan" arrived in the harbour, the Viceroy or Prince Regent dispatched three members of the Court to pay official respects, Prince di San Nicandro, General Prince di Cutò, and Marshal Stayti. Having come on board the ship, they presented their master's compliments, and made the most lavish offers of hospitality. The Princess returned thanks, but did not accept, and did not go on shore; indeed, she remained on board that night, and the following day, when she disembarked at the Scalo della Sanità. She was not even willing to make use of the carriage placed at her disposal by Mr. Gibbs, and preferred to make her way on foot to the palace of His Excellency the Prince of Butera, where she was expected, and suitably welcomed, although the lady of the house, the Princess Butera di Branciforti, was absent. "Although perhaps no residence," the *Registro Politico*²⁷ remarks, "could be adequate to the dignity of the lady who is about to stay here, it is a fortunate circumstance that one of the stateliest palaces in this capital, both on the score of accommodation and furniture, could be on this occasion made to serve the purpose as far as possible."

A few moments after her arrival, the Princess showed herself in public on the terrace, and afterwards promenaded in the neighbourhood. On the same day that she arrived at Palermo their Highnesses the Hereditary Prince and Princess called to pay their respects in person to the royal guest, and in the evening, it is almost unnecessary to say, the Princess was present at a performance at the Teatro Carolino, where she occupied the box

placed at her disposal by the Captain of the Guard.

On 30 November the Princess went from the Palazzo Butera to the royal palace to return the complimentary visit of the previous day. She was accompanied by her chamberlain, who sported the gorgeous uniform of the regiment of Hussars. But the courtesies extended to her did not go beyond the limits of the formalities imposed by custom, since the Bourbon Court owed too much deference to the English official authorities. This royal circle was full of memories of the favourite John Acton and Queen Maria Carolina, and certain things were related to Caroline of Brunswick which may have caused her to feel humiliated or exultant as the case may have been. Certain it is that in the eyes of the world the two couples, Acton and Maria Carolina, Pergami and Caroline of Brunswick, offered not a few analogies, although they widely differed in this respect, that the former possessed intellectual worth, whilst the latter, when all was told, was merely a physical force.

At Palermo the Princess remained but a short time.

The *Gazzetta di Messina* and the *Spettatore Siciliano* agree in stating that at six o'clock in the afternoon of 8 December the English ship "Leviathan" arrived from Palermo with the Princess of Wales on board and anchored in the harbour of Messina. Her disembarkation took place on the following day, and the Princess was welcomed with a salute of twenty-one cannon, which was responded to from the "Leviathan" with an equal number; and then, followed by a great concourse of people, she went from the landing-stage to the palace of the Cambo family, which had been prepared for her. There she was immediately visited by His Excellency Lieutenant-General the Prince della Scaletta, governor of the city, the foremost of the Messinese nobility, and the military and municipal representatives of the place. These last in particular, says the *Spettatore Siciliano*, were received with that especial grace for which the Princess was famous.

At Messina, indeed, her reception was enthusiastic, compensating somewhat for the chilliness of her welcome at Palermo.

On the succeeding days the Princess made visits, often on foot, to churches and convents. She was admitted to the Abbey of San Gregorio, and received from the nuns liberal gifts of sweets, with which she was so pleased that on the day following she dispatched a letter of thanks to the Abbess; in the evenings she honoured the theatre with her presence, and on one occasion, visiting it when the benefit of an actress was taking place, she presented her with a sum of money and several handsome dresses.

After some days, with an "appears" that seems somewhat malicious, the *Gazzetta di Messina* remarks, "The object of Her Royal Highness's journey appears to be the observation of the

various products of nature and art in which our country abounds, and regarding which the Princess displays so marked a discrimination."

For the rest it does not appear that during the entire month of the Princess's stay at Messina she gave way to any of those follies which are recorded about her stay in Switzerland. Perhaps the profound and general respect which was rendered to her, the greater distance from those places where she had been piqued by irritating espionage, the charm of the climate, and the triumph of love, which at this time, although she was now in the autumn of life, must have been complete, all contributed to calm her and cause her to set aside completely that longing for change with which we may suppose her to have been constantly swayed.

The English ship upon which she had journeyed from Genoa to Palermo and thence to Messina was under the command of Captain Thomas Briggs. He having fulfilled his undertakings, departed, whereupon the Princess had to plan the continuance of her journey upon some other ship. She accordingly made an arrangement with Captain Pechell, commander of the "Clorinda," upon which in the previous year she had journeyed from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Genoa.

On Tuesday, 9 January, the Syracusan correspondent of the *Gazzetta di Messina* reports that about eight o'clock a frigate named the "Clorinda" arrived in the port of Syracuse, having on board Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, wife of George, Prince of Wales, Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain. She was at once greeted from the Piazza by a salute of twenty-one guns. Having landed, on this occasion she took a carriage, and went to stay outside the walls of the city, in the house of Signor Scandurra. The following morning, three hours before midday, she was waited on by the learned antiquary, Giuseppe Maria Capodici, Royal Curator of the military hospital, who presented her with his learned works in two volumes. The Princess was much gratified with the gift, and assured the donor that before many days had passed she would visit him at his house. Directly afterwards she moved from the Casino Scandurra to the Villa Buffardeci, close to the shore of the Porto Maggiore, where she remained about twenty days. On the 23rd of the same month, as she had promised, she set out from the Villa Buffardeci in a launch belonging to the "Clorinda," on a visit to the house of the learned antiquary, and remained there about an hour and a half with many members of her suite. Having been presented with certain souvenirs from the collection of Signor Capodici, she returned direct to her residence. Some days afterwards the *Gazzetta di Messina* assured the public that the antiquary had been generously rewarded.

The Princess's happy state of mind continued at Syracuse,

where she would probably have made a longer stay if fresh circumstances had not arisen, which made her desirous of avoiding the "Clorinda," and particularly Captain Pechell; and consequently on her way to Syracuse she passed at sea the landing-place for Etna without making a stop, and she decided to leave the ship upon which she had come in that port, and make her way by land to Catania. So she started on the 29th, and passing through Lentini, where she made a short stay, arrived in Catania on 31 January, and took up her abode in the Palazzo Paternò-Castelfranco, now called Palazzo Ursino.

So long as she remained at Catania the Princess abandoned herself completely to the delirious delights of the senses, so that she no longer gave a thought to whether she was observed by her attendants when she withdrew to her temple of love, but carried her favourite pillow with her both coming and going. It was in this city, too, that she had her portrait painted in the character of the Magdalen and in that of a Turkish woman. In his speech for the prosecution the Attorney-General states that the Princely Magdalen was indeed more naked than clothed. We have not seen the portrait, but without doing so we can believe this to be the case, for it was ever a pronounced tendency of the Princess to put her natural charms in evidence, as, amongst others, the Milanese painter Giuseppe Bossi records. But if she planned in this fashion to be constantly before the eyes of him whom she adored, she wished at the same time that the object of her love should produce equal delight to her own, by being imaged to them in the most comely form that could be contrived, and consequently she had him painted in the character of a young Turk.

The two portraits were afterwards removed to Milan, where they for a long time decorated the Villa Barona, and perhaps they are even yet preserved somewhere.

As to receptions and public fêtes, the Catanians strove with the Messinese, and perhaps outstripped them. The Princess was very happy on the subject, but after only a short stay she removed to Augusta, on the sea-shore, where she remained about a month. The change from a large and beautiful city to a small one with few attractive features would appear inexplicable at the first glance if we did not know that Augusta possessed a secret attraction, most consolatory to Pergami, and consequently necessary also to the Princess. It contained something which had the property of instantaneously changing the position of Pergami the chamberlain.

In the outskirts of the little town a small estate was in the market which carried with it the title of Baron. The title, of course, was not sold, but was conceded as a prerogative, and in consequence of a royal decree, to the owner of the property, on his petitioning for it and paying a certain fine. In the purchase of the estate, called by the name of Francina, and in the formalities

necessary for the transfer of the title, twenty-six days were passed, to the discomfort rather than the convenience of the party, but in the end Pergami emerged Baron della Francina with all the legal requirements complied with.

Everything was progressing in the most satisfactory fashion, if only the English Captain Pechell, who had known Pergami in the Princess's service as attendant, and afterwards in the voyage from Messina to Syracuse re-encountered him as chamberlain, would have kept quiet. At first he had begged the Princess not to require him to sit at table with a man whom he had regarded as a servant, and then the Princess having proved deaf to his remonstrances, a separate service had been instituted. At the one table the Princess sat in the company of Pergami, at the other the captain by himself.

The disagreement developed into open dispute, whereupon the "Clorinda" with her captain remained in the port of Syracuse, and the Princess, with her suite, as has been said, took the road to Catania. The separation brought about the result desired by Pergami—an arrangement with Captain Pechell in accordance with which each side was freed from the obligations previously entered into with the other.

By instructions received from the Princess, an Italian ship was then chartered by an English lieutenant of the navy, John Flynn. This vessel, which was called the "Industria" was a species of polacca, and was owned and commanded by a Captain Vincenzo Bargiulo or Guargiulo. Hastily fitted up for the purpose, its name changed to the "Royal Charlotte"; Lieutenant Flynn himself took over the command of it.

On the "Royal Charlotte" the Princess left the port of Augusta, and having rounded Cape Passero after a brief storm, arrived at Tunis on 4 April. There she landed, and found accommodation in the house of the British Consul, close to the palace of the Bey.

During the time that she remained at Tunis she was treated by the Bey as a queen; and such, indeed, she showed herself in liberality, the virtue she was ever ready to exercise, even when time and place were inappropriate. She visited the places in the neighbourhood of the city, always accompanied by an escort of Arab horsemen, who, according to their habit, often amused themselves with those games with sand (*lab el barode*) of which De Amicis makes mention in his *Morocco*. Lastly she went to see the ruins of Carthage.

From Tunis the party passed to Malta, where the Princess succeeded in securing the appointment of Pergami as a knight of that Order in a manner not essentially different from that by means of which his patent of nobility had been procured. The Council of the Knights of Malta subsequently learned the true state of affairs, and debated as to the withdrawal of what had been conferred in too much haste; whereupon Pergami had some

difficulty in proving his claim to a title of nobility. But everything was at length set straight, and so long as he lived he was able to adorn himself with the cross of the Order, as the portrait of him which is preserved will show.²⁸

From Malta, after a very short stay in the port of the island of Melos in the early days of May, the Piraeus was reached, and thence the party proceeded to Athens.

Athens is the dream of the archaeologist. It had been enthusiastically described to the Princess by her chamberlain, Sir William Gell, and was to have been her principal stopping-point in her journey to the East; but in 1816 it was still an Athens with many Turkish features. One does not wish to call in question the Princess's enthusiasm for those historic memories, but if ever the heated imagination succeeded in realizing "the rigid Spartan virtues," it is certain that the place, the time, and the person herself could never have been more ill adapted to such realization.²⁹

From Athens she went on across the isthmus to Corinth, and thence, still in the same ship, "Royal Charlotte," sailed through the Greek Archipelago for Constantinople. Passing up the Dardanelles, when the ship came in sight of the place where on the one side lay Sestos and on the other Abydos, the Princess related, in the midst of the crew and the members of the suite, the lamentable tale of Hero and Leander. And it may be believed that she was more successful in declaiming and more impressed by the fabulous story of those lovers than in calling up the memory of the Greco-Spartan civilization. After fifteen days' stay at Constantinople, nearly all of them passed in the village of Biut-Karé, close to the junction of the strait and the Black Sea, she took ship once more, and, passing Mitylene and Chios, arrived at Ephesus, the city once famous for its Temple of Diana. Having visited its ruins, she hastened her departure, and by way of Cyprus and St. Jean D'Acre arrived at Jaffa, where even at this day the sea voyage ends and the journey by land into the interior begins for those proceeding to the Holy Land.

During a brief halt in one of the Eastern ports whilst on the voyage between Constantinople and Jaffa, the Princess was approached by two mysterious individuals, who presented her with a letter of recommendation from Baron Ompteda. They told her that they were Neapolitans and had come from Milan, and begged her to receive them as domestics into the number of her suite. The Princess, either because she did not need any more servants or because she had begun to suspect some treachery, pretended to extend her protection to them and grant their request, but actually she dispatched the Neapolitans at her own expense to the Villa d'Este to await her return from Palestine. They appeared vexed at this development, says the pseudo-Greek Tàrmini Almerté, but they set out for the villa.

We report the anecdote and the source from which it is derived without the addition of a word. If it is not true, it has the appearance of truth, for the Princess was actually dogged by the emissaries of Ompteda, even in the East, as will be seen from the information which reached the Court of London in due course, and which was referred to in the trial.

At Jaffa arrangements had to be made to get together a sort of caravan with camels, escorts, guides, tents, and all the necessary apparatus for an excursion into the interior, and Pergami, who was thus placed in the exercise of his natural duties, provided for everything with ability and discretion.

By the Jaffa road, which pilgrims bound for the Holy Sepulchre follow, our traveler arrived in sight of the Holy City (el Cuds) on 9 July, 1816. Throughout the journey, which entailed a march of four to five days, and which she made for the greater part by night on the backs of beasts of burden, a halt was made here and there for the customary visits to places of interest, and during the hours devoted to rest she preferred to remain in her tent rather than use the caravanserais. At Jerusalem apartments were prepared for her in the building of a monastic community, and during the day following her arrival she visited the Holy Sepulchre, ascended Mount Calvary, descended into the subterranean chapels, in which some of the instruments of Christ's passion are preserved, and saw the interior of St. Peter's prison cell, the chamber of the Last Supper, and the tomb of King David. She desired further, in spite of the excessive heat, to explore the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and during an excursion in the outskirts of Jerusalem got as far as Bethlehem, six miles distant from the city. Finally, escorted by guides provided by the governor, after climbing mountains and crossing desolate plains, she reached the River Jordan. Before preparing for her return she bestowed princely gifts on her hosts, and secured the nomination of Pergami as a knight of the Holy Sepulchre. But not content with this, she herself instituted an Order, which she styled the Order of St. Caroline, nominating Pergami its Grand Master, and the other men of the party knights.

Here is a copy of the decree establishing the Order of St. Caroline, as it was issued at Jerusalem, and the design of the decoration of the Order, a cross, which had been prepared in advance. The diploma here copied is the one elevating Lieutenant Hownam, R.N., to the Order.

By this present, subscribed by the own hand of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and bearing her seal, Her Royal Highness institutes and creates a new Order, to recompense the faithful knights who have had the honour of accompanying her on her pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

FIRST. This order shall be given to and worn only by those who have

accompanied Her Royal Highness to Jerusalem, except her physician, Professor Mocchetti, who by a simple accident could not follow her.

SECOND. The Colonel Bartholomew Pergami, Baron of Francina, Knight of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, equerry of Her Royal Highness, shall be Grand Master of this Order; and his children, males as well as females, shall succeed him, and shall have the honour to wear the same Order from generation to generation for ever.

THIRD. This same advantage is granted to the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, Mr. William Austin, and also his legitimate children shall enjoy this honour for ever.

FOURTH. This honour shall be personal for you, Mr. Joseph Hownam, Captain of the British Navy, Knight in the suite of Her Royal Highness, created one of the Knights of this Order by this present, and at your death the Cross and the Patent shall be returned to the Grand Master.

FIFTH. The Grand Master shall wear the Cross round his neck; and the other Knights shall be obliged to wear it at the button-hole of the left hand side of their coats.

SIXTH. The above-mentioned Order consists of a red cross, with the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"; and shall be called by the name of St. Caroline of Jerusalem. The ribbon shall be lilac and silver.

CAROLINE, Princess of Wales.

COL. PERGAMI, Baron of Francina,
Knight of Malta and of the Holy
Sepulchre, Grand Master.

On 19 July, having retraced their steps, they arrived once more at Jaffa, where the ship upon which they had come was in readiness waiting for them.

The order for departure was quickly given, the destination being the port of Syracuse. The sea journey was sufficiently protracted, and the navigation of the vessel not free from accidents of various kinds. The "Royal Charlotte" took shelter in the port of Rhodes from the first storm it encountered, but it was overtaken by a second as it was entering the Greek Archipelago. By a fortunate change of the wind an attack by a piratical galley was avoided, but nevertheless it was 20 August before they managed to make the port of Syracuse. On the 24th a grand fête was held on board the "Royal Charlotte," purely in honour of Pergami, who returned from the trip to the East loaded with the honours won by his devotion; and on this occasion, after recapitulating the distinctions conferred on him, the whole party, delirious with excitement, drank to the health of the Princess, and made the Sicilian shores echo with the names of Bartolomeo and Caroline.

The desired ends of each having in this manner been attained, the Princess felt a longing for rest. The season invited her to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the lake at Como, so she resolved to proceed to Northern Italy.

Touching at the port of Messina, and passing without a halt by Cape Pizzo, near which place Joachim Murat, whose bust only the

previous year she had crowned with laurel, had since miserably ended his life, she disembarked at Porto D'Anzio.

Under the escort of the Papal Dragoons and Colonel Sutterman, the Princess proceeded from Porto D'Anzio to Rome to pay her respects and offer handsome gifts to the Holy Father, and from Rome, by way of Viterbo, Florence, and Bologna, she reached Milan, where news of her return had already been announced. In the diary of the worthy Canon Mantovani, under date of 14 September, 1816, we read: "The Princess of Wales is expected. She has just returned from her voyage through Italy, Algiers, the Indies, Egypt, and Constantinople. Letters have been received by the brothers Marietti, the bankers, to advise Dr. Mocchetti, who is to-day on his way from Como to Milan to receive her on her arrival."³⁰

Shortly afterwards the Princess settled down in her delightful villa, the restoration and decoration of which were now finished. Her return, it is needless to say, was welcomed with signs of the greatest enthusiasm by the people of the place and celebrated by the poet Bernardo Bellini in a hymn to Apollo.

The newspapers in the neighbourhood of Como announce gleefully: "We have now had amongst us for some days Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, once more installed at the Villa d'Este, after her voyage to the Bosphorus, Greece, and Palestine, and a sojourn of four months in Sicily. Everywhere she sought out and collected objects of interest from their artistic merit or their antiquity, and these, added to the many others which she already possessed, will form a scientific museum which must add fresh lustre to her sumptuous abode." Then, after mention of certain benefactions, the following passage occurs: "Finally, she has entrusted the priest of the neighbouring parish of Cernobbio with the distribution of abundant alms to the most needy of his parishioners, and has appointed popular fêtes, with prizes for the winners in the games, so as to combine public benevolence with amusement"

Not less happy than the Princess, and with more reason for contentment with everything, must have been Bartolomeo Pergami, who, in less than two years, from a simple courier had arrived at the dignity of two knighthoods, a barony, the Grand Mastership of the Order of St. Caroline, transmissible to his descendants, whether male or female, to the end of time, and, lastly, the position of chief chamberlain. But after the *hors d'oeuvre*, the meal; after empty honours, solid possessions. The Princess bought another villa near Milan, which she named Villa Barona, and presented it to Vittorina, Pergami's daughter, in recognition of her father's deserts.

At this Villa, according to Paolo Oggione, who was one of the witnesses at the trial, fêtes were held with dancing, in which the

inhabitants of the district of all classes joined, even those of the most humble position. The Princess danced at these assemblies, sometimes alone, sometimes with Pergami, and on this account the nobility of the neighbourhood did not come to these reunions. This last circumstance was confirmed by Giuseppe Sacchi, another witness, who added explanatorily, when asked why, "On account of the extreme freedom that prevailed there." And here at the Villa Barona and in the little theatre at the Villa d'Este, a sort of Turkish buffoon, named Mahomet, performed his foolish and immodest antics, to the inexpressible diversion of the Princess, who at times occupied the place alone to enjoy the exhibition. Later in the small theatre at the Villa d'Este, now converted into the grand drawing-room of the imposing Reine D'Angleterre Hotel, the future claimant to the crown of England recited and danced in the costume of a columbine, wearing the earrings of her lover, whilst Pergami, dressed as harlequin and wearing her earrings, supported her.³¹

But not everything, alas! had gone on, or indeed was going on smoothly. Baron Ompteda, the eternal Baron Ompteda, had taken advantage even of the Princess's absence to come nearer to the goal at which he was aiming. As we have said, previous to the departure of the Princess for Sicily and the East, the attendants at her Court had been besieged, interrogated, and enticed with the jingle of money to make damaging admissions.

It appears that during the Princess's absence a certain Maurizio Credi, or Crede, of German-Swiss nationality, one of the household who had been left at the villa, had been definitely commissioned by the diplomatist to obtain for him false keys to the apartment of the Princess, and minute information as to the position of the others; and it seems, further, that the Princess and Pergami, a few days after their return to the villa, got wind of this transaction. Credi was consequently summarily dismissed on the pretext that he was carrying on an amour with one of the waiting-women at the Court named Annetta. At any rate, a letter of Credi's exists, dated 3 November, and addressed to the Cavaliere Tamassia, in which he confesses his fault, expresses his penitence, and begs to be reinstalled in the Princess's service. Whether this was yet another little comedy contrived for the purpose of magnifying to the eyes of the Princess the dangers to which she was exposed, and Pergami's diligence in averting them, it is perhaps impossible for any one to decide, so great is the maze of intrigues now genuine and now simulated. We can well understand Baron Ompteda, when he says that up to this point he maintained friendly relations with the Princess, at any rate, so far as appearances went. "At the Villa d'Este yesterday (about the end of September) there was a grand fête, on the occasion of the opening of the new theatre. Count Saurau sent excuses. I was not even

invited; that I am not in good odour in that quarter is henceforth beyond question. In order not to awaken suspicions which I should be glad to lull, I asked for an appointment with the Princess; but probably for the same reason Her Royal Highness fixed the hour at which she sees every one else. My reception was chilling, but without open rebuff. The marshal of the Court, Pergami, displayed an impenetrable countenance, and wore the Cross of the Knights of Malta, wheedled out of the Grand Master of the Order upon the Princess's false representations that he was a baron, knight, and colonel."

The Baron continues his description of the fête, and then proceeds: "Finally, a chamberlain's key of office was brought forward, similar to the one used at the Court of Hanover, but of preposterous dimensions. Scarcely even had more than the most trifling remarks been directed to me, so that I had to strain every nerve to retain my composure . . . than suddenly the Princess broke in upon the general conversation to congratulate me ironically upon having once more been appointed Hanoverian chamberlain! . . ."

It was, of course, a savage stroke on the part of Pergami, a well-barbed arrow from the Princess, carrying its allusions unmistakably to the false keys which the Baron had commissioned Maurizio Credi the servant to procure for him. To the bantering allusions mockery succeeded: a servant was instructed to present to the lonely Baron a single cup of coffee.³²

"I declined," says the diplomatist, "and was well contented with my civil refusal; after the audience I withdrew and awaited events with patience."

And events fulfilled all his hopes. But from that time onward Ompteda could no longer play a double part—give himself out to be the Princess's friend and frequent her salons, and at the same time occupy himself with the collection of incriminatory documents and proofs of her guilt. But he did not on this account lose heart, and by himself, as well as with the assistance of other skilful agents, he continued to hunt out and arrange evidence which, after it had been sifted at Milan by people learned in the law and confirmed on oath by the various witnesses from whom it was extracted, was transmitted to London, where his principals anticipated bringing it forward when the time came.

The Princess also on her side was preparing her weapons for the fray. Ompteda asserts that in expectation of a trial for adultery she had selected an eminent Milanese lawyer, Giuseppe Marocco by name, who was already preparing material for the defence.

But the affair of the servant Maurizio Credi, who had been meanwhile reinstalled in his place, and of the cruel ridicule which resulted from it, did not end so soon. It had a sequel, somewhat protracted and curious, which had better be related here.

On 2 November, Ompteda, being at Milan, received a letter from Hownam, who appeared to be very indignant at what had happened. The letter commenced thus: "You will, perhaps, be surprised at my addressing you from Milan, and still more when you learn the object of this letter. It is not likely to be agreeable to you to know that your conduct has been unmasked, and that very soon the infamous and degrading manner in which you have responded to the infinite courtesies of the Princess will be made known to the world."

Hownam concluded with a challenge to a duel, and indicated time and place—the following day at eight o'clock in the morning at Barlassina.

Ompteda at once replied that he accepted Hownam's challenge. But in his very clever letter of response he says that he does not know the reason for a duel, and that he is sure that he has never given the Princess occasion to feel offended. He then goes on to observe that the laws of chivalry place him in the position not of submitting to the conditions imposed by his adversary, but of dictating them; finally, he informs him that he has sent a person who is in his confidence to Como to arrange matters. This person, indeed, arrived the following day at Villa d'Este with a letter which might also be read by the Princess, and written in such a strain as might induce her to reflect on what was proposed to be entered upon, for Ompteda's intention was, and this is the essential point, "to suppress any public scandal which might possibly compromise the exalted persons under whose instructions he was acting."

The Princess having read the letter, did not consider it desirable that the Villa d'Este should be the scene of a duel, so she chose another method, says Ompteda, of freeing herself from her hated and vigilant foe, and this time she succeeded. Whilst the arrangements for the duel were going on between the seconds of Ompteda and Hownam, Saurau the governor of Milan was at the Villa d'Este. The Princess told him about the duel, which she herself had brought about, and Saurau at once perceived the undesirability of its being permitted. Accordingly arrangements were at once made that Ompteda should be banished from Milan. And so it was done. Ompteda then wrote to Hownam, under date of 6 November, that, as he had given his word of honour to Saurau not to meet his opponent, either there, or in that neighbourhood, and to leave the country, he should expect him at Mannheim, at the Albergo del Becco, on 6 December of the current year.

Word soon reached London of the affair, and from that quarter obstacles also arose. Ompteda had no sooner reached Mannheim than he received an official letter instructing him to proceed elsewhere, and a confidential document from his chiefs own hand to this effect: "This appointment will serve you as a refutation of any calumnies that the Princess may venture to aim at

you hereafter. You have consequently no reason to fear for your honour."

Poor Baron Ompteda! On the contrary, he had everything to fear, since the first false step he had made had been the acceptance of a hateful appointment, from which no gentleman could hope in any event to emerge with honour. Of what avail the concealed support of Count Münster? "No one will deny that the Prince Regent and the Government have a right to keep a watch on the conduct of the Princess, which has become the laughing-stock of Europe and a public scandal, and it is the less possible to treat it with indifference, inasmuch as the Princess has ventured to present to the public a child *whose mysterious existence may prove a serious danger to Hanover on account of our laws of succession, which differ from those that prevail in England.*"

What worthless reasoning, for long since the Commissioners embarked on the duties of the "Delicate Investigation," had pronounced that the child William Austin was the son of a poor woman at Deptford. And even supposing that the Princess should one fine day confess that he was her own child, after the holding of the inquiry and the declaration of the conclusions of the Commissioners, such an avowal would amount to proof of adultery, vouched for by herself. Hence the danger of William Austin becoming a pretender to the crown of Hanover was manifestly without foundation.

As to Hownam the "bravo," as it pleased Baron Ompteda to style him, Münster took care to lower his importance as adversary in a duel by the following communication: "The position of Hownam at the Princess's Court, in association with postilions and criminals, is undoubtedly very unbecoming to an officer in the English navy, but his origin may account for it. He is the natural son of a servant of Lady Charlotte Finch, who was governess to the Prince Regent in his early childhood. This servant, when he became a father, was one of the Princess's footmen. He holds the rank of lieutenant in the navy, which was procured for him through officials at the Admiralty who were friends of the Princess's."

Presently the 6th of December came round, but, says Ompteda, Hownam did not put in an appearance, nor indeed was there any direct sign of his continued existence. Subsequently Ompteda received a letter which referred to a communication from Hownam, which communication should have reached him by the hands of the Cavaliere Cavelletti . . . but the conclusion was this, the duel did not take place.

Baron Ompteda's greatest activity extended from 1814 to 1817. In 1819 he died in Rome, before he could reap the fruits of his labours; before he could behold all England divided into two opposing camps on account of the trial; before he could know that

his name was tossed from mouth to mouth amongst the populace, an object of execration; in his case the line may be quoted:

Death has delivered him from worser ills.

His personal memoirs are continued to a considerably later date than the one we have reached, and contain an abundance of other particulars, as well as reflections of vivid interest and curiosity; and it is only fair to recall that before the occurrence of the farce with the key and the cup of coffee he had brought within sight of a favourable termination an agreement with the Princess, which, if it had been subsequently ratified, would have spared England, and one may even say the world at large, the spectacle of an outrageous conflict between the royal couple. He had succeeded in obtaining the Princess's promise that when the time came for the coronation of George IV she would give out that she was ill, so as to explain her absence, and content herself with the title of Queen. Another remark of Ompteda's is worthy of note. It relates to the circumstance of Henry Brougham's visit to Italy, and particularly to Milan. "It is very satisfactory," he observes, "that Mr. Brougham should have come here. In England he might have had the excuse that he was ignorant of the state of affairs, but having been on the spot he can easily be accused of falsehood and dishonesty, if he does not withdraw his support from an unworthy cause."

The fact of Brougham's presence in Italy, to which hitherto sufficient weight has not been attached, would explain certain features of his subsequent conduct, of which we shall have occasion to speak later.

CHAPTER V

Pesaro, the Villa Caprile and the Villa Vittoria—Death of the Princess Charlotte Augusta—Giacomo Tommasini, Giovanni Rasori, and the Princess of Wales—Gioacchino Rossini is hissed—The Princess of Wales in the Duchy of Parma.

BETWEEN banquets, walks at Como and in the environs of Cernobbio, and frequent excursions to Milan, the remainder of the year 1816 sped on its way. During the carnival which followed the theatres of the Lombard capital were but little frequented, and masquerades were rare. Suddenly the Princess took it into her head to order one of her own, out of the common. From the carriages of the maskers, instead of comfits money was to be thrown, nothing less! This idea of hers did not find favour with the Governor of Milan, Count Saurau, on account of the inconveniences which on those days when the streets were crowded would certainly arise from the excitement of scrambling for the money. The Princess took his refusal to countenance her scheme in ill part. When it was announced to her verbally by a secretary that the regulation that no one should interfere with the order in which the carriages entered the procession applied to everybody without distinction of rank, she sent word that, having applied for permission in writing, she required a written reply.

When the carnival was gone by, she was overtaken once more with impatience at her quiet life, and with a longing to show her contempt for the folks who buzzed around her by eluding their espionage. This time she turned her steps northward. She visited Verona, Innsbruck, Carlsruhe, Baden, Nuremberg, Vienna, Trieste, and Venice, where she had been before, and after this who shall say how many other cities in Tirol, Austria, and Northern Italy? She was at Vienna on the 6th of April under the name of the Duchess Cornwallis, but left the place in an ill humour because she was not received at Court by the Emperor.

She returned to the Villa d'Este, and remained there less than a month, when she again made her way to Rome, where she stayed until May was out. After that she returned once more to the Villa d'Este, which she finally left—this time with the intention of making her permanent residence elsewhere—in the month of August.

Nevertheless, so long as the Princess remained in Italy the Villa d'Este was never altogether abandoned. Between 1815 and 1817 it was occupied at intervals only, as we have seen, but her visits there were prolonged. From August, 1817, to the end of 1819 it was in the same way occupied intermittently, but her visits

were of the shortest.

In the summer of 1817 she transferred her residence and her Court from Rome to a villa near Pesaro, owned by the Marchese Mosca, and known as the Villa Caprile.³³

But to return once again to the Villa d'Este, it should be borne in mind that if in that Eden of Delights the Princess was too often forgetful of herself, it could still be counted to her for righteousness that her name for long evoked pleasing memories amongst the inhabitants of the district, and that amongst the people that she gathered round her were some who have a place in history.

During the first year of her residence she had constructed at her own expense a road between Grumello and the entrance arch leading to the Villa d'Este, where previously there had been only a narrow approach, both dangerous and inconvenient for horse traffic, and this she did as much for the convenience of the inhabitants of Cernobbio and the surrounding country as for her own. Viganò says that "It is impossible not to be profoundly moved by the account of the spontaneous homage which the communities affected by the improvement hastened to offer the Princess. They commissioned their parish priests to wait on her as a deputation, with instructions to assure her in their own dialect of their gratitude for providing them with a road which had been projected over and over again, but never until that time carried out"³⁴

With regard to the notable persons who frequented the Princess's Court, not to speak of the brave and famous general, Domenico Pino, who was resident in the place, or of Professor Configliacchi, disciple and successor of Volta, who also had a villa at Cernobbio (Zuccota), we must remember Alessandro Volta himself, the crowning glory, for all time, of Como, and Baron Cavalletti, formerly equerry to the first Napoleon, and Cavaliere Tamassia, of Milan, who, whilst the Italian kingdom lasted, held important official posts, and Cavaliere Vassalli, whose faithful friendship for the Princess continued to the very end of her misfortunes. The Court physician at the Villa d'Este was that Doctor Mocchetti of whom we made brief mention earlier in our narrative, the author of some much-esteemed monographs, and a man with a wide knowledge of art matters. He accompanied the Princess on some of her Italian journeys, but did not go with her to the East. Then there was the gifted poet, Bernardo Bellini, who celebrated in verse the rebuilding of the villa, the Princess's return from the East, and other things such as courtly poets are wont to sing of. Amongst the less assiduous and less notable frequenters of the villa were the Marchese Ghisleri, who maybe was a second Ompteda, and Gioia, to whom is attributed an extremely curious satirical pamphlet, quoted as by an anonymous writer, in Cesare

Cantù's great *Illustrazione del Lombardo-Veneto*.³⁵

The Villa Caprile is very close to the city of Pesaro, and occupies an elevated position on the side of a hill, on the way from Porta Rimini to Santa Maria delle Fabbrecce. It was the property of the Marchese Mosca, and the Princess rented it from the family towards the middle of the month of August, remaining there up to the middle of July of the following year. Here the municipal authorities of the city waited on her to pay their respects, she in return proceeding formally to the Town Hall, where she was received at the foot of the staircase by the Chief Magistrate, the Marchese Antaldi, and the Common Councilors.

Unexpectedly transformed into the seat of an English Court, the little town of Pesaro lost its balance completely. The nobility was all agog as to who should be admitted first. The authorities lost no time in doing honour to the royal guest, whilst the burghers and the populace generally contented themselves with admiring comments, magnifying the expenditure of the Court, applauding, and profiting by the unwonted profusion of money. Not all the nobility, however, indulged in a rivalry of courtesies; many held aloof, and some even assumed the attitude of satirical onlookers.

The Princess lavished in her accustomed way the money which reached her through the hands of the Roman banker Torlonia, and she expended, or perhaps even had already expended, far greater sums than were remitted to her from London, for about this time the Villa d'Este quietly passed into the possession of the banker, although the right to reside there was reserved to the Princess.

But as at the Lake of Como, so once more at Pesaro. The Princess passed from a villa hired at a rent to one acquired by purchase. It may have appeared to her unbecoming that the wife of a future King of England should occupy a hired house for any length of time, or she may have been moved by a desire for a more secluded residence, or perhaps she was urged by others who had their ends to serve. Certain it is that she withdrew from the Villa Caprile and took up her abode in another house more remote from the city in July, 1818. The new dwelling was much more modest than the one she relinquished. It was purchased from the Marchese Eleonori, under whose proprietorship it was known as the Villa Gherardesca. This was the Princess's last Italian residence. At the trial it was only once alluded to, whilst constant mention occurred of the Villa Caprile. Originally it was a simple little country house, then it was enlarged and embellished, but not so sumptuously that the term of "hermitage," which the Princess used to describe it, was inappropriate. In honour of Pergami's daughter its name was changed, and from that time forward it was known as the Villa Vittoria.³⁶

Here at the Villa Vittoria, as previously at the Villa Caprile, from the moment of her arrival at Pesaro, the Princess held frequent fêtes, of a more or less sumptuous nature, which were attended by the nobility of the neighbourhood, and also by some members of the bourgeoisie. Amongst those who came were the family of the Marchese Mosca, the owner of the Villa Caprile, and of the Marchese Eleonori, former owner of the Villa Gherardesca; the Perticari, Conte Giulio, the scholar, and Costanza, his wife, the lovely Costanza, daughter of the poet Monti; the Cassi, Conte Francesco, the renowned translator of the *Pharsalia*, and Gertrude, who aroused the first violent passion in the youthful breast of Giacomo Leopardi; the Antaldi, Marchese Antaldo, a friend of the best artists of the age, the owner of many of Raphael's designs, the chief magistrate (gonfaloniere) of Pesaro, whom Rasori calls his "best" Antaldo, who found means subsequently to involve his property instead of increasing it when he followed the Princess to London and supported her in her vindication of her character, as well as Andrea, his brother, an architect of renown; the Mamiani; the Ondedei; the Marchese Petrucci; the Conte Paoli; and amongst the townspeople Dr. Giuseppe Vaccai, the advocate Morosi, and others of the same standing whom it is not necessary to enumerate. Amongst those who most often visited the Princess, and whom we shall encounter once more in different circumstances in London, were a certain Felice and his wife, and Gerolamo Scacciani, a jeweler; and amongst those who held aloof, or who, being invited, did not accept their invitations, were the Marchese Baldassini, the Marchese Paolucci, the Cavaliere Gavardini, the Conte Vatielli, Marco Procacci, and Diego Modi, of Pesaro, a satirical poet

Towards the middle of November, 1817, the feast of St. Elizabeth having come round, whether through the generous impulse of the Pesarese nobility or the Princess's own delight in pageantry we have no means of knowing, a grand fête was held in Pesaro, in which all the aforementioned members of the nobility took part, as well as the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Elizabeth was the Princess's third name, and as the feast of San Carlo, which occurs on the fourth of the same month, had been allowed to pass unmarked, it was decided to hold the fête on St. Elizabeth's Day, which is kept on the 13th. At midday, then, the Bishop, the Papal Legate, the Gonfaloniere of the commune, with the councilors and many of the nobility, proceeded in full state to the Villa Caprile to pay their respects to the Princess, who received each one of them affably and courteously. When these calls were over the Princess drove out in her carriage, accompanied by the entire personnel of the suite in gala costume, and passed through Pesaro in procession, returning subsequently to her residence amidst the acclamations of the people towards evening. In the

evening the city was superbly illuminated and there was a display of fireworks; and after the fireworks followed a ball at the villa, at which all who had taken part in the ceremonies of the morning were present. At midnight a costly supper for sixty persons awaited the dancers, amongst whom, it is scarcely necessary to say, the Princess herself was prominent, no less for her tirelessness than for her somewhat unnatural attitudes, due of course to her small and now rather unwieldy figure. Nor were poets wanting amongst the revelers to improvise in the customary fashion poems previously composed for the purpose, and eulogize the munificence of their hostess. After supper dancing was resumed and continued till daybreak, when the closing dance was one of Turkish origin, to the delight of the whole assembly and particularly of Her Royal Highness herself.

Echoes of this fête reached as far as Rome. The solitary newspaper of the period, *Notizie del Giorno*, gave an account of it in its issue of November 19th.

But fetes and receptions were suddenly suspended at the beginning of December, when the news arrived without any anticipatory preparation that the Princess Charlotte Augusta had died on the sixth of the previous month.

The news did not reach her mother through the public press, as Brougham reproachfully stated to the ministers later on; but none the less it was not communicated to her directly by the Regent her husband, or by the English Government, but by her son-in-law, Prince Leopold. When the messenger who bore the ill-omened letter arrived at the Court in Italy, he expressed a wish that the unhappy mother should first be prepared for the receipt of the sad announcement. It was Mr. Keppel Craven who undertook the heartrending duty, and the Princess was so completely overcome that a rumour at once got abroad that she was herself in extremis. At first she fell into a faint, and afterwards into a kind of protracted lethargy, which aroused fears of a fatal termination. However, it chanced that little by little a rallying of the vital powers was brought about, and after prolonged efforts on the part of her medical attendants she regained her normal condition.

The news of the death of Princess Charlotte also reached and awakened both astonishment and grief in the mind of another person of English nationality then resident in Italy, who was also afflicted in his affections for his daughter, unhappily separated from him through wretched family vicissitudes.

Some years previously Lord Byron's attention had been fixed on the young Princess, who was the hope of England, and on a mournful occasion he had addressed to her the following short lyric:

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away I

Weep—for thy tears are virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!³⁷

Struck on this occasion by the pitiable fate of the Princess, he suddenly broke off in the course of his philosophical speculations and became the mouthpiece of the prevailing sorrow. He exclaims:

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe,
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best³⁸

The fate of the Princess Charlotte was indeed supremely lamentable, but she was perhaps even more deserving of compassion on account of the persecution undergone by her before she became the wife of Prince Leopold, than because she was cut off by death in the flower of her youth when she appeared destined to become the idol of her people. Fortune, which at one stroke promised her so much, had even given her so much, unexpectedly failed her, and snatched from her what had only just been conferred. Who can realize without profound compassion the vicissitudes in the life of this royal child, destined one day to wear the most coveted of crowns, who from her very tenderest years was embittered by that saddest of all family spectacles—irremediable discord between her parents? Who can think without a shudder of the cloud upon that precociously sensitive mind when it beheld not only the weaknesses of the mother, but the vile and sordid reprisals of the father? Who can think without anger of the execrable moral cruelties of that rigorously English education to which she was subjected in the forbidding walls of Warwick

House, secluded from the eyes of the world, surrounded by professors and attendants, chill ministers of instruction, necessarily united in the endeavour to wrest from her heart all affection for her mother? Though even to her eyes the Princess of Wales could not appear unblameworthy, she had at any rate tried to act a mother's part, at least when a free outlet was permitted to that natural affection which redeems many faults.

When she had scarcely arrived at the customary age she was, as we have already stated, offered in marriage to the hereditary Prince of Holland. It has been seen how the resolves of the Prince Regent and of her grandfather met with an insurmountable obstacle in the decisive refusal of the Princess, and how at length she sought refuge from the paternal tyranny in the arms of her mother. Lured back, mainly by the persuasive arguments of Brougham, to Carlton House, and thence to her own official residence, the sad days of her gilded imprisonment began anew. Finally, after a lapse of time, which may well be described as expiatory, there dawns at length for her, unexpectedly, the first ray of light, transfiguring her as it were into a creature both adorable and adored. That ray was the love of a noble nature, which elevated and transformed her, and would have borne its part in making her one of the worthiest queens of England. This love was bestowed upon a young Prince twenty-three years old, Leopold as he was called, youngest son of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He had already achieved an honourable reputation in arms and politics, and had gained much well-merited regard at the Court of Petersburg. The young couple met at a ball, came to an understanding, and exchanged reciprocal vows of faithful affection. Two years later, on 2nd May, 1816, they were married. Never was princely union more auspicious and happy. It is true that Charlotte had displayed up to that time a character much resembling that of her mother. It is true that Stockmar, although he is careful to refrain from that comparison, allows it nevertheless to appear between the lines, but from the moment that that susceptible heart encountered another worthy of her own, she no longer appeared "the young girl who resembled an unruly boy in petticoats," as the Dutch Ambassador, Van der Duyn, had described her, but the sweetest, kindest, and most amiable of wives. Stockmar himself wrote with reference to her: "Peace, love, and unanimity rule in this house; in a word, everything proclaims domestic happiness. My master is the best husband you could find in the four quarters of the globe, and his wife cherishes an affection for him of such proportions that it can only be compared with the national debt."

If to Caroline of Brunswick, Charlotte's unhappy mother, such a lot as that of her daughter had only fallen, who can tell how many scandals would have been spared to her country and to the world at large?

It almost seemed as though fortune, which had spent itself in heaping upon the Princess's head the most consummate domestic calamities, had decided to recompense her for past sorrows by bestowing on her the worthiest consort that the mind of a girl destined to occupy a throne could desire. Finally, at her Court at Claremont near Esher, a few miles from London, where the young couple settled down, she enjoyed the refreshment of a healthy and congenial neighbourhood, sustained by the affection of all about her and adored by her beloved husband.

But a silently longed for event soon gave occasion for gentle precautions. Before long it was clear that Charlotte was to become a mother.

The happy news was carried abroad, and the whole nation burst into rejoicing—real and universal rejoicing; for in those days even as now the public displayed an active interest in the joys and griefs of its rulers, as though they were its own. On this occasion, too, special considerations rendered their rejoicing more than justifiable; the King and the Regent had for too long a time been little more than shadows to the people. For the former they still cherished a sort of hopeless commiseration; for the latter, lethargic and characterless, each day contempt untempered by pity grew greater. Consequently the general enthusiasm was astounding. From the first moment in which the announcement was made, huge wagers were laid as to the sex of the expected child. Calculations were made that if a Princess were born the public funds would rise 2½ per cent, and if by good luck the child should be a boy the rise would be threefold.

The whole of Europe was stirred up by the announcement and in rivalry as to who should be best and most minutely informed. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers made formal visits to the most influential people at the English Court to obtain promises of fresh and detailed information as to the progress of the important occurrence that was expected.

But when the allotted time had nearly elapsed the health of the Princess placed her husband in a state of serious alarm.

Baron C.F. Stockmar, who, as we have before mentioned, was Court Physician at Claremont, and on terms of intimacy with Prince Leopold, has left us a most minute account of the lamentable close of this love idyll. He was a physician, but not an obstetric surgeon, and his prudence was pronounced. Directly he realized how grave the case might prove he stood aside and advised the royal bridegroom to consult a specialist. His advice was acted upon, and two doctors, Baillie and Croft, were called in.

The latter's practice was entirely obstetric. The Princess's labour was very prolonged, and when at length her child was born it was already dead. At a particular moment Sir Richard Croft appeared in Stockmar's room and told him that the Princess was

in great peril of her life; that Prince Leopold was in another apartment, and that some one must find him and let him know the state of affairs. For three days the Prince had not left even for an instant the Princess's bedside.

"I found him resigned as regards his son," says Stockmar, "but with regard to the Princess's condition he did not appear to be disturbed. A quarter of an hour later Baillie came to say that he wished me to see the Princess. I hesitated a moment: then I went away with him. Shaken with violent fits of coughing, her breathing laboured and asthmatic, I found the Princess a prey to suffering which allowed her no respite. She turned continually from one side to the other, now speaking to Baillie, now to Croft. Baillie said to her, 'Here is one of your old friends.' She extended her left hand to me eagerly, and twice pressed mine firmly. I felt her pulse, which was beating now vigorously and then again feebly. Baillie continually plied her with wine. She said to me, 'they have made me drink so much that I am drunk.' About a quarter of an hour went by, during which, going backwards and forwards, I left the room and came back to it. After that quarter of an hour her breathing became agonized. I had left the room at that moment when she called out loudly, 'Stocky, Stocky.' I returned at once. She was calmer, but there was a slight though continuous rattle. She raised herself several times to sit up on the bed, and then her legs stiffened and her hands became cold. In the end, at two o'clock in the morning, five hours after the birth of the child, she had ceased to breathe."

Prince Leopold was still resting in his own room. Stockmar was deputed to convey the sad intelligence to him. He went to him, but did not tell him the whole truth. They came out of his chamber together and turned towards that of the dead Princess, but on the way the Prince stumbled and sank on to a seat. Thereupon Stockmar knelt down beside him. . . . The Prince understood, but it seemed to him that it was only a dream: he could not believe the terrible fact.

"He sent me once more to the Princess's chamber. I returned, and was forced to tell him that all was over. We then repaired to the death-chamber. He fell on his knees beside the bed and kissed the cold hands of the dead Princess; then, rising again, he strained me to his breast and said, 'I am all alone now; promise that you will never forsake me.' I promised him that I never would."³⁹

The grief of the English nation at this truly lamentable event was in exact proportion with the extravagant joy which had been displayed upon the announcement of the Princess's approaching motherhood. "To those who saw with their own eyes," says Brougham, "the profound and all-pervading desolation into which England was plunged by the death of the Princess Charlotte, all description would be superfluous: to those who did not witness it,

no description could be adequate.”

No one can now say with certainty whether the unhappy Princess fell a victim to the unskilfulness of those who were called to her assistance at this grave juncture, but one circumstance at any rate gives rise both to doubt and impotent regret. Two months later Dr. Croft was attending a case of childbirth in which the patient displayed symptoms analogous to those of the Princess Charlotte, and he thereupon seized a pistol and committed suicide.

“If fate had been less inexorable,” exclaims Saint René Taillandier, “how many events in the history of the royal houses of the nineteenth century would have been altered!”⁴⁰

In the spring of 1818, Doctor Mocchetti having intimated his wish to retire from his appointment, the Princess, not feeling that she could rely exclusively on the services of the local practitioners, Gattei and Fusignani, wrote to the distinguished Professor Giacomo Tommasini asking his advice on the subject, and begging him to recommend to her a physician who might be permanently attached to her Court.

Tommasini, who had in 1803 been appointed to the chair of Physiology and Pathology in the University of Parma, had been unanimously elected to the Clinical chair at Bologna two years previously to the Princess’s application. Before his transfer to Bologna he had, in company with the famous Giandomenico Romagnosi, in the chair of Civil Law, the poet Angelo Mazza, and the orientalist Giambernardo Derossi, been one of the principal ornaments of the University of Parma. He had been sent in 1808 to Paris, at the head of a commission to plead the cause of the University of Parma, then threatened by a humiliating scheme of reconstruction. With “eloquent dignity and a rare freedom of thought,” he succeeded in placing his own view of the situation before the authorities so convincingly that the great Cuvier was sent from Paris to inquire into the condition of the University of Parma, and in consequence of his favourable reports the proposed reconstruction was abandoned. On this account, and above all on account of the scientific distinction to which a little later we shall bring the testimony of another illustrious clinical professor of the University of Parma, Tommasini at that time enjoyed a great and widespread reputation in Italy which was unrivalled. This famous man then went to Pesaro, and thence in a genial letter to his wife wrote describing the Villa di Caprile with the spirit of an artist. Fine courageous men were these scientists of ours in the bygone centuries, nor did they ever so completely divorce science from literature as happens nowadays! Tommasini suggested to the Princess as physician, his friend and fellow-citizen, Professor Giovanni Rasori, and the Princess at once accepted his suggestion, the more readily inasmuch as his wonderful gifts of mind and heart

speedily aroused her admiration. Consequently shortly afterwards Rasori entered into direct negotiations with her. He went to Pesaro, and from Milan, whither he subsequently returned, he wrote to Tommasini that he had left "in the highest degree impressed by Her Royal Highness, the Baron, and the whole of the Court" But he adds, "we have not reached the point of laying down precise conditions, nor of committing anything to writing." He says that he has not felt justified, on his own responsibility, in taking a decisive step, "concerning which the susceptibilities of others might feel grounds for complaint. And he tells his friend that he has proposed him as arbiter, because, as he says, "it was your friendship which obtained me a favourable reception at Caprile."

But Her Royal Highness was at that time resident in territory dependent on the Roman Government, whilst, on the other hand, Rasori, who had only recently been released from imprisonment at Mantua, and was living in Milan, was under the close surveillance of the Austrian Government. The goodwill of both Governments was needful to enable him to enter the household of the Princess of Wales, who was kept under espionage. As might have been expected, instead of permission, a refusal was received almost simultaneously from each Government. The Princess informs Tommasini by letter of the first veto, and expresses her lively regret, "knowing well the rare qualities of Professor Rasori." But she says she is determined to write once more to Cardinal Consalvi, and to succeed in her aim: "I shall spare no pains in bringing the affair to a successful issue." And she protests against the papal injustice, "for as I am not a subject of the Holy Father I conceive that I have every possible right to receive into my house whoever may be agreeable to me, or may be absolutely necessary to me." Eight days afterwards the Princess writes a further letter to Professor Tommasini, and forwards him, "grieved and positively in despair," the originals of the second letter of reply from Cardinal Consalvi, and that from Count Strassoldo. She protests once again against the injustice of the Roman authorities, and begs Tommasini "to recommend her another doctor, who must not be married, as the Princess expects to travel, and it would be more agreeable to her to have a physician with her who was quite free." Strassoldo, expert diplomatist that he was, seeks to gild the pill; but the end of the matter is that he cannot consent to Rasori's entering the Princess's household, "as the person concerned is not a man whose conduct is such as to inspire much confidence."

The withholding of the necessary permissions was not gratifying to Tommasini, perhaps because he had been the intermediary in the negotiations and would have liked to have seen them successful; perhaps because of the sincere friendship which existed between himself and Rasori. He at once wrote two letters,

to which Rasori replied, not however deploring in the least the turn events had taken, and displaying even some prevision of the result. "Even in Paradise," says Rasori, "one might be ill at ease under the scorn of the saints; and you can add that for me Caprile would have been anything but a Paradise. When I left I was very undecided in my own mind about returning. I might even say that I had resolved not to return. Whilst I have been at Milan my resolution has been in all respects confirmed, and I have only been waiting for some reasonable pretext which is now no longer wanting to avow my determination. In Pesaro itself those who were most astute would have bet on my not returning, quite independently of events which have since come about through the action of the Court of Rome, which, events, by the way, I had already foreseen, though I did not say a word on the subject even to the excellent Antaldi, for at that time he would have been scarcely prepared to credit my statement." This letter is important on account of the frank and fair estimate which it gives of the Princess, as well as for an anecdote contained in it which bears out the writer's view. "The Princess of Wales," he says, is in reality an excellent creature and of the best disposition, but she seldom troubles to reflect, rarely shows any foresight, and has no one to advise her, or perhaps it would be better to say she acts on the counsels of those who have no idea in the world what advice is fitting for a woman in her station. Why on earth should she needlessly have stirred up the wasps' nest at Rome without even telling me of her intention, or letting me know the terms in which she was writing? She does not even now perceive that for the future the priests will take care to let her see that they are well aware that they have now no longer to deal merely with a Princess whose daughter is destined to occupy the English throne, but with a woman who has become a target for the opprobrium of England,¹¹ and the ridicule of any place where she may happen to show herself; and I am only stating the truth when I say that, taking into consideration her many good qualities, it grieves me to the heart to see her thus become the laughing-stock for her enemies, whilst at the same time on every side her friends fall away from her." He then goes on to relate that the Princess desired to give him a letter to forward to Strassoldo at Milan, the purport of which was the attainment of her wish that Rasori should not be prevented from remaining with her. This letter, moreover, she desired him to read in the presence of some of the ladies of the suite before he started, the Princess "being so evidently persuaded that her letter was a masterpiece that I had no choice but to be silent and thank her rather with bows and obeisances than with words, which, indeed, I was unable to utter."

"And I perceived very plainly," continues Rasori, "that a letter couched in such terms was not likely to be well received by the

persons to whom it was addressed, and was rather more likely to hurt than to benefit me, since the suspicion would be aroused that I had taken some part in composing it, with the intention of satirizing and irritating the Austrian Government in some way. Consequently I felt bound when I was received by Count Strassoldo to tell him quite frankly that the letter was the unaided composition of the Princess, and that, although it had been read to me, it was quite out of my power to induce her to alter it, which statement of mine fell in with his humour and was well received."

Three days after this letter, Rasori having to write to Tommasini and send him the proofs of a work of his which was about to appear, returns to the subject of the Princess. "I hear never a word from Caprile, although some letters for me which had been addressed there have been sent on here. Nor has any one written to me from Pesaro. But I shall write to Antaldi by the next post. I repeat once more that I had already given up the idea of accepting an appointment from the Princess before the obstacles raised by the Court of Rome appeared, and consequently the matter occasions me no disappointment whatever. If I don't suit the Pope, neither does the Pope suit me, so we are quits. But one of these days, through the intervention of Cardinal Albani, I promise myself the gratification of letting His Eminence Consalvi know that a Minister of state who wishes to make a show of liberal principles should at least observe some respect for the personal rights of folk, and not trample on them *à propos de bottes*."¹²

And with this remark we may consider the episode concluded.

In the spring and summer of the same year unusual festivities took place at Pesaro on the occasion of the opening of the new theatre, which was erected upon the ruins of its predecessor, and the Princess was constantly present at the performances. In the evening she came in from the country in her carriage in time for the commencement, and as she saw that she might at times need to remain the night in the city, she acquired possession of a place where she might conveniently stay. An anecdote is told in this connexion which has all the appearance of truth. The Princess, according to her free and generous way, repeatedly caused to be conveyed to Rossini, who about that time attained a great reputation, that she would be very pleased to see him at her house whenever he felt inclined to visit her, but Rossini after his manner descended to a subterfuge. He replied that as the result of certain rheumatic affections he had lost the elasticity of his muscles and was unable to perform the customarily prescribed obeisances. So he never went. "This reply seemed malicious to the Princess's following, and in particular to Pergami, who in revenge appears a little later to have organized, or at any rate strongly supported, the notorious attack made on the youthful composer on the night of

May 23rd, 1819, when he, on his way from Bologna to Rome, stopped the night in Pesaro. He entered the pit and gave a preliminary glance round the boxes to salute his acquaintances, when unexpectedly several single hisses were heard which, quickly increasing, developed into a tremendous hostile demonstration. The artists on the stage trembled with consternation, being unable to decide who could be the object of these only too marked signs of popular disapproval, and a stampede began, people hastily leaving the boxes and pit. A picket of guards and carabinieri, which was already stationed in the pit, under arms, began to intervene, when a voice called out clearly and powerfully, 'It is for Rossini.' Little by little the storm died down. Rossini took shelter in the box of Conte Belluzzi, where he remained, displaying complete indifference until the ballet was half over."⁴³

During the remainder of 1818 and a part of 1819 nothing of great importance happened to the Princess—little journeys, pleasure excursions to the mountains or the sea, frolics in the city, receptions at Court, and the occasional appearance of emissaries of Baron Ompteda, who returned to Milan with little to pay them for their trouble, these made up the tale.

For several years the news concerning the health of King George III., who had been so long confined to Windsor Castle, varied but slightly. It was reported weekly, always in the same words, that the remnant of life to which he still held on, since his loss of reason and sight and hearing, was little by little flickering out. In the summer of 1819 various German and French newspapers which came into the Princess's hands in Italy announced that the end was inevitable, and not far off, the King having already completed his eightieth year.

The Princess was profoundly affected by this intelligence, and it appears that she at once conceived a new and momentous project.

It is not suggested that the idea of placing herself in some way in opposition to her husband when he should ascend the throne first occurred to her when she learned of the approaching decease of George III, since for a long time this had been a dream of hers, of which she spoke to her intimates; it is only suggested that from this moment she ceased to think of anything but the realization of a definite design, abandoning her interest in everything else. The death of her daughter Charlotte had deprived her of all hope, if, indeed, she had ever cherished any, of a pacific vindication of her rights. She knew well that reports upon her conduct in Italy, which boded ill for her, had been forwarded to London. She knew also that for long enough a charge had been in course of stealthy construction with which to wrest from her, if she should ever attain it, the crown of queen-consort. But what of that? She knew also by experience that accusations and evidence go for nothing when

reliance is placed upon popular favour; and on her side, too, she had not been idle, but had provided in various ways for her own defence.

Confident in her cause, with a natural inclination towards difficult enterprises, and marked determination in carrying them through, urged on, moreover, by those supporters with whom she had always maintained some kind of connexion, it is not wonderful that she should have conceived the daring idea of one day becoming Queen of England. Amongst those who had shown themselves the most ardent of her adherents prior to her departure from London were a certain Alderman Matthew Wood and his son. In addition to these there were others, political men of the Whig party, less influential but equally resolute, all of whom acknowledged the guidance of Henry Brougham, barrister and member of Parliament.

About ten o'clock on the evening of August 29th, 1819, three heavy post-chaises entered Parma by the *Barriera di San Michele*, and, having crossed the city without pausing at any of the inns, emerged on the opposite side by the *Porta Santa Croce*. The police observed them, and reported that inside the carriages there was quite a number of people—ladies, children, gentlemen, and servants in livery—but nobody could tell who they might be or where they were going.

Towards midnight of the same day two dragoons, who were on guard on the *Via Emilia*, outside *Porta Santa Croce*, having entered the *Osteria della Crocetta*, about a mile from the city, found it occupied by a considerable number of people, all of whom were strangers—some of them armed.

The dragoons considered it their duty to demand that they should produce their passports, and state what their destination might be; but they met with a formal and disdainful refusal. Thereupon arose a fierce altercation, in consequence of which more dragoons, with their lieutenant, were called up to support the demand; and in the end the unknown persons were induced to disclose what they had desired to conceal, their names. They turned out to be Bartolomeo Pergami, Alessandro Olivieri, Carlo Vassalli, and several others of minor importance, gentlemen of various ranks in the suite of the Princess of Wales, who was travelling secretly under the name of Rosa Lecci.

They were bound for a villa near Piacenza, in the Duchy of Parma, where they proposed to remain for some length of time. Having ascertained this, the dragoons withdrew, and the Princess of Wales, with all her suite, passed the remainder of the night undisturbed at the *Osteria della Crocetta*. In the morning early the whole company resumed the journey, and proceeded along the *Via Emilia* as far as Piacenza.

News of the strange event at once spread through the city of Parma, the more freely inasmuch as the year before two distinguished inhabitants of the place had been summoned to the Princess's Court at Pesaro, and one of the salons whence the information filtered through to the public was that of the gentle and cultured Antonietta Tommasini, of which Baron Ferdinando Cornacchia, Minister of Finance and Home Affairs, was an habitué. But the *Gazetta di Parma*, at that time conducted by Giovanni Adorni, a man of considerable discretion, readily conjecturing what would be the wishes of the authorities, made no mention of the piquant occurrence in its chronicle of local events, either in the next or any subsequent issue.

The major of dragoons at once drew up a minutely descriptive report of the occurrence and sent it post-haste to His Excellency the Count von Neipperg, at Sala di Baganza, where he was in attendance on Her Royal Highness Marie Louise, at her country seat. In a dispatch dated the 30th, which was followed by another on the 31st, before it was possible to receive a reply from Parma, Count von Neipperg gives instructions to the major of dragoons to take immediate steps to procure and forward promptly the most minute information about the doings of the august lady in question. At the same time he communicated with the Minister for Home Affairs, Ferdinando Cornacchia, and the Baron, on his part, issues minute and precise instructions to the heads of the police in Parma and Piacenza to give an account daily of all that occurs, and endeavour to ascertain what the intentions of the Princess might be: to employ only men of the utmost astuteness to keep an eye constantly on the members of the suite and on any persons who might visit the Princess or part company with her. And as he did not consider adequate to the needs of the case even the exertions of the governor, Gaetano Nasalli, and the others whose official position entailed on them the discharge of these duties, he gave a special mission to Paolo Foresti, a councilor of state, who had a reputation for industry, bravery, and skill in the management of affairs and men.

Thereupon, almost simultaneously, the information desired reached Neipperg through the major of dragoons at Parma, and Cornacchia through Foresti and Nasalli. It is scarcely necessary to add that the major, Foresti, and Nasalli, in their turn, made use of other persons in their employment, and these other persons of still another group, who, devising ingenious stratagems, got their information from the fountain head.

Major Godi, in a report bearing date September 3rd, announced that Her Royal Highness on arriving at Piacenza did not enter the city to rest, but that having changed horses, the journey was proceeded with by the entire suite in the direction of the Piacentine Hills, as far as Ponte dell' Olio, where she had

taken up her residence in a villa belonging to the banker Ghizzoni, called the Villa San Bono. Everything had been prepared in advance. At Piacenza on the Via Emilia some one had been waiting for her from the 27th onwards, and on her arrival at the villa a meal was in instant readiness. When the horses had been placed in the stables, the great door of the villa had been fastened, and every one who asked admission had been sent away, orders were issued to all members of the suite that no one was to hold communication with the natives of the place on pain of immediate dismissal from the Court. The following day two servants were placed on guard at the principal entrance with orders to allow no one to pass without special permission. Some said that the Princess would remain at San Bono all the autumn; some said only for a fortnight, some more, and some less. One thing at any rate was certain, that a severe economy was observed as to expenditure, and that the financial position of the household was not flourishing. The discovery was also made that everything depended upon the decisions of some person who was expected from hour to hour, but whom nobody ever named; later, by a lucky chance, the name of this mysterious person leaked out. It was Henry Brougham. As to information about the members of the suite, all their efforts, alas! had so far dashed themselves helplessly against the precautions of the Court. Nothing precise could be ascertained, except that the total number of people of which it was composed was under thirty. Of these persons ten dined with Her Royal Highness, six sat at a second table, and the rest were servants.

Foresti, "highly honoured by the commission entrusted to him," supplemented the major's information. He had ascertained that Her Royal Highness had resolved to withdraw to the Villa San Bono to live in the utmost privacy whilst certain questions which affected her were being discussed in London. She had come to the Villa San Bono, in the Duchy of Parma, on this account, that having for some time past had need of a private residence near to the River Po, one of her secretaries, a native of the province of Lodi, who had known Signor Ghizzoni, had requested him to look out for such a place. Ghizzoni had searched the neighbourhood of Piacenza for such a place, but had failed to find one, and at length had offered the use of his own, or that of his brother, known as the Villa San Bono. This last had proved satisfactory, and had been accepted without even a rent having been agreed upon. Foresti was of opinion that Her Royal Highness would soon weary of the place on account of its inconvenience, and that her stay would consequently be short, as all her plans depended upon her meeting with a person who was expected in a little while, and with great anxiety, from England. He added further other information of little importance, that a deputation from Ponte dell' Olio and a

magistrate had been refused admission to the villa, and told that there was certainly no Princess of Wales there; that Her Royal Highness passed a good part of the day working embroidery or playing cards and chess; that she had made an excursion or two to Monte Santo and other places near upon asses or in a bullock cart.

On September 4th the captain of dragoons at Piacenza informed the governor, and the information was promptly transmitted to Parma, that by means of a disguise an attempt had been made at intercourse with one of the suite. An encounter had been brought about, but when the person in question had been led to a conversation upon affairs of the Court he had suddenly changed the subject. Signor Ghizzoni's bailiff had also been cross-questioned, but he, too, although a mere peasant, had refused to speak. Meanwhile two members of the suite had left for Piacenza and thence for Milan, the Cavaliere Carlo Vassalli, "self-styled" equerry to Her Royal Highness, and the courier Maurizio Camera. As to the "Honourable" Henry Brougham, it appeared that "my lord" had not yet reached Piacenza.

At length a catalogue, in reality very imperfect, of the persons composing the Princess's suite, arrived at headquarters. It was compiled by the captain of dragoons at Piacenza, Anselmi, who must have had a keen scent, to judge by the brief comments which he appends to it. In addition to Pergami, Vassalli, Olivieri, and Austin, whom we already know all about, he states that there was a little man, apparently between fifty-five and sixty years of age, in a red wig and with red blotches on his face, and that he was the tutor to the children! The children were two, a little girl of four or five and a boy of four, "who was said to be the son of Madame Brunati."

Madame Brunati? Madame Brunati, according to Anselmi, was woman of the bedchamber to the Princess, but we can state with certainty that she was one and the same person with Angela Pergami, the sister of Bartolomeo, or in other words, with the dark and handsome Countess Oldi, who had assumed this name as her mistress had assumed that of Rosa Lecci.

In possession of the catalogue, imperfect though it might be, of the persons surrounding the Princess, the original state of uneasiness which had been produced at the Court of Parma by unassuageable curiosity and fear of something worse to come, began to diminish, and at once instructions were dispatched from headquarters that the watchers should hold aloof and keep themselves under cover, so as thereafter an appearance of absolute indifference might be conveyed, whilst at the same time maintaining their surveillance of the persons who arrived at the Villa di San Bono, or left it. The governor, Nasalli, having applied for instructions as to what attitude he should take in the event which he considered probable, of Her Royal Highness taking up

her residence at Piacenza itself, Neipperg replied, both directly and through the Minister for Home Affairs, that he must model his attitude on that adopted by the Government itself, which was to ignore entirely the presence of Her Royal Highness and not to take any notice of her, whether she should stay at Piacenza or anywhere else in the Duchy. That he should act in fact as though a private person only had come to Piacenza, there being no occasion to treat the Princess as other than the Signora Rosa Lecci. Orders were given to the commander of the dragoons to endeavour to foster the belief that the police were stationed at Ponte dell' Olio more for the Princess's safety than for any other motive. Then, in the evening of 7th September, a Milanese lawyer, whose name is not ascertainable, arrived at San Bono. He came in a coach with Signor Ghizzoni, did not cross the Po near Piacenza, nor enter the city, and according to reports was shut up in the house with the Princess without once going outside for more than a day. After the lawyer, who for several days tantalized the ducal authorities, and whose personality continued undiscoverable, another individual equally unknown gave occasion for fresh inquiries and fresh anxieties.

It became known that an Italian in the employ of England, dressed as a soldier, with a passport in the English language, passing through one of the two streets which lead from Firenzuola to Ponte dell' Olio, had asked for Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and had then said that he was bound for her villa. Further, on exactly the same day a letter was dispatched from Parma making inquiries about a certain Joseph Prandley, an Englishman, who was journeying from Milan with a passport for Genoa and Bologna. Had he been seen at Piacenza? Had he reached Ponte dell' Olio or any place thereabouts? Finally, as if this were not enough to keep the Court of Parma on tenterhooks, here is what Anselmi writes in a confidential letter dated September 12th: "During the past night a vehicle arrived at the posting-house at Castel San Giovanni which, after driving round the walls, drew up outside the Porta San Raimondo. One of Her Royal Highness's couriers came in from Sant' Antonio and went to the posting-house to fetch two horses, afterwards leaving by the Porta San Raimondo with the said horses. The aforementioned vehicle proceeded towards Ponte dell' Olio, and was met at Vigolzone by a dragoon one hour after midnight. Who may have been the occupant of that vehicle is not known; whether it was Brougham, Prandley, or Baron Pergami himself on his way back from Pavia."

If we reflect on the infinite anxieties of the supreme authority of the Duchy which this undesired and troublesome arrival of the Princess of Wales entailed, it will not be difficult to form an adequate idea of the fresh embarrassment which now enveloped

them, and from which the policy adopted at the outset afforded no means of escape. By good fortune, when the discomfort was at its height, the much-desired news arrived. Immediately upon the arrival of the courier the Princess came to the decision to leave San Bono.

On the 12th, Luigi Pergami, Maurizio Camera, and a third person came into Piacenza. Betaking themselves to the posting-house, they gave instructions that four pairs of horses should be at once led to the Porta Sant' Antonio. Shortly afterwards two carriages arrived from Ponte dell' Olio, and in the first of them was the Princess. The horses having been changed, Her Royal Highness, with her entire suite, took the road for Castel San Giovanni.

"I believe," writes Foresti, "that the courier who arrived last night comes from England, and is the very person whom the Princess has been expecting. As I told you in my first letter, assuming this supposition to be correct, Her Royal Highness would be required in London to be present in person at the trial which is about to commence concerning her and her relations with her husband."

The statement was somewhat premature, but Foresti was a clear observer, and he continues as follows: "I wrote the foregoing in haste, and hope to be able to tell you something more definite by the diligence, as I have means of procuring certain information from the well-known Andreazzi (a wretched person this Andreazzi! an agent of the Commission at Milan, who was at the same time in the service of the banker Marietti, and professing to be a friend of the Princess). At this very moment he is sending off a special messenger to Milan, to announce Her Royal Highness's departure to a certain English colonel (undoubtedly Colonel Browne), and for this reason it seems to me he should be better acquainted with the state of affairs than any one else."

The "something more" was elicited from several quarters. It became known subsequently that the Princess had left a letter of thanks for Signor Ghizzoni, informing him that if her new quarters should not please her she should be returning at once to San Bono; that she was going to stay at the Castello di Montuè de' Gabbi, now in the commune of Canneto Pavese, and at that time in the province of Alessandria in the kingdom of Piedmont, and finally, that the famous lawyer whose personality had proved impenetrable was the brother of the proprietor of the villa himself. So at least Anselmi, the captain of dragoons, reported at Parma; but the matter is anything but certain.

Before we follow Her Royal Highness in her journey towards Castello di Montuè de' Gabbi, it behoves us to go back a little way on our steps, and under the guidance of such documents as have

been preserved, to reconstruct the prologue to this episode.

It has already been stated that the arrival of the Princess of Wales in the Duchy of Parma gave rise to many apprehensions, but it is very difficult to realize the extent to which this was the case. As is well known, Adam Albert, Conte von Neipperg, an Austrian general of high military reputation, had been appointed by the Emperor of Austria to support and advise his daughter Marie Louise, to whose lot had fallen, as a sort of eleemosynary fief, by the terms of the Treaty of Paris, April 11th, 1814, subsequently confirmed by an enactment of the Congress at Vienna, June 8th, 1815, the Duchy of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla. In the summer of 1819 both were industriously engaged in creating for themselves a bower of delights in a pleasant hilly locality in the duchy, in the commune of Sala, and known as Casino de' Boschi, because, originally, under the Farnesi, and subsequently under the Bourbons, it had no pretensions to be anything but a modest little building, a place for a rendezvous or a rest for princely hunting parties. Marie Louise had bought this demesne from the heirs of Marie Amélie, and transformed it into the sumptuous country mansion which even to this day evokes admiration, and which is now the villa of the Marchese Carrega, Principe di Lucedio.

Now towards the close of August, 1819, the anxious couple, Neipperg and Marie Louise, were in distress, owing to a persistent neuralgia in the leg, which confined the august lady to her bed. How distasteful both to the noble cavalier and to the "widow" of the still living Napoleon was the announcement of the arrival, and subsequently of the permanent settlement in the duchy, of the vagabond Princess of Wales, may easily be imagined. Since their first encounter in a Swiss hotel five years previously the two ladies, royal and imperial, had not again met. Some understanding had been maintained whilst Caroline occupied the Villa d'Este, but although both were of German nationality, real friendship there never was and never could have been, more especially as between one and the other that difference of age existed which in amorous women is the first and most invincible ground for mutual antipathy. Marie Louise was in 1819 in the flower of her youth, under thirty years, whilst the Princess of Wales was past her prime, being over fifty. Nevertheless, neither one nor the other had neglected opportunities; and if Caroline had been less proud, they might quite possibly have met once more at Parma, or at Sala, at the Casino de' Boschi, in practically the same situation as regards their husbands, and perhaps tendered each other sympathy turn and turn about.

But, not to speak of other matters, the Princess of Wales was just then obsessed by a fresh demand of her uneasy mind, and she chafed at anything which would delay that meeting upon which in

the immediate future her fate depended. "Her Majesty is gravely annoyed by the arrival of the Princess of Wales," wrote the Count von Neipperg to the Minister for Home Affairs on the 30th of August, "and desires that by common accord means may be provided of furnishing her with constant information of what is likely to happen." On the following day Neipperg acknowledges the receipt of the first report, and adds that thenceforward Her Majesty desires to see the accounts which reach the Minister for Home Affairs from Piacenza in the original. The Duchess herself writes to Milan to her august uncle, the Archduke Ranieri, and he in turn obtains and then forwards through Strassoldo the original reports of the police at Piacenza. Simultaneously Neipperg addresses explanatory letters to Lord Burghersh, English Minister at the Court of Parma, to Prince Metternich, to Baron Saurau at Vienna, and practically every day to Count Strassoldo at Milan. In all these letters he repeats that his august mistress is afflicted and distressed by the unwelcome visit of the Princess of Wales to the duchy. He bewails the fact that she did not think fit to give notice of her intention nor to ask permission to take up her residence there, and says that the police at Piacenza have been remiss in their duty in not preventing Ghizzoni from letting the Villa di San Bono. He hopes devoutly that the Princess's stay may not be protracted, and assures his correspondents that her ill-organized suite and the people who come to visit her have their every movement watched by skilful spies.

Positive gasps of gratification are apparent in the letters which Neipperg subsequently addresses to the same personages announcing that the Princess had left San Bono, and at the same time he expresses his happy belief that the health of his royal mistress is on the mend.

From all this it is permissible to conclude that the Villa di San Bono was the place chosen for the meeting of the Princess and her political supporters, and that there it was intended to propound and discuss the direction of their future movements.

The Princess's anxiety to reach San Bono direct from Pesaro without stopping anywhere, the unwonted precaution of travelling incognito, the determination of the Princess and her suite that neither their names nor their destination should be known to anybody whatsoever, so that at the Osteria della Crocetta (a wretched inn for carriages, as Neipperg describes it) they threatened to kill the men who endeavoured to detain them, and the menacing vigilance which marked the whole period of the residence at San Bono, are evident proofs that some big affair was on the tapis which it was imperative to keep secret. It cannot be ascertained whether Brougham, Prandley, and Wood ever reached the villa, but as to the last-named the supposition that he got at least as far as Parma does not seem to be ill founded, since

from a note in the police records it appears that on the very day of the Princess's arrival two Englishmen took up their quarters at the Albergo della Posta. They came from Bologna, and were bound for England, and the one signed his name Guillem (*sic*) Wood, the other simply William without any surname. Another proof, if another were needed, of the importance of the meeting which took place, or was planned to take place, at San Bono is offered by the unaccustomed profusion of the Princess's correspondence. The letters were not violated by the police, but copies of their addresses were taken, and it was remarked that on one occasion so many arrived that they involved an outlay of two napoleons. Those which were dispatched were addressed to various persons in London and Pesaro, and to the editors of foreign newspapers.⁴⁴

On the outskirts of Montuè the Princess was met by the Conte Giuseppe Candiani-Rota, who was the owner of the castle. His son, the Conte Giacomo, who is still living, very well remembers hearing his father say "that the Princess stayed at the castle of Montuè for upwards of a month, after which, having a suspicion that her retreat had been discovered—since it appeared that she was being tracked by agents of her husband—she left the place for some destination unknown." The Conte Giuseppe also remembered, and often mentioned it, that the Princess was of an extremely affable and kindly disposition. Frequently she invited him to her table, and furthermore promised him that if she should happily succeed in returning to her country and regaining her influence at Court, she should ask him to visit her by way of showing him her gratitude for the hospitality he had extended to her.

Of the Princess's sojourn at Montuè, no written memorial is extant, neither letters nor records of any kind; but we discover by indirect means that the Princess, as soon as she had settled in her new quarters, perceived that she had no longer to deal with the comparatively tolerant Government of the Duchess of Parma and Count von Neipperg. Some days after her arrival, the governor of Alessandria received orders from Turin not only not to allow her to leave, but to hinder her from changing her residence without a special permit from the King. We know further that when at the beginning of October she wished to go to Paris, her plans were frustrated, which makes it reasonable to suppose that the Government of the King of Sardinia, perhaps by agreement with the English Government, desired to prevent the Princess from attempting a surprise at the moment of George IV's succession to the throne; and it is confirmatory of this assumption that a plan was discussed or proposed to be discussed at San Bono for an alliance with the political party opposed to the Tory Government.⁴⁵

However, the Princess succeeded in eluding the vigilance of

the spies, and left Montuè towards the end of October or beginning of November. She did not go to Paris, however, but to Lyons, and thence to Marseilles, where she remained for some length of time in expectation of a visit from the leaders of her party with whom to confer upon the combined measures on which her success depended. It may be said, however, that circumstances proved more favourable to her than her friends, for her friends never came, whilst events brought with them the maturity of her plans, and in their train her triumph.

From Marseilles, at the beginning of February, 1820, the Princess returned to Italy, and disembarked at Leghorn. A few days previously news had reached the Court of Florence of the death, on January 29th, of King George III. Scarcely, therefore, had the Princess reached her hotel, than her faithful major-domo, John Jacob Sicard, appeared before her accompanied by two noblemen, and in a voice full of emotion announced, "You are Queen!"

CHAPTER VI

Death of King George III and departure of the Princess of Wales for England—
Ineffectual attempts at a compromise—George the IV's message to the
Houses of Parliament.

AS soon as the Princess of Wales received the news of the death of the King she went to Rome, there to await the development of affairs. She no longer felt able to rely upon the emphatic promises of her many faithful and powerful friends, nor upon the favour of the English people, which she had enjoyed so long as she remained in England, but which was more doubtful than ever after recent events, since it was easily swayed, and had depended mainly on their hatred of the Prince Regent. But her decision was taken immediately, as soon as the instructions of the King and the Ministry were made known to her that her name should be excluded from the Prayer Book.

It is an ancient usage of the Anglican Church, that as soon as a new sovereign ascends the throne his name and that of his queen are inserted in the Prayer Book, in the special prayers for the Royal Family.

If these prayers had been allowed, recognition would have been made implicitly by the King and the Ministry of the right of the Princess of Wales to become Queen of England. It was consequently decided on the 12th of February, 1820, that public prayers should be offered in the churches for the Royal Family, without special mention of the Queen.

Acting upon one of those impulses which were characteristic of her disposition, the Princess resolved to return to England and to take advantage of the reaction which had sprung up against the governmental decision, which was indubitably an injustice, though possibly inevitable. It is indeed vain to inquire why the King and the Ministry did not foresee and provide against the storm of national indignation by avoiding so impolitic an action. At all times, and in all places whatsoever, a false position, however ably supported, must necessarily terminate in unforeseen encounters and grievous complications, though it may frequently find a natural resolution. It is possible that the Government of some other country might have seized upon some expedient, some compromise with the national conscience. The English Ministry boldly faced a storm which imperiled the national barque, and threatened to capsize it.

The Princess had speedy evidence of the dilemma in which the King and the Ministry were placed from the concessions which the English Ambassador resident at Rome proffered on behalf of the Government, on condition that she abandoned her intention of vindicating her reputation, and consented to remain on the

Continent. She did not accept, and she did not refuse, but at once dispatched a letter to Lord Liverpool, protesting against the decree excluding her name from the Prayer Book. This, however, was of no avail, since the King and his Ministers had already taken their stand on that point.

Thereupon the Princess proceeded from Rome to Northern Italy, whence, crossing the Alps, she entered France, and made her way direct to Paris. Before reaching that city she was met by Matthew Wood, with whom she had been in correspondence as recently as 1819. He was the most enthusiastic of her supporters, and at the same time one of the most influential, being an alderman and member of the Common Council of London. After paying his respects to her, and offering his own services on behalf of her claims, he apprised her of the state of affairs generally, and of the public antagonism to the King and the Ministry, and both alike being uplifted with anticipations of the success of their endeavours, set out in haste on the way to London. At St. Omer they met Brougham, who had come over from London to consult with the Princess, after arriving at some sort of understanding with the Government. His attitude upon this occasion was certainly not particularly clear. Perhaps it was occasioned by his feeling of responsibility for having counseled resistance and a refusal of the proffered terms, a responsibility which at this juncture must have weighed on him more heavily than ever, since he had reason to believe that the Princess was not far from the idea of a compromise. Shortly after Brougham, Lord Hutchinson also arrived, bearing unequivocal proposals on behalf of Lord Liverpool. He promised an increase of the Princess's yearly income to fifty thousand pounds sterling, on the condition that she renounced her claim to the title of Queen, resided outside the United Kingdom, and never again visited England. He threatened, moreover, that all negotiations should cease, and legal process be commenced against her directly the Princess set foot on English soil.

This was the second occasion on which the authorities had taken the initiative by the proffer of concessions—not liberal, it is true, since they were limited to a mere increase of income, but none the less clear proof of a dread which it was thought wise to dissimulate or conceal.

On this occasion Caroline at length showed herself what too frequently and too obviously in the past she had forgotten to be—a true Princess, worthy of the family from which she was descended. Unhesitatingly repelling all proposals, and heedless of threats, she decided to set out at once for London. She sent Pergami and his daughter Vittoria back to Italy. She dismissed the Italian members of her suite who had so far accompanied her, and, with a few English only and Alderman Wood and young William Austin,

started for Calais. She indulged some hope of finding one of the yachts of the Royal Navy there, but in this expectation she was disappointed. This, however, did not hinder her from fulfilling her design. Taking passage on an insignificant vessel called the "Prince Leopold," she arrived in the roadstead off Dover on the afternoon of June 5th, 1820, and was there enthusiastically welcomed by the populace.

A great concourse of people, with not a few officers of the Royal Navy, collected to witness her disembarkation. When they saw her land they commenced to cheer her and to display banners bearing the legend, "God Save Queen Caroline."

When she had entered the carriage the crowd removed the horses and drew it themselves, so that the Princess, amidst the thunder of cannon and the enthusiastic shouts of "God save the Queen," reached her hotel like a conqueror borne in triumph. On her way from Dover to London the entire population turned out to see her pass. Agricultural work was suspended, whilst the bells were rung continuously in every village. At Canterbury and Rochester the inhabitants presented her with congratulatory addresses, most loyally worded. The Princess replied, as Queen, that she was profoundly moved by the evidence of the devotion of her people; that she hoped to be able to contribute to the happiness of her *faithful subjects*, etc., etc.

But, even before she reached London, on June 6th, at five o'clock in the evening, the following royal message was read simultaneously in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons:

"GEORGE R.

"The King, in consequence of the Queen's arrival, feels it necessary to communicate to this House certain documents relating to Her Majesty's conduct after her departure from this country. These documents he entrusts to the serious and immediate consideration of the House.

"The King has experienced a lively desire to defer, by every means which lay in his power, an obligation as painful to his people as to his own sentiments, but the latest step which the Queen has taken does not permit of his hesitating any longer.

"In making the present communication, the King is confident that the House will follow that method of procedure which the justice of the King's cause and the honour of the Crown alike demand."

The message was accompanied by a green bag, containing the documents of which mention was made. These were, of course, the outcome of the labours of the Commission of Milan, brought together under the direction and with the active co-operation of

Baron Ompteda.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRIAL

Preliminaries—Debates preceding the trial (from 6 to 24 June)—In and out of Parliament (from 25 June to 17 August)—At the House of Lords (from 17 to 21 August)—The witnesses for the prosecution (from 21 August to 7 September)—In public and at the House of Commons (from 5 September to 3 October)—At the House of Lords: the witnesses for the defence (from 3 October to 10 November)—Henry Brougham and his speech in defence of the Queen.

FROM 6 June to 10 November the city of London and, one might almost say, the whole of the United Kingdom, if not indeed a considerable section of the world, turned its attention closely to one thing—the progress of the trial of the Queen.

The English newspapers, and not a few of those of France and other countries, provided notices and reports at varying lengths, with varying comments, and displaying various influences; and these served to increase the conflict of opinions which prevailed on the subject. When the trial was finished, the curiosity of Europe was kindled and excited afresh by an abundant output of books and pamphlets in all languages, which supplied the innumerable accounts, and the no less innumerable conclusions of the first acute period, gathered together and arranged. There was no want amongst these of good work, undertaken without prejudice, and with the clear intention of being informative to the reader.

To the direct study of the English parliamentary reports we have added a perusal of the greatest possible number of publications upon the question, since our object is to present the historic affair in its entirety, as far as possible from a constructive and objective point of view. Nothing remains to be told about the trial; consequently to narrate the story impartially from the parliamentary sources and the various reports of the time, interweaving that portion of the outside facts which not even a person explaining them with antagonistic intentions could succeed in disguising, seems to us the best course that is left to us.⁴⁶

It will be helpful to remark at the outset that from 6 June onwards, that is to say, from the moment when the famous message accompanied by the green bag was delivered to the two Houses, it is obligatory to fix our attention simultaneously in two different directions—on the inside of the Houses of Parliament, and outside of them—and to bear in mind that on this occasion all things were extraordinary, whilst every one sought, either through a genuine sincerity or in self-justification, to introduce the normal into an abnormal state of affairs. At every moment one is conscious of a shock to sentiment or to reason, and at every moment, from one side or the other, a champion rushes to the

defence of threatened institutions, imperiled liberty, or contested prerogatives. Now it is the Attorney-General of the Crown or the Solicitor-General, ex-officio members of the Ministry, who oppose themselves to some step in the name of the law or of the royal prerogatives. Now it is the counsel for the defence, who expostulate and protest that justice is proffered but not granted, or declare against the privileges of the actual complainant, His Majesty the King, that he appears to be more sinner than sinned against. Between the two parties superintending the discussion in the House of Lords is the Lord Chancellor, and the Peers on either side often intervene and more often still the members of the Ministry.

The Cabinet at the time of the trial was thus composed: The Earl of Harrowby, President of the Council; Lord Eldon, Lord High Chancellor; the Earl of Westmoreland, Keeper of the Seals; the Earl of Liverpool, First Lord of the Treasury; Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief; Viscount Sidmouth, Secretary of state for Home Affairs; Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of state for Foreign Affairs; Earl Bathurst, Secretary of state for War and the Colonies; George Canning, President of the Council for India; Charles Bragge Bathurst, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; W.W. Pole, Master of the Mint; F.J. Robinson, Treasurer of the Navy and President of Board of Trade; the Earl of Mulgrave; included in the Ministry but not in the Cabinet were the following amongst others: Sir John Leech, Vice-Chancellor; Sir Robert Gifford, Attorney-General; Sir John Copley, Solicitor-General; Sir Christopher Robinson, the King's Advocate in support of the Bill.

The counsel for the defence of the Queen included the following gentlemen: Henry Brougham, Attorney-General; Thomas Denman, Solicitor-General; Dr. Lushington, John Williams, Nicholas Tindal, Thomas Wilde, and William Vizard, solicitor.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was the Hon. Charles Manners Sutton.

Both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the two ministers, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool, at once proposed that a reply should be sent to the King's message, and expressed the opinion that the examination of the documents contained in the green bag should be assigned to a committee appointed for the purpose.

In the House of Commons words were many and bitter. "Is it true," inquired a member named Bennet, "that Lord Hutchinson was instructed by the Government to persuade the Queen to sell her title for £50,000 sterling? Or do not the ministers consider that

to offer, without the consent of Parliament, and from the public moneys, a pension of £50,000 to a person whom they themselves declare unworthy to be Queen or to set foot upon British soil is a betrayal of the monarchy?" A member named Wilson complained of the slights and humiliations to which the Queen had been subjected in foreign Courts, without protest from, perhaps even by connivance with, the English Government, and Lord A. Hamilton denounced the excision of the Queen's name from the Liturgy as a species of forestalled punishment which was in contravention of every principle of right. There were even some who asked if it was fitting that the King should constitute himself accuser and judge of his wife at the same time, and if it were prudent for Parliament to meddle in a family quarrel, and accept jurisdiction in a cause which had no parallel since the time of Henry VIII.

Then Denman and Brougham, whom we have already specified as acting on behalf of the Queen, spoke in succession, and the latter lamented that the negotiations for a compromise had not been conducted at St. Omer, as would certainly have been the case if there had been genuine pacific intentions. Lord Castlereagh replied briefly and to the first speaker only. He said that a calmer state of mind was desirable in a debate upon so grave a question, a question which concerned nothing less than the dignity and honour of the crown, the peace and tranquility of the country.

The following day Brougham read a communication from the Queen in which she denounced to the House of Commons the measures taken by the English Government against her honour and tranquility during the time that she resided abroad. "The Queen has just learned," read Brougham, "that a message from the King has been conveyed to Parliament calling attention to certain written documents relative to her conduct, and that the proposition has been made that the examination of them should be deputed to a secret committee. Exactly fourteen years have passed since the first accusations leveled against her. Then and throughout the long interval the Queen has on every occasion shown the most lively desire to be brought face to face with her accusers. She demands once again a complete inquiry, a free discussion from which she may learn the actual charges brought against her, and see the persons who bring those charges; a privilege which is not denied even to the most humble of her subjects. Before the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the nation she here solemnly protests against the appointment of a secret tribunal for the examination of documents privately prepared by her adversaries.

"The exclusion of her name from the Liturgy, the refusal to accord to her the means of travelling granted to all members of the Royal Family, the further refusal to reply to the demand made by her that one of the royal palaces should be assigned to her for her

own residence, and the studied slights of the English Ambassadors abroad—these are the means which have been employed to create a prejudice against her, which could only have been justified by a trial and a condemnation.”

Lord Castlereagh replied to the various statements, item by item, that the proposals made to the Queen at St. Omer were constitutional and that the Sovereign was within his right in his attitude towards his consort; that His Majesty’s ministers were not aware of the treatment and reception accorded to the Queen, and that their most lively and sincere desire was to see the affair concluded by a compromise; that as regards the exclusion of the Queen’s name from the Liturgy, the thing was neither unprecedented nor illegal.

The celebrated George Canning also spoke on this occasion. He said that he had considered the whole question with as much concern as if it had come about between his dearest friends; that the ministers, far from having provoked or desired such an inquiry, had resorted to every means in their power which could prevent such a crisis; that as regards their offering Her Majesty the pension of £50,000, they had done nothing but renew the provisions of the Bill of 1814; that as to her title, she had never been asked to make an absolute renunciation of it, but to preserve an incognito in whatever foreign domicile it might please her to select; finally, whilst deploring the position in which the Ministry was placed, and recognizing that upon the rupture of the negotiations it was impossible to prevent parliamentary intervention, he declared that for his part he would never be confronted with the Queen in an accusatory position, and that when he had fulfilled his duty to his King and to his country, it was his intention in future to abstain as far as possible from all participation in the details of these proceedings.

These words, from a minister who already commanded so much influence, produced a great impression, and after other less weighty discussions the terms of the reply to the King were approved, whilst in the other House a Commission of fourteen members was nominated, with instructions to examine the documents in the green bag and to report upon them. The Commission was composed of the following persons: the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor; the Lord President of the Council; the Dukes of Beaufort and Northumberland; the Marquises of Buckingham and Lansdowne; the Earls of Liverpool, Lauderdale, Donoughmore, and Beauchamp; Viscount Sidmouth, the Bishop of London, and Lords Redesdale and Erskine.

On the evening of 6 June the Queen arrived in London, and not having obtained a royal palace for her residence, she repaired

to the house of Alderman Wood, in Portman street, passing through the streets as if on a triumphal progress, joyfully acclaimed by an enthusiastic crowd shouting, "Long live the Queen!" "God bless the Queen!" "God protect the innocent!"

The debates in the two Houses, and the appointment of the Commission of Inquiry in the House of Lords, helped to excite still further the great body of the people. On the succeeding days people collected in throngs before the house of Matthew Wood in Portman street, and made bold by numbers, demanded that the town should be illuminated, throwing stones at the windows of those houses that were not promptly lighted up. Everybody passing through that street was obliged to raise his hat, and the King's residence, Carlton House, was even threatened. In consequence of the renewal of these outbreaks it was felt that resort to force might be necessary to control them, insomuch that the Queen, desiring a house of her own, and thoughtful of the comfort of her kindly hosts, decided to withdraw to Brandenburg House, in the suburb of Hammersmith, whither she was escorted amidst the acclamations of the crowd, the chiming of bells, and the roar of cannon.

From this time forward, until the termination of the trial, it was from Brandenburg House that all the Queen's communications, all her protests, all her petitions proceeded, and from that house she placed before the public the famous letter of 7 August addressed to the King. Hither addresses flowed, and deputations flocked in hundreds from all parts of England; and here, finally, not a few Italians of various ranks were hospitably received. Meanwhile the sittings of the Houses became more and more disturbed. In the House of Lords the question under consideration gave occasion for frequent and animated debates. In the House of Commons the fluent periods of Brougham, which he did not attempt to modify, were calculated to increase the feeling on behalf of the Queen, so that there was continual protest against the recent appointment of the Secret Committee.

And, indeed, if on the one side a provision of this character seemed to aim at the avoidance of greater publicity, on the other it had the very grave disadvantage of depriving the accused of many guarantees of impartiality, leaving room for the suggestion that the King and his ministers had become judges in their own cause.

In the meanwhile the ministers laid on the table the documents connected with the proposals made to the Queen before she set foot on British soil, and amongst these a memorandum already delivered to Brougham. As the Queen asserted that she had never been made fully acquainted with these proposals, it was agreed by both parties that new and more explicit negotiations should be opened, with the object of arriving at an understanding. Consequently a renewed hope sprang up on all sides that a

satisfactory compromise might be reached. Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington were entrusted with the representation of the King, and on the other side Brougham and Denman were selected as the Queen's representatives.

The Queen would have yielded on the point of residence, and would have undertaken to remain permanently away from England, and the King, whilst withdrawing nothing, promised that in future the respect due to a queen should not be denied her by the English Ambassadors abroad, and further undertook that her legal status should be communicated to the head of any state in which she might be pleased to take up her residence. Agreement, however, was not possible, for the Queen once more demanded that her name should be reinstated in the Liturgy, whilst the King's representatives declared themselves unable to concede that point. The King, on the other hand, was unable to undertake—and the Queen demanded it—that he would require from foreign Courts her reception as a queen, inasmuch as she was not admitted, nor had he any intention of admitting her, to the English Court in that character.

Five fruitless sittings!—with the last of which we reach 19 June.

Another attempt—and it was the last—to come to an understanding was made on the initiative of Mr. Wilberforce, M.P. After not a few adjournments, the House of Commons decided to send a Commission of four members (Wilberforce, Wortley, Acland, and Bankes), with the idea of persuading the Queen to accept the mediation of the House itself. The deputation repaired in the most respectful and deferential manner to Brandenburg House, leaving the message of the Commons, but the reply was not the one hoped for.

Brougham at once declared himself opposed to any intervention whatsoever which aimed at inducing his client to renounce any portion of her rights.

The Queen showed, however, that she was sincerely affected by the cordial language of the address, and that it would have been a conclusion very much to her mind if an understanding could have been arrived at. "It is evident," she said, "that the House of Commons faithfully represents that generous public with which I have contracted a debt of gratitude that I shall never be able to discharge. I am aware that I am exposing myself to the danger of displeasing those who within a short time perhaps may be sitting in judgment upon my conduct; but I trust in their loyalty and their honourable instincts, and I feel convinced that they will understand the motives which alone have contributed to my resolution. As a subject of the state I submit myself with deference, and if it may be possible without murmuring, to all the decisions of the sovereign power; but as an impeached, an outraged Queen, I owe it to the King, to myself, and to all my fellow-subjects not to

consent to the sacrifice of any essential privilege, and to avail myself fully of those principles of public justice which are the safeguard equally of the most exalted and of the most humble individual."

The excited and turbulent crowd which had followed the parliamentary Commission all the way to Brandenburg House, and there beneath the windows set up the cry, "Don't renounce any of your rights, your Majesty," no sooner learned that the Queen refused to yield than it gave itself up to a delirious rejoicing and burst into shouts of "Long live the Queen!" "God protect the innocent!" Once again threatening groups of citizens hurried to Carlton House, and once again they were repelled by force of arms.

The following day, 24 June, which was a Saturday, and consequently not a busy day in the ordinary way, the members assembled at the House to the number of more than three hundred, a number never before equaled, to be present at the official reading of the Queen's reply.

IN PARLIAMENT AND OUTSIDE.

(From 25 June to 17 August.)

Homer, giving an account of the scornful way in which Achilles repelled the deputation sent to him, says:

"The chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd
Attend the stem reply."

If the English members of Parliament did not find themselves exactly in the straits of the Greek captains, on the return to the camp of the embassy presided over by Phoenix, the entire House, at any rate, was not less surprised at the "fierce reply." And now the last hope of an understanding having disappeared, passions became heated and debates more and more bitter, especially in respect of those who, having espoused the Queen's cause through party spirit, felt that by that act of hers, which for a moment almost elevated her to a place amongst the heroines, some reflection of her nobility fell upon themselves.

This was the time of greatest congestion with the addresses of congratulation and encouragement to resist which reached the Queen from all quarters. The newspapers reported them and made comments upon them. "If it is just," wrote the *Courier* on 1 July, "that an accused person should be considered innocent until the accusation is proved, it is equally just that the accusers shall not be haled before the tribunal of public opinion until it shall have been demonstrated that their charges were false. There indeed is true justice! The party which has so nobly espoused the cause of

the Queen (the Whig party), and to which all causes are alike indifferent so long as they furnish an opportunity for an attack on the Government, knows no more what the accusations brought against the Queen are, nor upon what testimony they are based, than it knows what is going on in China at the present moment. But what does that matter? The Queen must be innocent And why? Because she is accused."

On 27 June, three days after the Queen's reply, Earl Grey made a speech at some length in the House of Lords, with the object of inducing Lord Liverpool to withdraw the order in which instructions were given for the meetings of the Secret Committee, but opposition of this kind failed to arrest the regular course of proceedings, so that on 4 July the report of the Secret Committee was presented by its president to the House of Lords. "The Committee has examined, with that attention which a subject of so much importance demanded, the documents which were placed before it, and considers that they contain allegations, supported by unanimous evidence of witnesses of varying social grades resident in divers parts of Europe, allegations which deeply affect the honour of the Queen, attributing to her an adulterous relation with a foreigner of menial station, aggravated by a persistency unworthy of Her Majesty's rank and state. These accusations are of such a nature as to assail so profoundly the honour of the Queen, the dignity of the Crown, and, at the same time, the national feeling of morality and honour, that in the opinion of the members of the Committee it is necessary that they should become the subject of a special inquiry. It seems to the Committee, whilst deeply deploring such necessity, that this inquiry can best take the form of parliamentary procedure."

Following upon this report the Earl of Liverpool on 5 July placed before the House of Lords the so-called Bill of Pains and Penalties against Her Majesty the Queen, and in an able speech maintained its equitableness and explained its aims. "The measure that is proposed," he said in substance, "is based upon motives of public interest." He then showed that the text of the English laws relative to the crime of adultery which the Queen was alleged to have committed with a foreigner was defective, and that consequently only measures supplementary to those laws were available. It would have been open to either House to take the initiative in the matter, but it seemed more convenient that the House of Lords should move, since to them would fall the duty of hearing the sworn evidence, and in consequence the benefit would be to the accused. The Bill which was presented, although it had divorce for its aim, was not, properly speaking, a Bill of Divorce, since the two parties did not come before the Lords as private individuals, but only in their public capacity. If, however, the facts which were alleged against the Queen in the documents should be

proved, the result would be to deprive Her Majesty of her titles, her prerogatives, her rights and privileges as Queen-Consort, and thereupon to release His Majesty the King from the matrimonial bond. After this preface the Bill of Pains and Penalties was read. In the first section of it there is brought up against the Queen the charge that in 1814 she received into her service in a menial capacity a certain Bartolomeo Pergami; that she immediately afterwards permitted a shameful intimacy to commence; that she then elevated him in her household and bestowed upon him titles of honour and obtained them for him; and that finally she engaged in adulterous intercourse with this person. The Act of Accusation terminates in these words: "We, your Majesty's most faithful subjects, the Lords spiritual and temporal and the Commons in Parliament assembled, beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted that Her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, when this Act shall have been passed by the Houses of Parliament, may be deprived of her title of Queen and of all rights, privileges, prerogatives, and exemptions which appertain to her as Queen-Consort of this realm; that she shall be declared incapable of exercising any of those rights and of enjoying any of those prerogatives; and further, that the marriage between His Majesty the King and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth shall be by the present Act for ever dissolved and totally annulled to all intents and purposes."

Immediately Lords Grey and Dacre rose and demanded that the list of witnesses to the allegations should be delivered to the Queen in accordance with the ordinary forms of jurisprudence, but Lord Liverpool opposed them, adducing as reason that that custom could only be invoked in trials for high treason, of which there was no question in the cause under consideration. It was therefore ordered that only a copy of the Bill itself should be delivered to the accused.

The Queen received the message of the House with dignity, but with signs of profound emotion. "I shall not meet the King again," she exclaimed, "in this world, but we shall face each other, I hope, in another world, where justice will be administered to us both."

The great step had been taken. Thenceforward nobody could retreat.

On the very day of the reading of the Bill, 8 July, the first detachment of witnesses for the prosecution arrived at Dover from Italy, under the escort of Giuseppe Rastelli, courier and agent of the Milan Commission.

As soon as they disembarked they were met on the quay by a hostile crowd, which had been waiting for them, and which received them with hisses and threats, and would have done even

worse if the police had not energetically protected them. As to those who came afterwards, the police could hit upon no better plan than to arrange for their disembarkation elsewhere, on the coast opposite Holland.

Some days after the reading of the Bill a new protest from the Queen, thus worded, was laid before the House: "Her Majesty the Queen has just learned, to her extreme surprise, of the proceedings already commenced in the House of Lords, with the object of depriving her of her privileges, with no other foundation than the report of a Secret Committee, before which she was not represented by counsel in defence of her rights. The House has surely not considered it permissible to decide upon written evidence alone. Her Majesty the Queen has also just learned with surprise that the House has refused to hear her counsel at the bar, or to furnish them with a list of the witnesses who will be called to give evidence against her. In such circumstances Her Majesty has no other course but to protest vehemently against all these proceedings. At the same time, she still trusts to the justice of your lordships, and demands that her counsel may be heard at the bar to set forth her complaints."

Here ensued a new debate upon the Queen's petition, which terminated, however, with the resolve that the Queen's counsel should be admitted to the bar, but only to speak upon the manner and date of procedure after the Bill had been introduced.

Brougham said: "Since the House has decided in anticipation that it will proceed with this Bill, what is left for me to say about the method of procedure? Should I ask for the appointment of a new Committee to confirm the conclusions of the former one? Would to God that my client were a simple subject! She might then enjoy the benefit of the common law, and plead before an ordinary tribunal, where she might bring forward all her means of defence. Here I have only one sole demand to make, that the House will continue its proceedings without any delay and with all the diligence that precedents permit."

Denman said: "The Bill proposes certain measures while dispensing with all customary forms. What sort of a divorce is it which is pronounced without a decree of the ecclesiastical court? Where is the jury? But I wish to raise at least one question, since the Queen is accused of having commenced her adulterous relations whilst Princess of Wales: ought she not to have been tried as a princess, and consequently as a subject?" Denman then also represented his desire that the House should proceed without delay.

After various other remarks and replies, Lord Liverpool at length confronted his opponents, declaring explicitly that there was no occasion for the continual reference to the forms followed in a case of simple divorce. "Here," he exclaimed, "there is no

individual whatever who demands a divorce in his favour; it is a measure of state required for the relief of the nation.”

By degrees, as the question broadened and the discussions in the House became more complicated, addresses rained down upon the Queen from civil corporations and from many towns in the kingdom; addresses which were not only sent, but often even presented personally by numerous deputations. One, that of the artisans of London, bore about 40,000 signatures; another, that of the married women, 15,000. To these must be added—and it was the most unequivocal—that of the Common Council of London. The Lord Mayor himself, followed by the aldermen and by the members of the Common Council, visited Brandenburg House in official array, and presented the Queen with a scroll, upon which, amongst other things, the expression had been ventured: “If, against the advice of all of us, recourse has been had to a secret investigation, we recognize that your Majesty has displayed dignity and firmness in protesting against such secret proceedings, which are deeply deplored by justice and the national sentiment.”

The Queen responded to all these addresses in practically the same words, but with dignity and vigour.

Here is the reply to one of the Scottish addresses: “I am convinced that the inhabitants of the northern part of Great Britain are supporting my cause with as much ardour as those of the south, and I believe that they will defend my rights with an intrepidity equal to their zeal. The interest of my cause is not confined to the fact that it is that of an injured woman, a persecuted Queen, but involved with it is the great question of national liberty and individual security. When my rights are attacked, a mortal blow is struck at the same moment at those of the people, a higher power having intrusted to me, as it would appear, for the welfare of others, the preservation of my own rights and the rights of others. For my own personal satisfaction I am resolved never to abandon them, and will defend them with an invincible determination.”

The newspapers took part in the great public struggle. *The Times* and *The Courier* had, amongst others, two articles which displayed their writers as possessing free and sufficiently impartial minds, although evidently not partisans of the Queen.

“If a husband,” we read in the former, “who leads a chaste and irreproachable life should, without his knowledge, or even without his suspecting, be betrayed by a shameless wife, we declare that it would be the duty of every honest man to make him acquainted with his wife’s misconduct, and to assist him, if not indeed to revenge himself, at least to put an end to the scandal. But what man who is not callous and lost to a sense of honour would desire to interpose between a husband and wife, each of them living, or suspected of living, a dissolute life. The public and the society to

which they belong might be justified in lamenting the evil example which they set, but such a husband and such a wife have not the smallest right to complain the one of the other—above all, if their mutual licence does not result in the birth of children.”

In the second we read this letter, signed “Rusticus”:

“I am an old Whig with something of the temper of a Tory. I have done my best to reconcile a sincere and ardent fidelity to my King with an inflexible determination to defend on all occasions the Constitution of my native land; and I do not wish in any way to forget that the king forms an important part of that Constitution. I have, moreover, certain other ideas which are beginning, I fear, to be out of date. I believed, and my wife also believed, before I left home (God grant that she hasn’t changed her mind since), that a lady accused of adultery and of having led for a long period an immoral life ought, for decency’s sake, to restrict herself to a retired life, to withdraw herself from society, and not expose herself habitually to the public gaze and Court plaudits, which in circumstances of that nature can hardly be expected except from folks whose suffrages have no value. After saying this, gentlemen, you can imagine my surprise when I read in the newspapers that an illustrious lady, concerning whose adventures at the Guildhall and elsewhere the same newspapers had previously published reports, had been received in Portman street and in other places by a numerous company of ladies in such a fashion as to make one suppose that those ladies fully approved the conduct imputed to her. I can well believe that in London it would be easy to assemble a considerable number of ladies of this kind, whose ideas upon the subject in question are less restricted than those of my wife and myself, but I cannot free myself from a certain alarm, and I beg you, Mr. Editor, to help me if you are able to dispel that alarm. Pray suggest, if you can do so without injury to truth, that the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the daughters of Englishmen should suspend their judgment in a matter of such vast importance, at least until the inquiry has been held; declare, if you can do so, that you prefer not to consider a charge of adultery as a suitable motive for belauding and patronizing the person accused.”

A provincial journalist, Mr. Flindell, in the *Western Luminary*, goes much further; but it is necessary to remember that whenever a matter is in dispute there is right and wrong on each side; since upon his article, which was conveyed and read to the House of Commons by Mr. Wetherell, M.P., fell the strongly expressed condemnation of the great majority. The article read practically as follows: “Can a lady who it is well known has abandoned herself to the cultus of Bacchus as well as to that of Venus, and who, if by chance she should appear upon our pavements, would be straightway consigned to Bridewell to be whipped, ever be represented as an example of innocence oppressed?”

The two most noteworthy incidents of this period are the protest against the Bill which on 17 July the Common Council of London presented to the House of Commons, and the new petition from the Queen to the House of Lords, presented on 24 July, for permission to be heard afresh through the medium of her counsel; but the demand, despite the endeavours of Lord Erskine, was rejected by a large majority.

At the sitting of 25 July, on the motion of Lord Liverpool, the adjournment of the House of Lords to 17 August, and therewith the second reading of the Bill, was discussed.

This reading was considerably pushed forward, since, according to precedents, it would have been delayed for at least five months. But the desire of the defending side, already alluded to, as well as that of every one else, was to put an end with all possible speed to a condition of uncertainty and over-excitement which had been keeping the popular mind in suspense and the monarchy in danger.

A renewal of the methods of the “Delicate Investigation,” that is to say, the relegation of the proceedings to the Commission of fourteen, was not again spoken of. Indeed, from some quarters emanated a demand that the members of that Commission who had taken some part in the compilation of the evidence for the prosecution should withdraw and be excluded from voting on the subject.

At this point the Queen thought it advisable to avail herself of the suspension of the sittings to influence opinion still further in her favour both as to the past and the present, and under date of 7 August she addressed a very lengthy letter to the King, appealing for an open trial and declaring that only to such a trial would she submit herself. The letter was immediately published by the newspapers. It was the work, as may be supposed, of the counsel for the defence, but was attributed more particularly to Brougham. At some points it is over-rhetorical and lawyer-like, but it is of courageous design. It contains in substance everything which the defence afterwards urged with innumerable reiterations and in multifarious forms.⁴⁷

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(From 17 to 21 August)

The actual trial commenced with the second reading of the Bill on 17 August, 1820. From this date the attention of all England was concentrated upon what was occurring in the House of Lords, where, passionately and learnedly, a great contest was fought out in the name of the highest principles of justice by the counsel on either side, by the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Government led by Lord Liverpool.

The Queen made known in advance her intention of being

present in person at the examination of the witnesses produced against her. Public interest increased, if it is possible to make that word serve, every moment, and consequently the precautionary measures on the part of the Government were extraordinary. In the first place, very heavy fines were proclaimed against any peers who without some plausible reason should absent themselves from the sittings. Then from places in the vicinity a considerable force of soldiers was brought to London and quartered in the houses in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, as troops in reserve. In order to avoid an outbreak wooden barriers were erected at the ends of the streets leading to the Houses of Parliament, leaving sufficient space between one and another for the passage of vehicles; but between these barricades constables and men of the Royal Guard were stationed so as to form a living fence. In addition to the ordinary constables, thousands of special ones were enrolled from amongst the firemen in private employment and subordinate servants of insurance companies. Every magistrate, justice of the peace, and civil servant at the command of the state received instructions from the Home Secretary, Lord Sidmouth, to hold himself ready at his post throughout the trial; and from the morning of the 17th bodies of infantry and cavalry paraded those parts of the city in which it was needful either to receive and execute or to transmit to others the instructions of the heads of departments.

The three first sittings, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, and part of the fourth on the 21st, were passed by the Peers first in discussions, motions, and divisions, then in the reading of the Bill of Accusation, and finally, on the afternoon of the 21st, a commencement was made with the examination of the first witness for the prosecution.

On the morning of the 17th the Queen, accompanied by Lady Anne Hamilton, arrived at the House at half past ten, just as the names of the peers were being called over, and took her place on the right of the throne near the counsel for the defence, on a lounge which had been prepared for her. On her first appearance the calling of the names was suspended, and all the peers rose in token of respect. When the reading had been resumed and finished it was announced that Lord Hutchinson was absent and had not sent any excuse. All present understood that the noble lord had refrained from attendance out of delicacy, as he had been concerned in the first negotiations for a compromise at St. Omer. When the Bill had been read for a second time it was immediately proposed by the Duke of Leinster that it should be withdrawn without further discussion, but the proposition was not carried. Then Lord Carnarvon spoke, stating that the Bill was useless, contrary to the Constitution, and of such a nature as to compromise the honour of the House of Lords and disturb the

peace of the nation.

Lord Grey asked that it might be referred to the judges of the realm to decide whether adultery committed by the Queen with a foreigner in a foreign country constituted the crime of high treason. The motion on being put to the vote was approved, but the judges, who withdrew into a chamber for consultation, replied after an interval of not more than twenty minutes that the statute of Edward III was not applicable in the present case. Following upon this reply Lord Liverpool moved that His Majesty's counsel and the counsel for the defence of the Queen should be called in, and that they should proceed to the examination of the witnesses. The counsel were admitted, but evidence was not immediately proceeded with. Brougham spoke once more against the Bill, and at the beginning of the following sitting Denman also.

"My first objection against this Bill," said Brougham, "is that it is a private law introduced in a particular case for the punishment of a particular individual. Laws of this nature are unfortunately not unknown either in the jurisprudence of this or of other countries, but they are contrary to all principles of justice. It has been said that the conduct of which the Queen is accused must result in dishonour to the Crown and the nation, and that in consequence it became imperative to sever her connexion with them. If these charges had been put forward whilst my client was still Princess of Wales, undoubtedly a divorce could have been appealed for. Following the ordinary procedure, the complainant would have presented a petition to your lordships, and would have appeared in this house without any reason for self-reproach; but the necessary period has been allowed to pass by until the moment arrived when my client might consider herself Queen, and owing to this it has been possible to deny her the rights of a simple subject." The orator refrained from recriminations, and reserved for a more opportune occasion all the arguments which might be drawn from what had occurred before the marriage of the King. He delayed so long as he was able the perils attendant upon such a discussion, but if it were thrust upon him he reminded his hearers that counsel had but one duty, and that neither names nor titles, nor anything else in the world must hinder him in complying with it. Finally, after having stated that the question of adultery had not to be considered merely in the case of the lady, and after having exhorted the House not to sacrifice the tranquility of the nation to the caprice and desires of an individual, he ended by entreating them to resolve to stop the progress of the Bill, which was profoundly blameworthy both in principle and in aim.

Denman insisted upon exactly the same points, and especially upon that of the different treatment dealt out to the two parties, although both were engaged in a suit for divorce. "This is undoubtedly a Divorce Bill," he said, "because its result will be

that of dissolving the marriage heretofore contracted between the King and Queen, and to confer upon the King freedom to enter upon a fresh marriage. In that case, why is the ordinary procedure not followed? Why, then, not make inquiry if the complainant himself comes before the Court with clean hands, and if he has legal right of complaint? As to the necessities of state, I deny that they exist, and I maintain, on the contrary, that the welfare of the state requires that the Bill shall be abandoned. If this Bill should become law, may it not one of these days perhaps be provocative of the greatest calamity which can befall a nation—I would say of a civil war resulting from a dispute as to the succession to the Crown?”

The Attorney-General then spoke in reply, calmly and trenchantly. He refuted the statements of the counsel for the defence, whom he accused of wandering from (the instances of such wandering, as may be supposed, were not adduced) and of attempting to prejudice the depositions of witnesses before they had even been heard. “But,” said he, “I am speaking before an assembly versed in the laws, familiar with our history, and acquainted with our Constitution, so that I am convinced that these digressions will have had no other effect than to heighten the eloquence of my learned friends, and that your lordships cannot but recognize their talented efforts.”

The Solicitor-General, who spoke immediately afterwards, repelled even more energetically the objections of both counsel for the defence, based on the equality of guilt in respect of adultery assignable to man and wife. “The Queen’s counsel appears to imagine,” he said, “that adultery is an action equally culpable in persons of either sex, but this is ludicrously absurd, since in the man adultery is never punished.”

Again Brougham made a speech in reply, and again the hearing of evidence was postponed by a motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the purport of which was to induce the Government to communicate to the House their grounds for assuming that the Queen was guilty. Lord Liverpool cut this motion short, recommending those who felt the need of information on that point, to what was already upon record in reference to the investigation of 1806.

We are now at the beginning of the sitting of 19 August. Lord King rose and said that counsel for the Queen having been heard, he considered it his duty to move once more that the proceedings, which he regarded as utterly useless, should be brought to an end. The arguments which he had heard advanced from the side of the supporters of the Bill had not convinced him that a Bill of this nature was necessary to the welfare of the state. A Bill of Pains and Penalties should not, he said, be brought forward except in case of absolute necessity.

Lord Liverpool rose to reply, and treating the question under two heads, he agreed with the declaration that a Bill of Pains and Penalties should only be resorted to in extreme cases, but remarked that in the actual case before them of the Queen it was not possible to proceed against her for the crime of high treason. What other method of procedure was there then open to the Government? Passing subsequently into the second part of Lord King's motion, he recalled to the consideration of the House what he had said when the same subject had previously been under their consideration; he had declared that, surveying all possible inconveniences, those which might arise from the present proceedings appeared to him to be less dangerous than those which would have resulted from the continued sojourn of Her Majesty upon the Continent with the title of Queen, for though, so long as she remained away from England she was not thrust upon the notice of the public as a person to whom was due the homage befitting Sovereign rank, so soon as she returned into England it became necessary either to yield her homage as a queen or to bring these charges before their House. The Government, he continued, wished to prevent the inquiry even after the Queen's return, and the Ministry had made certain offers to her; but on their part a condition *sine qua non* of every proposal was that she should reside out of England if she desired to exercise the rights and enjoy the privileges pertaining to her rank.

Finally, the Lord Chancellor called upon the Attorney-General to explain in full the charges brought against the Queen, which should then be immediately supported by the evidence of witnesses brought together from different places.

The Attorney-General, beginning from the day that the Princess of Wales arrived in Italy, followed her step by step from city to city, from country to country, from Milan to Naples, thence to Genoa, and thence back to Milan. Then to Venice, then to the cities of Sicily, thence to Tunis, to Athens, to the cities of the East, and Jerusalem. From there, after the return voyage, to Villa d'Este and Villa Barona. Then he described the tour in Tirol and spoke of what occurred in Carlsruhe; from Carlsruhe he pursued her to Vienna and Trieste, and from there reconducted her to Milan and the Villa Barona. From Lombardy he passed with her to Rome to the Villa Brandi and the Villa Rufinella, near Frascati, in succession. From this place, in the second half of the year 1817, the Princess went to reside at Pesaro.

The opening of the case for the prosecution lasted through two sittings on the 19th and 21st of the month, and it is truly with amazement and terror that one realizes the complicated network of espionage within which the wandering lady was fated to be enmeshed.

Mention was made of other places, and other slighter journeys,

but the evidence was not carried further than the year 1817, when the Princess took up her residence at the Villa Caprile, and subsequently at the Villa Gherardesca, near Pesaro, and seemed at last to be settled less temporarily than up to that time.

Let us glean here and there.

In the first fortnight of her stay at Milan the Princess took into her service as courier a person, Bartolomeo Pergami. This Pergami, who at that time was out of employment, had occupied the same position in the service of General Pino. Subsequently the Princess left for Rome and Naples, where she arrived on 8 November. From the very day of her arrival there, at a time when Pergami had only been a member of her household for three weeks, the Princess gave orders that the youth William Austin should no longer sleep in her bedchamber, as had hitherto been the arrangement, alleging as her reason that his age was now such as to make the indulgence unsuitable. But on the evening of 9 November one of the women of the bedchamber saw the Princess in a singularly agitated condition on her return from the opera. She had given instructions that another bed should be prepared in a room immediately communicating with her own. It had been supposed that the bed was intended for young Austin, but instead the person to whom it was assigned was quite another—in short, it was Pergami. The waiting-woman who was in readiness to attend upon the Princess was dismissed, at which she wondered; but she wondered still more the next day, when she perceived that the Princess's bed remained in exactly the same state as on the previous evening, whilst the one allotted to Pergami bore evident signs of having been occupied by two people.

This circumstance alone, remarked the Attorney-General, would establish before a jury proof of an adulterous intercourse commencing on 9 November.

The day and hour and place and circumstances of the first adulterous act having been fixed, the Attorney-General continued his speech, minutely analysing the progress of the licentious and criminal intercourse. Here is another circumstance still more positive, which is reported as occurring during the visit to Naples. Pergami, having been injured by the kick of a horse, was forced to keep his bed. A servant who had charge of him, and who slept in an adjoining room, after everybody had gone to bed, several times heard the Princess make her way cautiously across the corridor into Pergami's room, and heard that they were—were—in short, he could hear them kissing.

These words aroused a murmur of disgust and indignation in the House, whereupon the Attorney-General added, "I am sensible that the circumstances of which I am constrained to render a detailed account may cause your disgust to be reflected upon the narrator, but your lordships must recognize that I am

forced to put the facts alleged by the prosecution clearly before you.”

He continued.

One day in 1815, after dinner, when the Princess’s servants had withdrawn, a waiter at the Hotel Gran Bretagna saw the Princess put a golden necklace round Pergami’s neck. Pergami took it off again and put it jestingly on the neck of the Princess, who in her turn once more removed it and placed it again round Pergami’s neck. In August, 1815, Pergami was for the first time admitted to the Princess’s table; they were at Bellinzona, and he took his place there in his courier’s dress.

The period during which her love for her handsome and stalwart courier made the Princess the most unguarded seems to have been that of their sojourn in Sicily, before their departure for Greece and the East. There she was observed, continued the Attorney-General, to shut herself up in her apartments in the daytime without apparent motive, and it was concluded that she did so in order to spend the time in the company of Pergami. She behaved towards him in public in the most affectionate manner, and called him “my friend” or “my heart”

On one occasion at the Villa d’Este, after their return from their voyage to the East, a courier who had been sent on a distant errand returned to the villa at an advanced hour of the night, or rather of early morning. As nobody was yet up the courier decided to go direct to Pergami’s bedroom; but he did not find him there; instead he beheld him emerging from the sleeping apartment of the Princess. Although that courier had only a short time previously entered into service at the Court, Pergami made excuses, telling him that he had heard his little daughter weeping—she slept in the Princess’s chamber—and had gone in to quieten her. But all the same he enjoined silence upon him.

Here follows the last section of the Attorney-General’s opening speech, practically in its entirety. It will serve as a sample of the whole, whilst at the same time supplementing information already given relating to the Princess’s residence in Rome.

In February, 1817, the Princess, setting out from the Villa Barona, undertook a journey across Tirol into Germany. On her arrival at a place called Charnitz, Pergami was obliged to return to Innsbruck to obtain a passport for the continuance of the journey. During Pergami’s absence the Princess retired to sleep in a bedchamber, accompanied by one of her waiting-women. Towards the middle of the night Pergami returned with the passport. What would have been the conduct natural to a person dispatched on such an errand, on his return to the quarters of the person who employed him? Undoubtedly what you will be imagining; that is to say, that he would withdraw to his own bedroom for the night; but quite the contrary. He goes straight into the Princess’s room,

where the attendant is asleep, orders her to get out of her bed and drag it out of the room, whilst he remains alone with the Princess for the rest of the night. I ask you whether that fact alone in an ordinary case would not be held conclusive proof that a dishonourable relation existed between the Princess and Pergami. The maid withdraws, and the man remains. This single circumstance, if proved, ought to convince your lordships, independently of any other fact, that an adulterous relation already existed between the two persons. But, my lords, this is not all. The Princess continued her journey to Munich, and then to Carlsruhe, in Germany, where she remained eight days. At Carlsruhe the distribution of the bedchambers was made thus: the room numbered ten was occupied by the Princess; the one numbered twelve by Pergami; between these two rooms was one numbered eleven, which was used for meals, and also as a passage. But the openings of the two rooms, ten and twelve, were opposite one another, so that by crossing the central apartment you could go from one to the other. But there is still more. In Carlsruhe the princess was surprised by a chambermaid belonging to the hotel, who had come to bring water to Pergami's room, seated on his bed, whilst he had his arm round her neck. Could such a familiarity between persons so circumstanced exist without such a relation as that to which I am so often forced to call your attention existing at the same time? Upon that bed, furthermore, a cloak belonging to the Princess was found, and the hotel chambermaid observed signs of such a nature as should remove all doubts from your lordships' minds of the character of the relation between the Princess and Pergami. I say once more, my lords, that this fact alone is sufficient evidence of a prolonged adulterous intercourse, and that, if it be proved, all the other circumstances, such as the honours conferred upon Pergami, his acquisition of money, and other things, become easy of explanation. But if these facts are substantiated by convincing evidence, as I believe will be the case, they will result in justifying the contents of the Bill which is before your lordships. After Carlsruhe the Princess visited . . .

The Lord Chancellor.—On what date?

The Attorney-General—At the beginning of 1817. In January or February of 1817.

Lord Grosvenor.—What is the date of the carnival?

The Attorney-General.—The last days of 1816 or the beginning of 1817.

The Princess started on her journey in Tirol in February, 1817, so that she arrived at Carlsruhe towards the end of February or the beginning of March. From Carlsruhe the Princess proceeded to Vienna, where she remained for a short time, and thence set out for Trieste in a two-wheeled carriage which Pergami had bought, which would only hold two persons, and in which the

Princess and Pergami often travel alone. At Trieste she remained a few days, but again here also comment was made by the people of the hotel (I am afraid that I weary your lordships by continually reiterating like incidents) that the bedchambers of Pergami and the Princess were adjoining and in communication with one another. In the course too of this journey, when a stop had to be made at an inn to change horses, it was frequently remarked that the Princess and Pergami would enter the same room and lie down together upon the same bed, remaining there until the change of horses was completed. It may be asserted that this circumstance in itself proves nothing; but when it is taken together with the others, who could fail to decide that between these persons an adulterous relation existed?

From Trieste they moved on to Venice, thence they came to Milan, and at length to the Villa Barona, It was at this time that permission to sit at the Princess's table was accorded to the mother of Pergami and to his brother Luigi. They had hitherto served in very menial capacities, but from this time onwards they continued permanently to share the favour extended to Pergami And here again it might be said that all this was the result of the Princess's good-heartedness and the great freedom she permitted herself; but I would remark that the circumstance is a trifle singular, and that this family alone was thus distinguished by marks of favour. As to the little Vittorina, she was elevated to the dignity of Princess, on a level with the youth William Austin, who was styled Prince throughout the journey.

At the Villa Barona the Princess spent a little time, after which she visited the Villa d'Este and then returned to Rome, where she took up her residence in a villa known as the Villa Rufinella, then belonging to one of the Bonapartes, and after a short time migrated to another villa near the city, called the Villa Brandi. During her stay at the Villa Rufinella the Princess was seen in Pergami's bedchamber, and at the Villa Brandi⁴⁸ your lordships will need to take note of a very important circumstance which concerns the inquiry. Pergami's apartment was sufficiently near to that of the Princess, and between it and the Princess's ran a corridor serving as a communication between the two rooms. More than once one of the servants at his duties early in the morning observed Pergami, not yet dressed, going from his own room to that of the Princess. He entered and remained there with the door closed.

Brougham.—Will you have the goodness to give me the date of this occurrence?

Attorney-General.—Towards July, 1817.

Can your lordships, I ask, have any doubts about the motive which led a man in such a condition early in the morning, when she was still in bed, into the Princess's chamber, where he

remained with her? Do your lordships require stronger proof of the adulterous relation existing between these two persons? Would any one to whom it fell to decide in such a case, I ask, acknowledge any cause for hesitation? In my opinion, most certainly not. And the more so when it was shown that this was not an isolated instance, but that the same thing happened two or three times during the Princess's stay at Villa Brandi. From Villa Brandi in the month of August the Princess removed to Pesaro, where she occupied a villa close to the city, and established her permanent residence there. Here again, just as elsewhere, the Princess selected rooms for herself and Pergami, separate and detached from those of the rest of the suite, but in communication with one another. And she appeared so much dependent upon Pergami's company that his absence would cause her evident distress and the greatest anxiety. The occasion on which this anxiety more particularly showed itself was when Pergami went on a visit to the Villa Barona, near Milan, which had been purchased for him. She went out on the day on which he was expected to return in the hope of meeting him, and since she was disappointed that day she did the same thing again the next, and when finally they met she displayed all that uncurbed tenderness which may be supposed to exist towards one another in persons in the relation of which I have so often spoken. At Pesaro, as I have stated to your lordships, the Princess fixed her residence, excepting for the time occupied in a brief journey to France, and occasionally to other places, until the moment of her departure for this country.

The opening of the case for the prosecution by the Attorney-General does not end here as a speech, but in so far as it is a summary of the vicissitudes of travel it does end, and here we too will make an end, nauseated as we are, avowing, however, that in our summary we have omitted not the less important parts, but the more indecent.

The Attorney-General finished his speech at the sitting of 21 August as the drums were announcing the arrival of the Queen.

On that day also the House of Commons resumed its sittings, but it was resolved from the outset to adjourn the House till 18 September.

THE WITNESSES FOR THE PROSECUTION.

(From 21 August to 7 September.)

The witnesses heard before the House of Lords from 21 August to 7 September were cited by the side of the complainant to confirm the items of the accusation contained in the Bill. They were twenty-six all told, and for the greater part of Italian nationality, for the crime of which the Queen was accused had originated and practically been persisted in whilst she was in Italy. At the same time out of this number two Englishmen should be

excluded, the commanders of the ships “Clorinda” and “Leviathan”; a German, servant at the hotel at Carlsruhe; and a French-Swiss, head waiting-woman to the Princess; not to mention others who were Swiss-Italians. Each was examined in his own language by means of interpreters who translated their replies into English, necessarily giving occasion for frequent misunderstandings and in consequence hindering the regular and expeditious progress of the trial. The most important witnesses were often cross-questioned by the counsel for the defence and the members of the House of Lords, and recalled to the witness-box after short or long intervals. Their depositions provoked innumerable interruptions, and disputes often arose as to the method of examination or the expediency of making it at all.

The first witness heard was Teodoro Maiocchi, of Casal Pusterlengo, in the Lodigian district⁴⁹ He was at Naples in 1814, at the time of the Princess’s arrival, and entered her service during the period when Pergami was confined to his bed. Pergami and Maiocchi had been fellow-servants in the employment of General Pino.

He remained with the Princess in the position of groom from 1814 to 1817, and was with her at Rome, at Geneva, at Milan, at Villa d’Este before her departure for the East, in Sicily, Greece, and at Jerusalem, again at the Villa d’Este, and then at Pesaro, at the Villa Caprile, and the Villa Vittoria. He saw and he overheard . . . and he recounted many incidents to the House; but being very uncouth and very cunning, every time that he did not see clearly the object of the question, or he fancied that a snare was being laid to catch him in an inconsistency, he had recourse to the convenient expedient, “Non mi ricordo” (I do not remember). The innocent expression was reported and reiterated and laughed at throughout the country. Against the expression Brougham’s eloquence discharged thunderbolts, and the ingenuity of artists was humorously exercised, so that for a long time it remained in use in the English language to convey the idea of a falsehood to which, though knowing it to be a falsehood, the speaker did not wish to commit himself. Maiocchi was certainly very much more a poor wretch plagued by the British law courts than a mere sharper. It is worthy of note that, according to the customs of that nation, the witnesses in a case under trial are not invited to declare what they know on the subject in question, and that they are not permitted to express their opinions on it. They are only allowed to reply categorically to the questions put to them. The examinations and cross-examinations were made in the ordinary way by the two parties to the suit; but in the present instance a third must be taken into account, more persistent and scrupulous than either, namely, the entire House of Lords. If we consider for a moment the position of the man who was thrown into the midst of these

opposed factions, upon each of which the duty was imposed of demolishing with well-directed assaults whatever the other side had been successful in extracting by an adroit interpellation, whilst our confidence in the value of endeavouring to get at the truth in such a fashion diminishes, our compassion is proportionately increased for the person exposed to so exacerbating a proceeding.

When the Queen, who had heard unmoved the conclusion of the address for the prosecution, turned her eyes to the bar and beheld the witness Maiocchi, she rose suddenly from her seat, and exclaiming, "Teodoro! No, no!" left the house, followed by Lady Anne Hamilton, and did not return to it that day.

Maiocchi it was who swore to having seen the Princess enter Pergami's bedchamber at Naples when he was ill, and remain there with him. And it was he also who confirmed the principal points alleged by the prosecution, exclaiming with apparent sincerity, "May my head be cut off immediately if I have told a single lie." But every public trial has its victims, which are not always those concerning whom the trial has come about. The Queen, whom one would have expected to be crushed under the weight of evidence, rose each day higher in the esteem and affection of her supporters, whilst poor Maiocchi was overwhelmed beneath the execration of a populace excited and blinded by passion.

After him Gaetano Paturzo and Vincenzo Gargiulo were called to the witness-box. The first was a merchant captain, and the latter owner and commander of the Italian ship "Industria," the name of which was afterwards changed to the "Royal Charlotte," chartered in Sicily by the Princess. Upon this ship, the necessary reconstruction having been effected, the Princess sailed, as has already been mentioned, on her voyage to Tunis, and thence to Greece, Constantinople, and Jaffa, returning upon it to Syracuse, Messina, and finally to Porto D'Anzio. Each of these sailors, more particularly the former, gave evidence as to the precise manner in which the cabins were arranged, as to the nearness of that of Pergami to that of the Princess, as to the usages customary on board, as to the habit which the Princess had of sleeping under one and the same awning with Pergami, and as to other details of a similar nature. Paturzo concluded, "I am morally certain that the Princess and Pergami slept under the awning, because there were horses on board which made a good deal of noise, and they asserted that they could not sleep down below."

Francesco Birollo, of Vercelli, who had been in the Princess's service as cook for about two years and accompanied her on her Eastern journey, also deposed to having seen the Princess and Pergami under the awning.

After the Italian captains came the Englishmen, Samuel Pechell and Thomas Briggs. The former received the Princess on

board the ship "Clorinda," which he commanded in 1815 and 1816, taking her from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, and from there to Genoa, and afterwards from Messina to Syracuse. The latter conveyed the Princess on the ship "Leviathan" from Genoa to Palermo, and from that place to Messina in 1816. Captain Pechell said in substance as follows: "The first time that I received the Princess on board my ship Pergami accompanied her in the quality of servant. The Princess did me the honour to sit at my table, and Pergami of course companioned with the other servants. On the second occasion the Princess expressed a wish that Pergami should sit at table with us. I begged her, employing Captain Briggs as my intermediary, that she would not force me to receive at my table a man whom I had hitherto regarded as a servant; but the Princess was unwilling to concede her point, and in consequence she provided her own table, to which Pergami alone was admitted."

Captain Briggs also deposed that at Pechell's request he had made certain representations to the Princess on this point, but that no useful purpose was served.

We may pass over a brief deposition by the manager of the Hotel Aquila Bianca at Trieste, bearing on the customary impropriety in the matter of bedchambers, open doors, keys, nightdresses, basins, and so on, and come to a more important witness—not, however, less, but more indecent—the German, Barbara Kress.

Kress was a servant at the hotel at Carlsruhe, where the Princess stayed during her Tirolese expedition. She saw as a matter of course, during the carrying out of her duties, certain things which gave rise to gossiping comment, and which she proceeded to detail. She related that one evening between seven and eight o'clock, having entered the famous room No. 12 to supply it with water, she saw, as the Attorney-General stated in his indictment, the Princess seated upon the bed upon which Pergami was extended.

She was asked whether she observed if Pergami was dressed, and replied—

"No, I could not see. But I noticed that his arm was white."

"And where was his arm?"

"When I entered, his arm was round the Princess's neck; but when my presence was observed, he allowed his arm to fall."

"What did the Princess do when you entered the room?"

"She arose hurriedly and appeared frightened."

The Queen, who was present whilst this evidence was given, as soon as she heard the last words, rose from her seat apparently perturbed, and casting an angry glance at the witness, left the House of Lords.

On the same day, 27 August, in one of the many replies to one of the numerous addresses which reached her from all parts of England, the Queen thus expressed herself:

“The proceedings commenced against me in the House of Lords are of such an extraordinary nature that it is difficult to apply a suitable name to them. They are not judicial, for they are opposed to all judicial forms. They are not constitutional, since they disregard the first principles of the Constitution. They are not legal, since there is scarcely a law which they do not infringe. What are they then? How shall they be designated? They are a legal monstrosity, the offspring of the Green Bag, which was crammed full of defamatory libels and falsehoods.”

Kress was then examined and cross-examined at great length, not only as to what she had involuntarily observed, but as to the people who had instructed her to give evidence, as to the rewards which had been given her, and the promises which had been made to her.

At length, to the relief of those present, the chambermaid of the Carlsruhe hotel was dismissed, and in her place there was called to the witness-box Giuseppe Bianchi, a Swiss-Italian porter at the hotel Gran Bretagna at Venice. He was present at the idyllic episode of the Venetian golden necklace, which the Princess purchased and with her own hands placed round her favourite's neck. Then Paolo Ragazzoni, of Varese, mason at the Villa d'Este, was called, and deposed to having seen the Princess, on more than one occasion, eating in the kitchen in Pergami's company, at times out of the same dish.

Paolo Oggione, of Lodi, under-cook at the Villa d'Este, spoke of the Princess's frolics at the Villa Barona, and of the dances performed by the Turk Mahomet. The undercook was followed by the bedchamber woman, Louise Demont, a Swiss from Colombier, in the Canton Vaud, who was attached to the Princess's person for some space of time, at all the places where she made either a short or a long stay, and during all the journeys that she undertook between September, 1814, and September, 1817.

Louise Demont was the principal prop of the structure raised by the prosecution, and consequently the point upon which the subversionary efforts of counsel for the defence were unanimously directed. Demont, with added details which we suppress, confirmed the Neapolitan scandals at the Court and in private society. She deposed as to the Princess's fashion of dress at the fête, at the Teatro San Carlo, and of the loud disapproval expressed by those present, and described the triple change of dress at the fête of San Silvestro. A member of the House of Lords having asked for an exact indication of the height of the Princess's décolletage at a fete, Demont placed her finger on her bosom, very

low down, and said, "Down to here"

In Catania she observed the customary things which we have already seen deposed to so frequently, but she saw them in the company of her sister Marietta, who some time previously had entered the Princess's service. She confirmed the details already recounted about the voyage to the East, the knightly honours conferred upon Pergami, and the order instituted at Jerusalem, and certain circumstances of life at the Villa Barona, the Villa d'Este, and the Villa di Caprile after their return. Asked whether she was present on a certain occasion when at the Villa Barona Pergami, in the Princess's presence, related a certain amorous tale, she replied in the affirmative; but on being invited to repeat it she declined, saying that she could not venture to do so, as it was too indecent.

At Pesaro, when Pergami left the villa to go into the city, he gave his hand to the Princess, who said to him, "Adieu, my heart; adieu, my dear friend," and Pergami replied, "Au revoir."

Louise Demont, however, admitted that she had been dismissed for having maintained the truth of a statement which she now confessed to be false. She admitted having been instructed to depose to what she knew about by certain persons at Milan, and to have written a certain letter to her sister Marietta, who had remained in the Princess's service, in which she spoke in terms of the highest praise of the goodness and generosity of the Princess.

Brougham demanded that this letter, and another addressed to the Princess (two monuments of feminine knavery, aiming apparently at blackmail and perhaps other objects), should be translated into English and preserved amongst the records of the inquiry.

Other witnesses followed in succession. Luigi Galdini and Domenico Brusa, masons, who had worked at the Villa d'Este, and who had observed more or less the customary things. Much about the same was seen and related by Alessandro Finetti, a decorative painter, who was also at Pesaro; by Antonio Bianchi, Carlo Rancatti, and Francesco Cassina.

Giuseppe Rastelli, one of the most adroit agents of the Milan Commission, who was for about a year in the Princess's service as head of the stables, reached in his revelations as to fondlings and endearments the extreme limit to which it is possible to go in reporting an affair of this nature.

Finally, without wasting our time on the evidence of Giuseppe Galli, Giuseppe dall' Orto, and Giuseppe Guggiari, we come to the other prop of the prosecution—Giuseppe Sacchi, the last witness.

He entered the Princess's service as courier while she was at the Villa d'Este, and was speedily promoted to be equerry; but he only remained with her for a year. Sacchi was, amongst the

witnesses for the prosecution, the one for whom it is least possible to feel sympathy, and whom it is most difficult to exculpate. He had been in the army of the kingdom of Italy, and had been promoted to a lieutenancy of cavalry on the field of battle; yet he did not scruple for the sake of pay to become one of the most active agents of the Commission of Milan, to the injury of the lady whom he had served as equerry. Sacchi was the courier who, on his return to the Villa d'Este at an advanced hour of the night, proceeded to Pergami's bedchamber, when there was no absolute need for his doing so, and was in consequence able to vouch for the latter's absence from his own room. Sacchi it was who being dispatched on a certain occasion to Turin to secure apartments for the Princess and her suite at the Hotel dell' Universo, so managed the allotment of the rooms that those of the Princess and Pergami should be at some distance from one another, with the intention, of course, of procuring additional evidence of their guilty relations. As it turned out, the arrangement made pleased neither the Princess nor Pergami, and a redistribution of the rooms was effected which secured them the desired contiguity.

After a close questioning by the Marquis of Buckingham, followed by a long and intricate debate, occasioned by reservations and hair-splittings, Sacchi informed the House that Giuseppe Marietti, banker, of London, son of Marietti, banker, of Milan, presented himself one day at his, Sacchi's, house, during the period of his stay in London, and asked him in Brougham's name, inasmuch as the Ministry had refused to acquaint him with the names of the witnesses for the prosecution and with the items of the charge against the Queen, if he were willing to give any information himself. "I replied," said Sacchi, "that even supposing I had had any information; I should have been unwilling to impart it, lest the action might compromise me, that I was acquainted with only one of the witnesses, and that I did not know what evidence any of them proposed to tender."

Asked why he had changed his surname to Milani, he replied that he did so because he was told in Paris that it might prove dangerous if he appeared in London under his own name.

By desire of counsel for the defence Maiocchi was introduced a second time and questioned upon fresh details, after which the Attorney-General rose to say that there were still on the list of witnesses to be heard three of Swiss nationality, who had been summoned in ample time, but who had not appeared. These gentlemen, inhabitants of Lugano, got as far as Beauvais, where they had news of the dangers encountered by those who had disembarked at Dover a little time before, and being unwilling to continue their journey to London, had straightway turned back to their native place. The Attorney-General therefore asked for a postponement so that he might procure their recall.

About this contretemps, as it is hardly necessary to say, a lengthy dispute arose, in which counsel and peers took part from different standpoints; but in the outcome, a dispatch having arrived from Milan stating that a longer time than had been judged necessary would have to be afforded them in the event of their recall, the Attorney-General withdrew his demand; and so when it had been made clear that neither Marietti, junior, in London, nor still less Marietti, senior, at Milan, had been threatened by the English Government for the part taken by them in support of the Queen, and counsel for the defence having declared that they had no further cross-examination to make, the Solicitor-General for the Crown rose to sum up and confirm the allegations contained in the Bill, and as a matter of course to refute the contentions of the opposite side.

He remarked, in the first place; that practically in no case is adultery proved in a direct manner, and that necessarily it cannot be. It can only be proved by deduction, according to a principle of jurisprudence set forth by judges of great reputation. Undoubtedly the deductions should be based upon assured facts, they ought not to be based upon conclusions speciously suggested, but upon grounds such as would convince any person of good sense. As to the contradictions of Maiocchi, he would say that an endeavour had been made to shake the confidence which this witness merited by subjecting him to three very long cross-examinations, which lasted seven hours, and were occupied with a summary of three years of the daily life of a household. "Well," he exclaimed, "I have reread every word attentively, and I fail to see that a single instance of contradiction in what he has deposed to has been proved. A great deal has been made of the phrase *Non mi ricordo*; but when this witness was tormented with minute and absurd questions, which were the purest caviling, what else could he reply except that he did not remember anything of the land."

Continuing his discourse, the orator said that some circumstance regarded as of no importance might in reality be most significant. It has been proved, and nobody has ventured to deny it, that the Princess promenaded on Pergami's arm when he held no higher appointment than that of courier. "To me it appears, according to my way of thinking, that that circumstance is quite sufficient proof of her guilt." Coming then to the evidence of Demont, he said, "I am very far from wishing to deny the good qualities of the Queen; when we call to mind the illustrious house from which she is descended, I do not doubt for one moment that the Queen possesses in all their fullness the qualities assigned to her in the letters of her former waiting-woman. But we should go too far if we claimed that the most lofty generosity, the most unlimited charity, and the most profound sensibility are

incompatible in a woman's heart with an ignoble and guilty passion, and with the conduct of which the Queen is accused. No one who is acquainted with the human heart could trust to such reasoning."

Finally, the Solicitor-General said that it was his duty to allude to the expressions of reproach cast at those who had taken part in this prosecution and to reply to them. It was impossible, he said, for the persons who were at the head of His Majesty's Government not to take cognizance of rumours which reflected upon the honour of Her Royal Highness, and which were spread all over Europe. The only available method of deciding whether these rumours had any foundation or not was the institution of an inquiry, for the purposes of which persons of the highest integrity and most profoundly versed in the laws of the country had been selected. Such, without the least doubt, was the person appointed to preside over the Commission; the one who came next to him was renowned for his long connexion with the law. With the third, Colonel Browne, the Solicitor-General had no acquaintance, but he knew well enough that he enjoyed a reputation at least equal to that of those who ventured to traduce him.

The Solicitor-General believed that he might say that he had not distorted any fact, nor attempted to present any fact under false colours, and he desired from the bottom of his heart that Her Royal Highness might succeed in proving her innocence completely before their lordships and the public. Would she be able to do so? That was not for him to decide. He had only to say that the indictment set out in the preamble of the Bill was proved, unless such proof should be impeached by evidence clear, distinct, and satisfactory on the part of the Queen.

When the Solicitor-General had finished his summary, the Lord Chancellor, turning to Brougham, said, "The House desires to know how you intend to proceed; whether you intend to commence the defence at once, or to ask for a postponement."

The unforeseen consequences which might arise both from haste and from delay rendered a reply difficult. Brougham could not decide at the moment which of the two courses to select. His uncertainty is apparent, from the expedients to which he had recourse to avoid giving a decision. In the end, being compelled to answer, he stated that he was not prepared to respond immediately, and he hoped that patience might be extended to him until noon of the day following, when he would inform the House whether he had need of a postponement. The House agreed.

We have now arrived at the evening of 7 September.

At the beginning of the afternoon sitting on 8 September Brougham announced, as was expected, that he proposed to

proceed immediately.

It was clear enough that the Queen's party ran the risk of losing the favour she was enjoying, if the minds of her supporters should be left long under the influence of what the witnesses for the prosecution had affirmed, and what the Attorney and Solicitor-General had summarized. But Brougham having added that he would presently require a postponement so as to be able to produce witnesses who were expected from abroad, the difficult question arose whether it could be permitted, in accordance with law and precedent, that an interval should elapse between the first and second part of the defence; finally, after lengthy discussion, it was decided that counsel for the defence should be invited to begin, provided they could produce their witnesses at once. If, however, they were not ready, an adequate postponement would be granted them. Thereupon Brougham asked that the proceedings might be resumed that day three weeks (it was 9 September); so on the motion of the Lord Chancellor the House adjourned to 3 October.

AMONGST THE PUBLIC AND AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(From 9 September to 3 October.)

Proceedings having been suspended, and the House of Lords adjourned till 3 October, whilst as far back as 23 August the House of Commons had been adjourned till 18 September, all the interest of the English people in the trial was displayed in public: in newspapers and pamphlets, in political clubs and various assemblies, at public meetings, at outdoor places of resort, and in the privacy of family life. But its expression did not produce the ordinary calming result, nor make it lose in intensity. Rather did the excitement tend to become converted into actual hatred towards those who were known not to belong to the Queen's party. It had even been concluded that the two Houses had been simultaneously adjourned on this very account. During the examination of the witnesses, at the termination or resumption of the sittings, a menacing crowd surrounded the peers as they passed out or in, and attempted to cow them with hisses and threats. Not even the Duke of Wellington, the chief military glory of his country, was spared from howls and insults, both at the commencement, throughout the duration, and after the conclusion of the examination; whilst the Queen was always the object of the most affectionate manifestations. At the commencement of the sittings, as she drove up in her coach to the Houses of Parliament, the crowd burst into roars of "Long live the Queen!" "The Queen or death!" "We will defend you to the last drop of our blood!" and

for many days after the evidence of Maiocchi had been given “Long live the Queen!” “Down with Maiocchi!” “Down with hired witnesses.”

The Common Council of the city of London had from the beginning shown itself openly on her side, so she took this opportunity of making them a present of her own portrait in token of gratitude, and the portrait would have been there and then hung in a place of honour in the council chamber, if some one had not remarked that the Queen was, at any rate, upon her trial, and that it would be expedient to wait and see what would come of it.

But nothing is of greater assistance in giving an idea of the moral and political state of England at this juncture than public opinion interpreted by the pencil of the artist. It is curious to notice that amongst the many and various caricatures of this year which are accessible to us, not a single one hints even remotely at any weak side in the Queen, at her amours, at errors in her life; all directly or indirectly are to her honour and glory.

Before the Houses assembled again, a letter had been made public, addressed by Lord John Russell to Mr. Wilberforce, which may be regarded as an expression of opinion from the entire Whig party; whilst another, framed in powerful language, which Sir Gerard Noel, a member of Parliament, had addressed to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, was also published.

On 18 September the sittings of the House of Commons were resumed. It is impossible to describe the unbridled liberty of speech which was indulged in in criticizing all the details of the conduct of the trial, and the trial itself, which was spoken of as ruinous to the nation.

On the opening of the House, when the customary formalities had been complied with—a motion and the observations of those who seconded it—Mr. Hobhouse rose to speak.

Considering the difficulties, still on the increase, in which that House and the nation were unhappily involved, he could have wished some honourable member other and more worthy than himself had risen to oppose the motion of the Lord Chancellor, to take into consideration the conduct and methods of the other House. The House of Commons has gravely disapproved of both, and regards them as injurious to the honour of the Crown and the most vital interests of the Empire. Presumably the King has the right to prorogue Parliament for the benefit of the nation; but he believed, nevertheless, that if Parliament should continue to be prorogued from one day to another, according to the desires of the Ministry, a grave inconvenience would result to the members of the House without any corresponding public utility, and that from that time onwards those who sat on the same side as himself would be well advised to withdraw, and leave all the odium of the trial on

the shoulders of the gentlemen who occupy the other side. He was opposed then to the motion of the Honourable Chancellor above all, because to adopt it would be to inscribe in their records that the House of Commons considers what is going on in the other House consistent and beneficial to the nation. With all the respect which he felt for the House of Lords, he did not think that the House of Commons would be justified in such a step, since it would place it in clear contradiction with itself, the Lords having proceeded with an inquiry which the Commons had rejected. The Lords had examined the contents of the green bag, whilst on the table of the House of Commons it had been disdainfully ignored, and not even opened. For his part, he was surprised that any man of common sense and education could maintain that the Bill of Pains and Penalties could be discussed impartially in the House of Lords. Their lordships were not worse, but nevertheless no better, than other men, and they were consequently open to respond to the influences and sentiments which affect every human being. With the favours of their sovereign on one side, and the probability on the other of their being deserted by him, it was not difficult to foresee how they would act

Mr. Hobhouse was called to order.

When he resumed his speech he declared that it was no part of his intention to transgress the regulations of the House, but that it was his firm resolve, since he had little faith in the impartiality of the other House, to exert every effort to arrest the progress of the Bill under discussion on the threshold. It was impossible that the proceedings could result advantageously either to the King or to the nation. Public opinion had expressed itself opposed to those proceedings from one end of the kingdom to the other, and that opinion was based upon a love of justice and a hatred of oppression—noble sentiments, which had always distinguished the British nation. It had been said that the object of the Bill was not necessarily the freeing of His Majesty from his matrimonial bonds, and that the portion of the Bill which provided for such liberation would probably not pass the House. What, in that case, was the aim of the proposers of this measure? What benefit would be conferred, if in the end it were proved that one of the parties to the suit was a prostitute, and the other a . . . ? It was impossible to say the word in that House. But supposing that it should come about that the Bill should pass, a thing which it was scarcely possible to conceive, had the noble lord and the honourable gentleman reflected upon what was to be the end of this Bill? Let them go in and out amongst the lower classes of the people, and realize, if they could, their attitude upon the question.

Some disposition to abandon a portion of the Bill had been displayed; why not then the remainder of it? If the Queen was not to be divorced, for what purpose humiliate her? As a matter of

fact, the Bill tended to humiliate not only the Queen, but the King, the Parliament, and the whole country. He therefore entreated the House, in God's name, to put an end to these proceedings. What result had been reached now that they had concluded the hearing of evidence in the other House? The ministers, the ambassadors, the legal dignitaries of the land, had been displayed as spies, listeners at keyholes, suborners of perjury; and to complete the picture the peers of England, descendants of ancient heroes, venerable supporters of the state, had lent themselves to unbecoming chatter about disarranged bed-linen and chamber utensils. Was this then a fitting occupation for the representatives of noble families? And if the Peers had thus acted, must the House of Commons, made up of representatives of the nation, in like manner lend itself to proceedings which the nation had condemned?

The other House had been surrounded by troops; if the Bill passed to the House of Commons the same thing would happen there. Then how must England blush beneath the eyes of Europe if her popular representatives should be driven to encircle themselves with bayonets, because confidence between them and the people they represented no longer existed? Another question presented itself: who was going to pay the expenses of these proceedings? It is permissible to conclude that they will not be extracted from the pockets of the honourable gentleman (Castlereagh) and the noble lord of the party opposite (Liverpool), so that the people of England must inevitably defray them. Have the people then clamoured for such proceedings? Quite the contrary. The people have declared them to be shameful, infamous, and longed to have them brought to a summary conclusion. A further forcible objection to the Bill can be adduced: the Lords are acting as jury, as judge, and even as accusers, since the Attorney-General announced that he appeared by their lordships' instructions. What justice can be looked for from so monstrous a tribunal?

Then Sir Robert Wilson rose and spoke with equal emphasis. He stated that he had been present at all the sittings of the House of Lords, that he had heard all the evidence, and he declared, without hesitation, that the whole affair was nothing else but the culmination of a shameful and infamous conspiracy, a conspiracy planned, not at Milan, but in Hanover. Could any one have the smallest doubt on the subject when it was seen that Ompteda, after having carried out the instruction given to him to break open locks, to manufacture false keys, to steal letters; after having, like a coward, refused to fight with a brave officer who had sent him a challenge; had yet been overwhelmed with honours upon his return to Hanover. And what could be said of the Milan Commission, that bureau of corruption, that sanctuary of

traitorous servants and dismissed subordinates?

To throw light on the character of the witnesses who had given evidence against the Queen, a letter of Giuseppe Sacchi's was read, from which it appeared that he was in much better circumstances than he admitted before the House.

Amongst others, an honourable member, Mr. Bennett, has spoken. He reminded you that men condemned for crimes as to which the proofs were incontrovertible had maintained that they were innocent to the last moment of their lives; they wished, so far as possible, to protect the honour of their families. But a guilty man did not voluntarily invite an inquiry which he could avoid. If the House would consider these points, it would speedily realize that the Queen was not guilty of the hateful and shameful crime of which she was accused, and that no more infernal conspiracy had ever been contrived than that of which Her Majesty was the victim. In this trial, for the first time, the judges of the land were to be seen in direct opposition to all other classes of society, for the army and navy had endorsed the opinion of the great majority of the people.

The honourable member, Mr. Bennett, was well aware that the House of Lords could not be censured as an integral part of the Parliament, but in this instance it was merely a court of justice, and he would comment upon its actions as he would upon those of the royal court or upon those occupied with civil cases. He would say, with all the respect which he owed to the House of Lords, that experience of times gone by as well as of our own times, had convinced him that no other court of justice could be so corrupt. He believed that this was the first occasion on which plaudits from the judges had been heard in a court of justice. It was only too clear to an impartial auditor that everything affirmed by one side was believed; everything affirmed by the other discredited. What would be the result of the inquiry in the cause at present suspended? That, it was impossible to foresee exactly; but it was certain that if the House realized its own true interests and the interests of the nation, it would adopt the amendment which had been proposed.

A member named Hume said that it might have been expected that if the ministers wished to bring forward grave accusations against Her Majesty, they would, at least, have produced witnesses worthy of respect. Why had the country been affronted by such witnesses, if recourse had been possible to others, whether Italian or English, of respectable standing? How did it come about that foreign governments had compelled the witnesses to attend and give evidence? Whilst the King's Ambassadors had been acting as spies upon the Continent and accumulating all sorts of ignoble fables against the Queen, Mr. Harvey, the Queen's accredited agent, had found obstacles thrown in his way at every turn, and

been prevented from carrying out his instructions. Mr. Hume was in a position to prove that by the machinations of Colonel Browne four witnesses had been prevented from coming to England, as had been their intention, and he would ask Lord Castlereagh whether instructions had been given for the detention in England of the witnesses for the prosecution. One of them, Rastelli, was now on his way to Italy, and without doubt he had been commissioned to hinder certain persons he knew of from coming to England to give the lie to the accusations against the Queen; so that actually the witnesses for the prosecution were assisted, whilst those who wished to speak in the Queen's favour were intimidated. If justice were meted out to the authors of this odious plot it would be necessary to impeach them, and amongst them, in the first place, the ministers themselves, who had brought about a trial which was a public misfortune, a degradation of the monarchy, and a dishonour to the nation. The ministers, by lending themselves to such perilous infractions of the Constitution, to such audacious attacks upon Royalty, showed themselves indisputably as Radicals whom the nation might well dread.

Lord Castlereagh replied fully to all speakers.

He was surprised that it should have been alleged that the House of Commons had pronounced against the inquiry; on the contrary, it had adjourned three times on account of the proceedings in the House of Lords. It appeared to him that it would be going against the Queen's interests if the proceedings should be stopped. Her legal advisers had not yet been heard. As regards the disgusting details into which the Attorney-General had been obliged to enter, these were not an invention of his own. If there had been a conspiracy, as the honourable gentleman asserted, what purpose could these disgusting particulars be made to serve? He would invite them to prove that this was one of the plots against the Queen, and declared that he would energetically contest the statement. He then moved that the House be adjourned till 17 October, and the motion was carried.

What was said by the various speakers in the House of Commons with regard to the withdrawal of the proceedings is to some extent confirmed by a letter from Professor Rasori to Tommasini, dated 30 September, and by what happened to Tommasini himself.

"Neither you nor I," said Rasori, "will go to London so far as I can see, but it will matter very little. We should have been obliged in our evidence to confine ourselves to generalities, so that it would have been practically superfluous, for Antaldi and other people can say a good deal more, and with a good deal more weight, than we can do, by reason of the time that has passed, and a variety of other circumstances. Our being asked to give evidence at all is

owing, as are a good many other things which concern the Queen—a woman worthy of a better fate—to lack of judgment on the part of her advisers. All the letters inviting witnesses to go to England were written in Italy upon blank paper signed by her in London. On this point I can speak to you from acquaintance with the facts, and above all I speak after the receipt recently of a long letter from the Queen herself, which entrusts me with quite other matters than a journey to London, and speaks also of her expectation of seeing me soon in Italy. Do not distress yourself on the subject therefore, and if other requests should be made to you don't trouble yourself about them, and allow yourself to be guided by the fact that I never do anything myself merely from motives of expediency."

Tommasini, however, did not look at things from the same point of view as his illustrious friend. Consequently, realizing that in his journey to London he would have the opportunity on his way across France of amplifying the extent of his scientific knowledge, of making the acquaintance of learned foreigners, and of visiting the French and English Universities, he petitioned the Roman Government that no obstacles might be raised to his acceptance of the invitation extended to him. But the pontifical administration, as things turned out, did raise persistent though veiled objections, for Cardinal Consalvi had long since come to decided conclusions about the Princess of Wales, despite the deference she had shown him with the object of attaching him to her party. To Cardinal Consalvi the Princess of Wales was never the Queen of England, either presumptively or actually, and Denman in his speech for the defence well said that the Papal Government alone had ventured to dispute the claim of the royal lady to the title of Queen.

At Rome, consequently, a velvet-gloved opposition was set up to Tommasini's requests. The reply came—of course it was merely a pretext—that the injury which would result to his young students by the Professor's absence was only too easily perceptible. Not until the end of the autumn, when affairs in London, contrary to every rational anticipation, appeared to be taking a turn favourable to the Queen, was the permission so many times asked accorded to him. But the concession was made at so late an hour that when Tommasini arrived at Calais the trial was over, and his evidence in consequence was no longer needed.⁵⁰

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENCE.

(From 3 October to 10 November.)

On all sides a feverish suspense had prevailed for several days.

Everyone knew that the Bill must undergo two more readings, and consequently be voted upon twice, after which it would be referred to the House of Commons, where the same processes would have to be gone through as in the House of Lords, and that finally it must be returned to the House of Lords to receive the royal sanction. Everybody knew this, but everybody waited anxiously for Brougham's speech, for the evidence of the witnesses for the defence, and for the winding up of the whole case.

The sitting having opened, and counsel for the defence having been introduced, Brougham was called upon for his speech. When he had finished his splendid defence, the Lord Chancellor rose and said: "I see that Mr. Williams, who has not yet spoken, proposes to do so, but the rule is that when one of the counsel for the defence opens the case the witnesses for the defence should be brought forward immediately, and that the second counsel should be at liberty only to sum up the evidence and point out in what it consisted and what it tended towards. It is altogether useless to allow of the delivery of speeches before the hearing of evidence, but I believe that your lordships will be inclined to exert a discretionary power and permit Mr. Williams to deliver his address, although it may be contrary to precedent."

The suggestion thus ably made by the Chancellor was accepted by the House, and Mr. Williams was accorded permission to speak. And he also spoke very skillfully: now restricting himself to the path already trodden by his predecessor and now diverging from it "In the first place," he said, "so far as this cause was concerned, it was necessary that it should be made clear who was the Queen's antagonist." If no reply was received to this question, he would not pronounce the name of the King, which was always regarded as an unassailable stronghold. But let the noble lords who were gathered together to pronounce judgment upon the Queen's honour guard themselves well against prejudices, and be prepared to divest themselves of all prepossessions to which, on the one side, exalted puissance, and on the other unsupported feebleness might easily give occasion. Premising then that Her Majesty the Queen was in a most difficult situation with respect to the witnesses who had given evidence, both from their number and the weight of their testimony, he proceeded to examine the difficulties. He, just as Brougham had done, laid tremendous stress on the fact that the Bill was bolstered up by perjuries, and of course he entered into illustrative particulars. Maiocchi, with his *non mi ricordo*, and Demont were both attacked and skillfully disarmed.

Williams embellished his address with frequent Latin quotations, which enabled him to convey far more than he dared to say openly. As an example we may cite the hint at the powerful but concealed influence which underlay the conduct of the trial He exclaimed—

“Verbosa et grandis epistola venit
A Capreis! . . .”

and then abruptly backing out of an expression which provoked comparisons between George IV and Tiberius, he interpreted, “In other words, that large green bag which arrived crammed full from Milan.”

The House was detained during two sittings by the hearing of Mr. Williams’s speech, and he finished up brilliantly, suggesting rather the *expediency* of equity than making an absolute *demand* for justice. “I trust that your lordships will give your attention to the extinction of the fire that has been kindled, to the removal of animosities that have been provoked, and to the peaceful maintenance of the safety of the empire. That is the second wish that comes from my heart. The first is that at all risks, and whatever may be the consequences, the cause of plain justice may prevail.”

Before the witnesses for the defence were introduced, an incident arose in connexion with the chamberlain of the Grand Duke of Baden and with General Domenico Pino. Counsel for the Queen had previously testified that these two witnesses, whose evidence was vital to the Queen’s defence, had been hindered from putting in an appearance by hidden malevolence—the chamberlain by his Grand Duke, and General Pino by the Austrian Governor of Italy. Pino had, indeed, obtained permission; but on the express condition that he should not appear in uniform, which condition, of course, according to the counsel for the defence, had caused him to decide not to come over to England, lest he should run the risk of losing his rank as general.

Lord Liverpool declared that he had already offered, and now offered afresh, to place at the disposition of counsel for the defence every means which the Government could employ to induce such witnesses as might be required to come to London and give evidence. As to what had been said about General Pino, he did not think that the excuse preferred by that gentleman was the true reason which had prevented him from appearing on behalf of Her Majesty. He had seen the correspondence which had taken place with the Austrian Governor, and he knew it for a fact that after what had happened at Dover the Governor had considered it advisable to put in force a general regulation that no official who came to England to give evidence should appear in uniform. That regulation, even admitting it to be arbitrary, extended to witnesses on both sides and was a necessary precaution; for the rest, nothing was more ordinary than to see officers who were not on active service in private dress. The

motive assigned by the counsel for the defence could not, therefore, be the one which had decided Pino not to come. Some other there must be which was more weighty with the General.

The Duke of Wellington rose and explained that in the regulations in force in the Austrian army it is prescribed that officers who are called upon as witnesses must appear in private dress, even at courts-martial, with the idea that any reproach which may fall upon the evidence shall not be reflected upon the uniform they wear.

“When the defenders of Her Majesty the Queen,” said Brougham thereupon, “can no longer hope for the opportunity of proving their assertions, in the case of General Pino, it is declared that they have not taken the necessary measures to attain their end. A part of the evidence which they would be able to adduce depends upon witnesses who are not in England, especially upon Mr. Henry, who is at this moment in Milan engaged in the collection of depositions for the Queen’s defence. At the same time, they are prepared at this very moment to go into details about events at Baden.” They desired to postpone to a later date those facts only which could be attested by General Pino and other officers who were disposed to appear on the Queen’s behalf.

In consequence of this, James Leman, a clerk in the employ of the solicitor Mr. Vizard, was at once called into the box, and declared upon oath that he had been to Carlsruhe, on behalf of the Queen, to request the chamberlain of the Duke of Baden to come to London; that the chamberlain was quite willing, but that upon the Grand Duke’s return to Baden he was no longer able, as obstacles were thrown in his way. After him the following appeared and were examined: Mr. St. Leger, the Queen’s chamberlain; the Earl of Guilford, brother of the Queen’s lady-in-waiting, Lady Charlotte Lindsay; Lord Glenbervie; Lady Charlotte Lindsay herself; the Earl of Llandaff; the Honourable Keppel Craven and Sir William Gell, chamberlains to the Queen, with their servants; John Jacob Sicard, Her Majesty’s *maître d’hôtel*; Dr. Henry Holland; Colonel Teuillé; Mr. Charles Mills, a resident in Rome; Carlo Forti, a courier; Lieutenant John Flinn, R.N.; Lieutenant Joseph Robert Hownam, R.N.; Mr. Granville Sharp, an officer in the East India Company’s service, who testified that the dance performed by Mahomet the Turk was performed in India and was not indecent; the factor of the Villa d’Este, Santino Guggiari; Giuseppe Giarolini, builder’s foreman; Mr. John Allan Powell, agent of the Milan Commission; Mr. Joseph Planta, Under-Secretary of state in Lord Castlereagh’s office; Filippo Pomi, carpenter at the Villa Barona; Sir John Poer Beresford, Bart., English admiral, who was examined by Earl Grey; Bonfiglio Omati, clerk to the advocate Codazzi at Milan; Antonio Mioni, of Venice, formerly attached to the police, but at the time of the trial

manager of a theatre; Alessandro Olivieri, formerly colonel in the army of the kingdom of Italy, and afterwards chamberlain to the Princess; a boatman and fisherman named Tommaso Lago Maggiore, who conveyed the Princess from Como to the Villa d'Este; the Chevalier Carlo Vassalli, of Milan, formerly captain in the Italian army, subsequently equerry to the Princess.

These witnesses, just as the witnesses for the prosecution had been, were examined and cross-examined, and were frequently recalled to give their depositions upon fresh details. All these had observed far too much, whereas in justification of their appointments and for the honour of their character they ought not to have observed anything at all. They consequently took their stand upon generalities, and with singular circumspection avoided making any damaging admissions. The one whose embarrassment was most pronounced was Lady Charlotte Lindsay. As to the rest, sufficiently curious details were elicited during their examination. Mr. St. Leger fortunately had little to say, and was soon dismissed. It was known that he accompanied the Princess of Wales as far as Brunswick in 1814, and from that place he returned to England. Lord Guilford, who sat in the House amongst the lords, replied from his place. He was at Naples with his sister Charlotte when the Princess arrived there. He attested that many English folk of distinction visited her, and that he himself did so in the company of others on several occasions. He made a journey with her on board the "Clorinda" to Leghorn, and observed no unbecoming conduct. He visited the Princess at Villa d'Este, and on that occasion saw Pergami sitting at table with the Princess, though he remembered having seen him at Civita Vecchia as a servant. He said that the Countess Oldi spoke but little, but in good and intelligible Italian, with a Lombard accent. One day at Milan he was in Pergami's company, but he also spoke but little.

The persistence of the lords in their question as to the manners of the Countess Oldi was noteworthy.

Lord Glenbervie, who was at Genoa in 1815, followed. Having on several occasions had the honour of a seat at Her Royal Highness's table, he had seen Pergami behind the Princess's chair as servant. So far as his observation went their demeanour was that of a lady towards her servant, and vice versa.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay on the whole deposed to much the same effect. Her depositions showed throughout a reticence, more warily employed than that of Maiocchi, but in substance not dissimilar. Take, by way of example, the reply which she gave to the question, whether she had at any time remarked that a lady jealous of her good name could not possibly remain in the service of the Princess of Wales. "I certainly do not remember ever having said anything of the kind; it is improbable that I should have expressed myself in such terms." When, however, the

question was put to her, whether she had noticed anything unbecoming in the Princess's conduct, she replied with a concise "Never!"

The Earl of Llandaff, who was at Naples, and afterwards at Venice in 1815, whilst the Princess was in those places, saw nothing unbecoming, and stated that it was customary in Italy for even modest women to receive morning calls whilst they were still in bed. The deposition of the noble earl moved the exalted assembly to laughter.

The chamberlain Mr. Keppel Craven said, amongst other things, that the need of a courier at the Court being felt, he requested the Marchese Ghisleri, who had been selected by General Bellegarde to make himself useful to the Princess during her stay in Milan, to endeavour to meet with a suitable one, and that Pergami was the one provided.

Without contradicting the statement deposed to by Mr. Keppel Craven, recognizing indeed its veracity in so far as it points to the intimate relations existing between the Marchese Ghisleri and the whole Pergami family, we confirm what was said as to the manner in which Pergami entered the Princess's service, in Chapter III of this book.

The other chamberlain, Sir William Gell, corroborated everything that Mr. Keppel Craven had said with regard to Pergami. On this point, however, his deposition is curious. Not so much for the facts themselves, nor indeed for the consequences which counsel for the defence endeavoured to deduce from them, as for the evidence they afford of the relations between the Marchese Ghisleri, Pergami, and General Pino.

Sir William Gell said "that on one occasion with his own eyes he saw the Marchese Ghisleri, in his uniform as Austrian chamberlain and wearing his official key, throw his arms round Pergami's neck and kiss him twice in the public street before everybody. "This familiarity is customary in Italy," Sir William added, "between friends and equals when they part from one another, but I, who had only just arrived from England, was much astonished at it." Denman deduced from this evidence conclusions which supported his contentions, that is to say, that Pergami was not of such lowly station as it had been endeavoured to represent, since he enjoyed friendships with such distinguished people; but we, perchance, may extract quite other conclusions from the fact, if we recollect the secret manoeuvres which prepared the way for the discovery of the military conspiracy at Milan, and the influential part which the Marchese Ghisleri took in it.

The *maître d'hôtel*, John Jacob Sicard, never saw anything extraordinary in the Princess's behaviour, and Dr. Holland deposed to the same effect. The French Colonel Teuillé, brother to the General, had known Pergami in Spain, in the service of

General Pino, and spoke very highly of him as a brave soldier. Lieutenant John Flinn, R.N., stationed in Sicily, saw the Princess at Messina, in December, 1815; and some months after, under her instructions, chartered a vessel, of which, by the Princess's own orders, he took command. He was with her in Tunis, in Greece, and in the East, and afterwards conveyed her back from Jaffa to Syracuse. He never saw any unbecoming familiarity between the Princess and Pergami, but in his cross-examination he was betrayed into manifest contradictions.

The remaining witnesses we will pass over. If their evidence were necessary to show that there were schemes devised to entrap the Princess, and other abuses of that nature, we would not omit them, but to that end they are unnecessary. What was endeavoured to be demonstrated was that no guilty relation existed between the Princess and Pergami, and this, to be quite frank, was an impossibility. If the eyes of the witnesses saw nothing, the world could not but form its own conclusions, even without their assistance.

At the last sitting of the House a great stir was made on the subject of the courier Giuseppe Rastelli. Brougham desired that he should be at once recalled, but it was at length declared by the Attorney-General that Rastelli was no longer in London. He had been sent back to Italy, and this step appears to have been taken in the interests of the prosecution. After a long discussion Lord Liverpool made full explanations, and the incident was smoothed over.

The examination of the witnesses having been concluded, Denman, as was his right, rose on 24 October to sum up the evidence in the Queen's favour and to emphasize its importance. It was a third speech, worthy of its predecessors, and one which we cannot altogether omit, since coming after the evidence for the defence it embraces some new points besides displaying flights of decided eloquence.

After a skilful introduction, Denman recalled and repelled the accusation which had been directed against himself and his fellow-counsel of having employed violence in the execution of their duties.

The painful recollection, he said, of how much their noble client had been forced to suffer should justify any heat shown in defending her. He would not permit himself to make any charge against the Attorney-General, although it appeared to him that the manner in which, by reason of the instructions conveyed to him, he had been obliged to conduct the proceedings, was such a misfortune as could be counterbalanced by no possible benefit which could result—by no possible reward. “As for me, I protest before God that not the most tempting bait which the ambition of man could conceive would have induced me for a single moment

to undertake the Bill of Pains and Penalties, involving the divorce and degradation of the wife of the King of England.”

And after many other remarks, he continued, it had been proved that Her Royal Highness had conferred a knightly order upon Pergami, a proceeding for which, it was urged, she possessed no powers. Before censuring Her Majesty’s action it would be necessary to demonstrate that kings alone have the power of instituting knightly orders; but whereas, on the contrary, it was well known that people of much inferior rank had established orders, was it not reasonable that Her Majesty, who was the only European Princess who for the last six hundred years had visited the Holy Sepulchre, should institute an order to reward those who had accompanied her? If the defence met the charge in question somewhat seriously, it was only because in the preamble of the Bill the Queen’s action had been criticized as a grave encroachment upon the royal prerogative.

Then having reviewed the successive details of the adultery alleged to have been commenced at Naples, and having skillfully summarized the evidence of the witnesses for the defence, he proceeded to prove the existence of a conspiracy against the Queen; nor did Denman omit to take advantage of the reputation for treachery which attaches to the people of Italy, and at this point he hurled his bolt. When, he said, the great tragic poet of his country wished to create a suitable background for a play dealing with liars and conspirators, he set his scene in Lombardy or Sicily, and created the characters of Iago and others similar to him out of Italian elements.

If it were to the point to weigh the charges of an advocate, who is defending a cause already lost before he enters on questions of national ethics, it would be easy enough to answer his challenge, but it would be out of place here and untimely, so we continue.

The orator then turned to the charge of excessive familiarity towards the members of the suite displayed by the Princess throughout her journey to the Holy Land, and justified it on the score of the circumstances in which she found herself, the discomforts of all kinds to which she was exposed, and the hazards incident to the places visited.

As to the trifling occurrences at the Villa d’Este, where Giuseppe Sacchi, the brave officer of Napoleon’s army, took up the duties of a courier and was afterwards promoted to be equerry, it was not worth while wasting time over them. At the same time it should be remarked that the House of Lords had no other evidence than that of two persons who had been dismissed from the Princess’s service to support the allegation of guilty acts before the famous incident of the awning on the deck of the polacca; nor had they even any evidence except that of two other dismissed servants from which to draw conclusions about the events which

followed. They were the sort of events that befoul the mouth of the man who repeats them. One might have imagined that a husband not yet entirely destitute of sentiment would have felt bound to prevent such statements being published abroad, even if the wife had fled from his tender embrace; how much more then when he himself created the situation by thrusting her from the conjugal hearth. The greater the depravity of the wife becomes, the greater, on the other hand, appears the crime of the husband who has abandoned her. It has been pretended that the history of England could show similar cases, but I do not find anything approaching it except in the annals of Imperial Rome. Scarcely had Octavia become the wife of Nero, than almost upon the wedding day he conceived feelings of disgust and aversion towards her, and at once repudiated her for frivolous and baseless motives. A courtesan was raised to the position of the legitimate wife some time before she herself was driven from her husband's house. A plot against her honour was contrived, and she was charged with a licentious amour with a slave. The greatest historian of declining Rome tells how slaves were prevailed upon, not by rewards, but by tortures, to depose to actions injurious to Octavia's reputation. The greater part of them persisted in declaring her innocent, and the people remained convinced of her purity; but her accuser insisted on maintaining her guilt, and she was exiled from Rome. Her return was a triumph, and the generous Roman populace received her with sentiments such as should have found a place in the heart of her husband. Then a new conspiracy was hatched, and in the end, behold Octavia condemned and banished to an island in the Mediterranean, where the only privilege granted her was that of leaving her the choice between death by poison or by the dagger. She had been deprived, owing to the death of her father and her brother, of those natural protectors who might have succeeded, in interposing between her and her misfortunes. The Princess of Wales left this country after the first plot against her had come to nothing. Her illustrious friends, who had basked in the rays of the sun which was now setting, had abandoned her; very soon slanderous reports, rumours of most distressing tendencies, were set in motion. Her Majesty longed for a chance of proving them to be baseless, but in the meanwhile she was separated from her daughter, that unhappy daughter who had long since lost the power of defending her unhappy mother.

The analogy between Octavia, the wife of Nero, and Caroline, the wife of George IV, having been drawn—an analogy which, to tell the truth, seems to us more ingenious than just—the orator examined and refuted the depositions of Sacchi, which he showed to be a tissue of lies.

Sacchi also, in the advocate's madness for analogies, found his parallel in Tigellinus, the favourite of Nero, and upon this point

the reply which one of Octavia's handmaidens made to Tigellinus was quoted, but it was quoted in Greek, as being, so said the speaker, the least generally understood language, and therefore most appropriate to the occasion. The reply was in substance, "No part of my mistress's body, O Tigellinus, but is purer than your foul mouth."

Moreover, Denman had not only to complain of the corrupt and venal Italian witnesses. The Princess, said he, had been surrounded in Italy by English inquisitors. Not a few of these inquisitors were of very high social standing. Among them would be found a minister of the King of Hanover; and at Carlsruhe three other ministers had invaded the hotel where the Princess had taken apartments, and even examined the bed upon which she had slept. The soul of the Milan Commission had been Powell, for Cooke had not the necessary ability for the impartial conduct of an inquiry into facts of such importance. To Powell was bitterly ascribed the premature return of Rastelli to Italy.

"My lords," he exclaimed, "cast your scrutiny upon the conduct of the Queen's nameless and concealed persecutors, and upon the conduct of my illustrious client, exposed for a long series of years to the horrible plottings of the Government. The instrument of which they finally availed themselves to intimate that she was deprived of her rank and the honours to which she has a right was Cardinal Consalvi. The only title conceded to her was that of Caroline, Princess of England, and the first act of the new reign, which to malefactors and traitors was one of pardon, was towards her a defiance of law and an ignoring of Christian principle. This new reign was not for our Queen a reign of peace and pardon, but the beginning of a persecution, in which falsehood and malevolence were welcomed so long as they were to her injury. Her name was excluded from the liturgy, but though the people had been prohibited from praying for her she found in their devotion a considerable assuagement of the injustice she suffered under. What shall I say about the Bill laid before the House in these circumstances? As a Bill of Divorce it no longer exists; it collapsed some time ago, and the fact of the famous letter defining the terms of separation, written a short time after the marriage ceremony, is a final reply to everything the husband can bring forward. This is a Bill to punish, to degrade, and to dethrone, and your honour as peers of England, your sense of justice as judges, and your sentiments as men, unite in persuading you to take sides with the King! It may well be that in some quarter there are apostles of discord who only wait a favourable opportunity for striking a blow at the Constitution. If these things are so, the general tendency in that direction would be increased by a verdict against the Queen, whilst at the same time the fomenters of discord would desire nothing better than such a

verdict But if you are persuaded of the falsity of the evidence for the prosecution you have only one path to follow, and it is straight before you: pronounce that Her Majesty is cleared from the hateful imputations with which she has been assailed. As for me, before concluding, I desire to say that although I have personal reasons for thanking your lordships for the indulgence you have extended to me, at the same time the highest gratification which I have enjoyed during the long progress of this trial is that of having had the support of my learned friend, and having fought at his side in defence of morality, Christianity, and the freedom of the world at large.

“My lords, the present inquiry has had no precedents In history. The down sitting and uprising of this illustrious lady have been watched diligently and rigorously. She has not spoken a word but it has been reported; she has not bestowed a look which has not been noted down; scarcely have her very thoughts succeeded in evading the importunate surveillance of her enemies.

“Outrageous rumours against the Queen have been for a long while in circulation. I have heard them myself, and know that persons not of lowly condition, but who sit in this very House, have spread atrocious calumnies against Her Majesty. Is that possible? Do we live in a time when such things can take place? If a person has sworn to knowledge of the fact on which this inquiry is based, ought he not necessarily to be called to this bar to give evidence as a witness and to be examined? And have we not the right to say to such a one suspected of dropping poison into the ears of the judges, Come forward, calumniator, let us look you in the face, and if you wish to be thought worthy of respect, or at least on a par with the Italian witnesses, give your evidence in open court? You are worse than an Italian assassin, since while he struggles courageously against his opponents, you plant a poisoned dagger in the breast and represent it to be the sword of justice.

“I have only one word more to say to your lordships. It is thought that dangerous discontent against the Constitution and the Government is growing up, and for my part I have heard it said that amongst the Queen’s friends sedition was flourishing; but the very person who some weeks ago made use of that expression has had to admit that the rumour was false, and that it was rather the case that the entire well-disposed population of England had embraced Her Majesty’s cause ardently.

“And if your lordships had the faculty of penetrating to the inner recesses of their minds, you would perceive, without doubt, a desire to imitate the justice, the charity, and the wisdom of that Divine Being Who, in a cause, not indeed similar to this, in which innocence has been proved, but one in which the guilt was evident and the fault confessed, said, ‘Where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee? Go

and sin no more.”

Of Dr. Lushington’s speech, which, without any intervening discussion, followed that of Denman, though on the next day, 26 October, we will notice one point only, which contains an argument not very well founded indeed, but at any rate new and different from those in the other speeches for the defence: it is deduced from the advanced age of the wife and from the conjugal relations of the married pair. “I defy anybody,” he said, “to instance a precedent for so absurd and ridiculous an attitude. There has never been at any time in ancient or modern history a husband who has appealed for divorce from a wife fifty years old! Another extraordinary factor in this affair is that the husband only cohabited with his wife for the briefest period, and that for more than twenty-four years he has been separated from her purely on account of an arrangement brought about by himself, and not in consequence of the evil conduct of his wife, since at the time of the separation not the faintest whisper of suspicion had as yet attached to the illustrious accused. Who is there in this House who would venture to assert that at the outset the husband had grounds of complaint, and who would dare to say that the King—though the prerogatives which the laws accord to him may be many—has been absolved from his marriage vows? For nothing else but an empty caprice the chains of the solemn contract which the husband forged at the foot of the altar have been broken. Can a king then obtain a dispensation from obligations the sanctity of which is recognized throughout the Christian world?”

The remainder of Dr. Lushington’s defence skillfully unfolded other arguments, but he had the disadvantage of coming after the other three, and thence was precluded from producing more potent results than those which had been produced antecedently. He spoke by the express desire of his colleagues, but as he himself made clear from the beginning, if he had been left free to follow his own inclination he would have spared the House the pains of listening to him.

The side for the defence having thus concluded—though what we may call oratory was not yet over—the summing-up and the sequel to the summing-up for the defence followed, and then the counter summing-up of the Attorney and the Solicitor-General to the Crown.

Finally, after forty-five active sittings the close of the trial was reached, and the House was adjourned to 2 November for the second reading.

From the 2nd to the 6th inclusive there were new and perhaps more violent discussions, since not a few of the lords who up to that time had remained silent could not refrain from giving expression to their opinions, and abandoned themselves to

debates about all the circumstances to which the counsel for the defence and, in particular, the powerful eloquence of Brougham had directed their attention.

Some did not hesitate to regard the Queen as the victim of an infamous conspiracy, and several declared themselves against the Bill, inasmuch as the proofs of adultery were insufficiently sustained. Lord Liverpool displayed great mental activity, and inveighed against the party spirit which the cause occasioned. "Those who seize upon this occasion," he said, "to raise seditious cries would clutch with equal eagerness at any other pretext. Their designs are detected, their instruments appraised. Would to God that the Queen had held aloof from relations of any kind with so hateful a party; but the replies which she has given to the addresses forwarded to her are of such a nature that every friend of order, the Constitution, and the country must shudder. To acquit the Queen would be to declare a premium upon crime."

After four days of debate on 6 November the second reading of the Bill was taken, when a majority was declared for it of 28 (123 against 95). Thereupon the conviction became strong that it would also pass the final reading; when, at the sitting on the following day, Lord Dacre laid before the House a new protest from the Queen, in which naturally there could be nothing fresh. She challenged the legality of an inquiry in which her accusers were her judges; she declared before God that she was innocent of all the crimes that had been laid to her charge, and said that she awaited with unshaken confidence the final result of this unexampled trial.

This protest was treated as though it had been a speech made in the House by Her Majesty, and after some debates on certain changes to be effected in the structure of the Bill, the most difficult question was reached, namely, whether it was desirable to erase from the Bill the clause relating to divorce.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Worcester, and Llandaff, recognizing that adultery when it was proved was a sufficient motive to justify divorce, and that that punishment was not from the general point of view contrary to the precepts of Scripture, maintained that in the special instance before them they should refrain from examining into the private life of the King. But the Archbishop of York, regarding matrimony as an indissoluble bond, could not make up his mind to vote for the divorce clause, and the Archbishop of Tuam gave his support to this view, adding that the English Church could not approve of divorce when one of the two parties had provoked a voluntary separation and infringed the Scripture principle forbidding a husband to drive a wife away from his house.

The Church being divided between these contrary opinions, the Government objected that if the divorce clause were cancelled

it would be necessary to substitute some other clause which would legalize the separation. They were disposed to come to terms with respect to any measure whatsoever, which, whilst maintaining the marriage as a religious act, abrogated it from a civil and political point of view.

This pliancy did not help matters. The Opposition maintained that if the Bill had to be passed it was less opposed to the Constitution and to the national policy with the provision for divorce than it would be with that clause erased; that the Constitution could not recognize as wife to the King one who was not herself at the same time Queen; that the marriage of a king was a political contract concluded in the interests of the state; that a lady who had been degraded and defamed by Parliament could not in any circumstances remain the wife of the King without arousing contempt for the throne and the regal estate.

Powerful arguments, but the Government, fearing to lose its majority if it insisted on the passing of the Bill with the divorce clause, declared that it would accept separation as a substitute for divorce.

Thereupon they proceeded to a preliminary voting on the suppression of the divorce clause, which resulted in the large majority of 67 in favour of the clause being maintained. It was a sign of evil augury. As a matter of fact, two days subsequently, on 10 November, the Bill with the divorce clause being put to the vote, was only approved by the diminutive majority of 9 (108 against 99), which signified that the Ministry had lost ground instead of acquiring fresh votes; it had lost 19 which had previously been in its favour.

Lord Liverpool rose promptly and said: "If upon the third reading of the Bill the majority had been the same as upon the second, I should have considered it my duty to send the Bill to the House of Commons; after to-day's majority I consider it inexpedient, and I propose that the Bill be not read on this occasion, but adjourned to this day six months."

It was equivalent to an admission that the Government considered itself defeated and withdrew the Bill. The formula of postponing for six months a Bill already discussed is the same thing according to parliamentary customs as withdrawing it.

The fortunate Queen could chant a paean of victory.

With the withdrawal of the Bill and the consequent triumph of the Opposition, what may be termed the fourth period of the long struggle came to an end.

It is impossible to conceive the excitement with which the news of the event was received by the public. It is sufficient to say that the newspapers of the period remarked that the most important victories of the years immediately preceding had failed to awaken anything like the enthusiasm. The delight of the Queen and of her

supporters was indescribable, and only equaled by the grievous surprise of the King and many of his Court. But neither, on the one side, was the joy unmixed with fear, nor, on the other, the discomfiture unrelieved by hope, inasmuch as the question having been postponed to an indefinite date it was impossible to predict the result. Many of the members of the Court party, and even the King himself, were unable to appear in public without being insulted in all sorts of ways. Frequently the coaches of those lords who during the trial had given expression to opinions unfavourable to the Queen were stopped in the street, the coachmen or those who were inside were forced to alight and not allowed to proceed until they had shouted, "God save the Queen."

It is said that Lord Lonsdale, to whom an incident of this sort occurred, tricked the overbearing crowd in a very spirited manner. Requested to shout "God save the Queen," he rose to his feet and cried with a loud voice, "God save the Queen—and may all your wives be like her."

HENRY BROUGHAM AND HIS SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF THE QUEEN.

Tremendous, extraordinary, and unclouded was the triumph of the Queen's Attorney-General, Henry Brougham. In this cause, which was not entirely public nor yet entirely private, but which may be termed national, he occupied a position just so much more conspicuous in historical importance than the Greek Demosthenes as the modern British nation is raised, by royal influence, above that handful of free citizens which constituted the populace of Athens.

It would, however, be out of place here to enter upon a long discourse on Brougham's career as a politician and as an orator, but it is within our limits to touch in passing on that part of his life anterior to the trial which helps to an understanding of the very fortunate advance which brought him into the position of defending Counsel to the Queen. He was not fresh to disputes in the courts and to noisy victories; nevertheless it was the triumph he now achieved that procured him the proud designation of Counsel to the Queen so long as he lived, and for a long time an undisputed reputation as prince of forensic orators.

Several authors have written accounts and even complete biographies of Brougham, and amongst them one of his fellow-citizens, who predeceased him, Lord Campbell, and a French historian, Othenin D'Haussonville, who wrote two years after his death, which occurred in 1868 at Cannes, when he had completed his ninetieth year.⁵¹

It would be a mistake on our part not to follow to some extent in the footsteps of the authors referred to. But it would be yielding too much to indolence to follow them unquestioningly: *et judicio*

nostro aliquid vindicamus.

Brougham, who from his earliest youth showed a preeminence amongst his contemporaries, directed his studies by preference to the ancient orators, and more particularly to Cicero, whom he always took for a guide even in more advanced years. Nature had undoubtedly favoured him in an extraordinary fashion, bestowing on him a quick and lively intelligence, and the faculty of committing to memory many different things with little or no effort; but it was entirely his own merit that he applied those two natural gifts assiduously to the acquirement of all those disciplinary exercises which render the human mind sublime when it is able to combine them in a profitable synthesis. His was the merit not only of devoting himself to Cicero, but of conforming himself to the teaching of that work of his which is considered the first of its order, *De Oratore*.

He had scarcely completed his primary education in letters and philosophy—that part of a man’s education which by the pupil’s youth is necessarily subordinated most completely to the methods and superintendence of others—than he applied himself with undiminished ardour to all those studies which can occupy the mind of a cultivated man, neglecting none of them. We find him completely absorbed in physical sciences, mathematics, astronomy, civil history, law, and even theology, and in each subject he went far beyond the limits usually attained by those who pass for learned men. And at this time he seemed disposed, although still in extreme youth, to devote himself to the physical sciences, upon which subjects he addressed a paper to the Royal Society of London which was adjudged worthy of being incorporated in the Society’s Transactions.

But the fates designed him for the glories of the tribune. When little over twenty he began to undertake the conduct of lawsuits at Edinburgh, his native place, and from the commencement became renowned for that finesse in speaking and that skill in repartee of which Cicero so often speaks. “From all channels open to the man of culture and good taste,” says Crassus, “we must practise ourselves in extracting a certain merry humour with which as though it were salt to sprinkle our discourse”; and the orator Antonius, contraverting Crassus in other respects, agrees with him upon this point, and gives the following definition: “I call that man an orator who knows how to make use of forms of expression pleasing to the ear and ideas calculated to persuade in ordinary forensic causes; but in addition he must be exceptionally gifted as to voice, and manner of argument, and not lack a certain humour.”

And as regards humour, gesticulation, and modulation of the voice, what powerful effects did not Brougham bring to bear upon this occasion!

Preceded by a brilliant reputation for forensic oratory and brilliant journalism, Brougham proceeded to the capital towards the end of 1803, when he was twenty-five years of age. The first case in which he showed what he was really worth was one in which he pleaded before Parliament for the repeal of certain regulations which were against the interests of the merchants at Liverpool and Manchester. He then displayed a surprising skill in the examination of witnesses and a profound knowledge of many branches of economics with which the lawyers of his period had little acquaintance.

His first important step as counsel taken, others followed, but he did not enter the House of Commons till 1810. Conscious of his own worth, and always dominated by the desire for pre-eminence from which political men are seldom free, he attached himself to the Whig party, soon became its principal ornament, and, finally, its leader. From 1810 to the very end of his long and laborious life he presents himself to our admiration—some imperfections, of course, excepted, inseparable from human nature—in the double aspect of politician and upholder of the laws. And his equipment was such, that if on the one hand we admire him for the breadth and profoundness of his vision, on the other we marvel at his oratorical skill, his dialectical keenness, and the extent of his knowledge of jurisprudence and history.

Scarcely a year after he entered the House, the opportunity presented itself to him of associating his name with that great effort on behalf of suffering humanity known as the “Bill for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.” The law had, indeed, been passed some years previously, but it had not corrected the abuses. In vain had all England, not to say the whole world, rejoiced at the legal triumph of justice, just as in vain the militant prelate of Empoli, Giovanni Marchetti, in his finest lyric had called down the avenging fire upon this dishonour to nature and the gods, and threatened the powerful traders:

And you, the prop of traffic so debased,
Ah I dread the shadow of your own ill deeds!

The merchants continued in secret their hateful traffic, whilst the capitalists of London and America succeeded in evading the law.

The eloquence of Brougham on this occasion stirred the House as with thunder, and the Bill proposed by him was unanimously adopted. The people guilty of trading of this kind were placed on a level with those guilty of acts of treason, and punishment on the same lines was decreed (11 May, 1811). Nevertheless, in the face of this triumph, fresh political elections coming on a short time after the Prince of Wales had definitely

been appointed Regent, Brougham was not re-elected to the House, and he remained out of Parliament for four years, from 1812 to 1816. It was at this time that he was presented by George Canning to the Princess of Wales, of whose goodwill and confidence he made an immediate conquest. It has already been observed that everything respecting the direction of Caroline's movements from 1812 till 1814 shows the direct influence of Brougham's counsels, but we repeat that it was certainly not with his approval that she left England. But during the period whilst Caroline was travelling in Italy and Asia and elsewhere Brougham, who had re-entered the House of Commons as member for the borough of Winchelsea, supported with all his power the party opposed to the severities of the Castlereaghs and the Liverpools. And it was a virtue not common at that time, and entirely based on his sense of honour, that he kept faith with the Whig party, although on his return he found it reduced both in numbers and influence. It is to his credit, and Italy owes him gratitude for it, that he always raised his voice against the doubtful continental policy of the Tory Government, which, whilst it declared to the House that it disapproved of the actions of the allied Sovereigns, on the other hand, under the pretext of non-intervention with the peace of Europe, abstained from attempts to withhold them from curbing all popular aspirations towards an improved condition. Few followed him in those early years; if his proposals came under discussion they were rejected by large majorities. But in the end his oratorical powers far outshining those of every other member brought about a tacit recognition of his supremacy, so that he was marked out at one and the same time, both by the expressed wishes of the Queen and the voice of public opinion, as the advocate in that cause which had for so many years been foreseen and worked up.

The great struggle between the royal couple is at length in progress before the national tribunal; the politician and the lawyer will in turn occupy a prominent place, and the final triumph will be of such a nature that the memory of it will be long preserved as that of one of the greatest oratorical displays of the century. And who would guess that this important result was partly owing to the counsels of the veteran Cicero, under whose guidance Brougham had unrestrictedly placed himself? He himself declared that he first wrote out practically the whole of his speech, exactly as the master advises; and as to the opening, unless we refuse to believe him, it was actually written and rewritten, corrected and altered, seventeen times. However that may be, before beginning an analysis of the most famous production of this magician in words, it is pleasant to be able to quote a brief criticism, the work of an illustrious Italian, dealing fully with the art of Brougham, the great Canning, and Lord Hutchinson, and comparing them.

The criticism is unpublished, as is also the fine letter printed in the Appendix, and it is the more worthy of being quoted inasmuch as it is the work of a man who had the good fortune to hear all three orators speak, a man who knew English as if he had been an Englishman, and who enjoyed the friendship of the two more illustrious: we allude to Antonio Panizzi, the Director of the British Museum, a man who in times of sorrow for Italy did her honour in a strange land.

“Lord Hutchinson,” he says, “has been accused of being too liberal. He is very straightforward, and is most completely trusted by the nation. He is not a great orator, but he is great at reasoning, and he speaks easily and clearly. Brougham, who supports the Government, is destined to pulverize with his terrible and irresistible eloquence and violence the poor blockheads in the Opposition. Do you know that one of the latter, who in his absence was speaking against him, seeing him all of a sudden arrive in the House was so overcome with fear that he was unable to speak two intelligible words afterwards? The eloquence of Brougham as such is incomparable, and when he is excited he surpasses Canning; but he is not such a fine speaker, not so correct, not so polished in his phrases. He is more terrible and more capable of inspiring fear by his quips and by the splendour of his imagery from time to time.

“He is the only man from whose lips I have heard issue real sublime eloquence, the sort of eloquence which makes you jump from your seat and shout ‘Bravo!’”

When the examination of the witnesses had been concluded a struggle between the conflicting powers of oratory ensued, and on both sides masterly speeches were delivered. Both the counsel for the defence and those who were supporting the Bill sustained themselves at the height of eloquence. “In those speeches,” remarked Lord Campbell, “will be permanently preserved the reputation of the British Bar.”

The tremendous conflict which had raged from August to the early days of November was summed up in the concise survey of the side which spoke first. But Brougham’s address, the fine flower of the genius engaged in this dispute, deserves special attention.

We are, as has already been said, at a moment of great excitement throughout England; feverish anxiety is apparent both within and without the House of Lords and in the heart of every true Englishman. No sooner was the sitting of 3 October opened than the leader for the defence was called upon to speak. Henry Brougham rose and said, “May it please your lordships, the hour has arrived when I feel myself in veritable need of all your indulgence. It is not alone the presence of this august assembly which moves me to timorousness, I have already many times

experienced proofs of its indulgence; it is not the novelty of these proceedings which makes me hesitate, for the mind can accommodate itself by gradations to the most unaccustomed circumstances; nor is it, finally, the magnitude of the cause which overwhelms me, for I am supported and sustained by the conviction of its justice, a conviction which I share with the whole human race; but my lords, it is precisely the strength of that conviction, the certainty that it is universal, the feeling that it is just; all this it is which makes me doubtful of my ability to deal with it in a fitting manner, lest for the first time I should injure my cause. Whilst it is the fact that an advocate may tremble for a guilty client, be fearful in a doubtful cause, hampered by the knowledge of a weakness he would fain hide, chilled by outside influences and terrorized by the hostility of public opinion, I, knowing well that here there is no crime to distort, knowing well that there is nothing to be fearful of, nothing except the fabrications of treachery, I am overcome by an idea which obsesses me, by the idea that if I fulfil my duty but feebly I may lay my cause open for the first time to suspicion and be myself condemned, my lords, by the many millions of our fellow-countrymen who are looking on. For undoubtedly they would have reason to be enraged against me if you should decide to annul that verdict which the evidence in the case has convinced them is the just one. This thought oppresses and disturbs me to such a degree, that even after the lapse of several weeks for which I am grateful to your indulgence, I can only with difficulty force my mind to the fulfillment of my professional duty, weighed down as it is by the heavy responsibility attaching to it."

This is the famous exordium; but some now consider it too Ciceronian, and to us it seems too full of implications, for when well analysed it contains more of menace than of persuasion, is more laboured than artistic.

After the exordium the orator approached his argument by means of a sort of historical reconstruction of past events. He touched upon the youth of Caroline of Brunswick, on the reasonable hopes which had been raised up in her mind, of her legitimate aspirations rudely shattered, of the national joy at the marriage displayed throughout England, and upon other things. But he did not enter on the field of revelations; he stopped short of reference to the sovereign, or to those persons who had been notoriously guilty of courtly compliance. He said that he would not pander to anybody, since his profession forbade him to do so, but he would accuse nobody. If it should be supposed that whilst suppressing allusions to the faults of others he was attempting to apply a system of excuses to his own client, "I am not here," he says, "to condone errors; I take my stand on the loftier ground of absolute innocence. I deny that the Queen has committed any of

those actions with which she has been charged; I deny that any action unworthy of her has been proved against her by the evidence you have heard.”

He would have been expecting too much of the perceptions of the noble lords if he had supposed it likely that they would concur in his denial; but he had adopted the plan of the skilful marksman who sights his weapon for a spot above his aim so as to strike lower down. His aim, indeed, was to prepare a sympathetic reception for what should follow after. He said then that his august client had been by the very assembly he was addressing, the Peers of England, first forsaken, and then shunned because she had fallen into disfavour with her august spouse. Later she was driven to self-exile and to methods of life as to which, if they were culpable, the prime responsibility fell upon those who had feared the disapproval of the Court. Therefore the most blameworthy of all was that wearer of a crown who had so little realized his duties as to slight his wife, vilify her, drive her away, and persecute her when he should have been honouring and protecting her. This which the orator did not say explicitly—because it was a thing impossible to say in plain words—was nevertheless conveyed to all his hearers.

“Call to your minds,” he exclaimed, “all the insults she has had to endure, all the public outrages by reason of which every one has shunned her.” And here he paused to analyse the wrongs inflicted by others, which he enumerated without exaggeration, dwelling on the charges which had been brought against the Queen of having abandoned her country, and of having surrounded herself with questionable characters. These points having been exhausted, the orator faced the central feature of the inquiry—the charge, supported by evidence, is that she had committed adultery with a man who had been in her employ as courier. Who are the witnesses? Alas! people of no reputation—dismissed servants. And where had Caroline entered upon her career of crime? At Naples—where all eyes were upon her—at the opera, at the fancy-dress balls. How preposterous! Or perhaps she had thought to make a display of her shame before all the world.

Where Brougham had the best sport was in discrediting the evidence collected with so much labour by the Milan Commission, and only a little while previously heard and debated in that assembly. “Here is a young Swiss woman,” he said (Demont), “formerly waiting-woman to the Princess of Wales, who, having been caught in the net spread by the Commission, declares that her mistress’s house was a shameful place. The statement is weighty. The prosecution does not forget it, and severe comments are made. But the prosecution has forgotten to say that the worthy waiting-woman had already installed one of her sisters in this shameful place, and at the very time she was making use of this language she was taking steps to procure the engagement of

another. Here, then, we have a lie; a lie in actions or a lie in words. When did she lie, and when did she tell the truth? Uncertainty is impossible; her actions give the lie to her statement, otherwise she would be the lowest of creatures. Infamous she is indeed, if she has calumniated the Queen in order to obtain money from the King; but how much more infamous if she has thrown her sisters into the mire of which she speaks. Such are the alternatives; but in the one case or in the other what is her evidence worth?"

And then, with rising passion, he continues: "But what this wretched woman has done all the other witnesses have alike done—they have lied. They have lied for money; they have lied in order to act the role in which they had been instructed—a troupe of comedians in the pay of malevolence."

Towards the close the orator feigned to make a concession. "But even were we willing to believe that the Princess of Wales could have stooped to compromise her sovereign dignity in Italy, you, peers of England, who held aloof from the adopted daughter of George III, what right can you have to condemn her?"

And after another lengthy review of events he said, "But no, there are no contradictions here. This is a conspiracy. History records not a few of these infamous plots, supported by art, by authority, by all the appearances of truth, beginning with the one formed against the innocence of Susanna, the wife of Joachim. Everything seemed certain and irrefutable, for the judges 'turned away their eyes that they might not look unto heaven nor remember just judgments' (*declinaverunt oculos ut non viderent coelum neque recordarentur iudiciorum suorum*). But behold suddenly in that web of lies so skillfully prepared a thread is withdrawn, a stitch is broken. Oh, it is a little enough thing in appearance, but it suffices for the complete overthrow of their schemes. Here are the two infamous old men who have arranged everything, foreseen everything necessary for the betrayal of the innocent. Susanna is condemned, is led to the place of execution, is at the point of death, when Daniel, the discerning judge, obtains permission to question the two accusers separately. 'Beneath what tree in the garden,' he demands, 'was the adultery committed?' 'Under a mastick tree,' says the one. 'Under an holm tree,' says the other. In this horrible conspiracy one single point—a most trifling point—of their design had been forgotten, but this point was the weapon which Providence held in reserve—that Providence which does not desire that iniquity should triumph and innocence be trodden under foot."

The oratorical note did not always remain at this height. At times the orator employed the kind of humour of which Cicero speaks, as for instance, when he alluded to the vicissitudes of the waiting-woman Demont, whom he designated *amica omnibus*

quamvis inimica; or when, after having demanded why an English person who had been in Naples during the Princess's stay there had not been called upon to give evidence as to the occurrences in that city, he himself replied, "Ah, I see the reason, she was not an Italian."

And, with regard to the Italians and the unhappy reputation which attaches to them, Brougham did not neglect to extract all possible profit from the long-prevalent charge of treachery which has been flung at them, whether rightly or wrongly we do not say, but which has been flung at them for centuries by the other European nations. "If," said he, "there is a country in the world where in modern times treachery has become purchasable for money, and where the folk are utterly given up to their passions and the vendetta, that country is certainly the Italy of the lower class. And I think that this assertion of mine will not be disputed by Italians worthy of respect I have the good fortune to be acquainted with many such, in whose hands my life and honour would be as safe as in those of your lordships, but persons of this grade have not been brought forward; those who have been cited have been, instead, of a character such as I have specified, drawn from a corrupt society. *Sunt in illo nuntero multi boni, docti, prudentes, qui ad hoc judicium deducti non sunt; multi impudentes illiterati, leves, quos variis de causis video concitatos . . . quibus jusjurandum jocus est, testimonium ludus; existimatio vestra tenebrae; laus, merces, gratia, gratulatio, proposita est omnis in impudenti mendacio.*"

And a little after, "I suppose, my lords, that not a few of you have come to the conclusion that I have been too severe upon the character of the Italian witnesses. But in order to spare you the annoyance of comments upon the depositions of those in support of the Bill, I would ask your permission to direct your attention to an epoch in our national history which is not without resemblance to the present time, I would speak of the reign of Henry VIII and the proceedings against Catharine of Aragon.

"The leading spirits in that affair declared that they wished to obtain the free and absolutely disinterested opinions of the Italian lawyers upon divorce, and by a strange coincidence the priests and the lawyers gave their judgment in practically equivalent terms. They said in their decision that they had thoroughly weighed the question, and that all were in agreement in pronouncing that Henry VIII was entitled to a divorce. The similarity of their reasonings and the close agreement between their conclusions showed that the learned lawyers had learnt their lesson in advance, and by another curious coincidence the *doctissimi doctores* of the sixteenth century had to take oath that they had not had any communication with one another, just as the illiterate *impudentes* of the present trial swear that they have never spoken to one

another on the subject of what they should say before the Court. The historian, Bishop Burnet, reports the facts which we have narrated, and by another coincidence, still more strange, the agent of Henry VIII is described by the Bishop in the exact words used by my learned friend, the Solicitor-General, in the explanation which he gave of the worthiness of the agent who was sent to preside over the Commission at Milan, for the agent of Henry VIII is described as a man of extreme probity, and singularly versed in the laws of his country. Finally, by still another coincidence, even yet more curious, that agent of Henry VIII was named Coke! He, in a letter to the King, explains how the Lutheran Universities have pronounced against the divorce out of simple malice, but he has not the slightest doubt that if the Christian Universities are well cultivated they will be of the same opinion as the King. He then renders an account of moneys which have been distributed to learned Italians, and Burnet candidly concludes that these learned men prostituted their learning at a very low rate. Coke asserts, indeed, in many other letters that if he had been provided with a sufficient quantity of money he could have made certain of obtaining the signatures of all the priests in Italy, as the greater part of them was utterly mercenary. Now I greatly doubt whether the discredit into which the reputation of Italian witnesses had fallen at that time has not rather increased than diminished since."

But a speech which at the time of its delivery extended over two lengthy sittings, as did the one we are considering, cannot be compressed into the compass of a few pages, nor can we follow its arguments in their gradually ascending scale. We realize only too well that it has not been given us to transfuse into the other portions anything but a pale shadow of the thing itself, and therefore we hasten to transcribe the concluding portion or peroration in its integrity.

"Such, my lords, is the case which is laid before you. Such is the evidence which is offered you in support of it—evidence insufficient even to establish a debt, insufficient to deprive a citizen of a single one of his rights, scandalous when it is made to uphold the gravest charge of which the law is cognisant, monstrous if the aim be to overthrow the honour of a Queen of England. How then describe this evidence, if we are dealing with judicial legislation, with a parliamentary verdict, an *ex post facto* law directed against a defenceless lady? My lords, I entreat you to reflect; I counsel you seriously to be on your guard; you are on the edge of a precipice; be watchful; your verdict will have far-reaching results if you condemn the Queen. But it will be the first time that one of your judgments, in place of falling upon the person against whom it is directed, will rebound and acquire additional weight for the

confounding of those who have pronounced it. Save the country, my lords, from this catastrophe. Save yourselves from this danger. Yes, preserve this land, of which you are the ornament, but in which you cannot continue to flourish if you sever yourselves from the people, as the flower cannot flourish plucked up by the roots, as the branch cannot bud detached from the trunk. Save this land, which you can yet adorn. Save the Crown, which is in peril. Save the aristocracy, shaken and tottering. Save the altar, menaced by the same stroke that will overturn the throne. You have decided, my lords, it has been your will, Church and King have alike decreed, that the Queen should be deprived of that solemn office of the Church to which she has a right. In place of that solemn office, she has to-day the prayers which rise from the depths of the hearts of her people. I will not add that she has mine also, for she has no need of them. I will only raise my humble supplications to a merciful God that He would not extend His mercy towards this people according to the merits of those who govern it, and that He may be pleased to incline your hearts to justice.”

Is it possible to conceive of a conclusion more prophetically inspired? The effect, say the historians, was tremendous, and more profound in the innermost hearts of the hearers than their countenances or their tongues betrayed. But to produce this effect the orator did not only draw from that well which in supreme moments all are wont to draw upon, namely, sentiment; he made coin also on this occasion of what others despise, or do not sufficiently appreciate. Lord Campbell tells us that, as he pronounced the final words, Brougham, as if in solemn appeal, held his hands upraised and extended above his head, and did not lower them until he had spoken the last word—“justice”—with a hushed voice, so as to cast upon the assembly a mysterious awe. Possibly Brougham at that moment thought both of his Cicero and of the Protestant preachers of his native Scotland. It is well known of course that Cicero repeats, in his rhetorical works, and especially in the *De Oratore*, not once, but many times, that gesture and modulation of the voice are not less important than other things to him who wishes to win his case. As to the ministers of the Scottish Church, Brougham himself confessed that he had learned from them to produce by gesture and voice, with infallible success, emotions predetermined upon, and it is worthy of note, not less than are the instructions of Cicero, that the Scottish preachers at the conclusion of divine service bless the assembly by extending from the height of their pulpits the hands palm downwards over the heads of the faithful.

CHAPTER VIII

After the Bill—Giacomo Tommasini in London—Other events—At Brandenburg House—Canning leaves the Government—Debate on the policy of the Government in Italy—The Marquis of Tavistock's motion is defeated—The Queen demands to be crowned—The Queen's attempt to be present at the King's Coronation—Her death—Disturbances on the occasion of her funeral.

AFTER the withdrawal of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, the House of Lords decided to resume its sittings on the same day as the Commons, November 23rd, whence it came about once more that the excitement of the entire populace of England, no longer centred in and confined to the Houses of Parliament, spread itself abroad and overflowed the whole country. From the 10th to the 20th of November was a period of uninterrupted delirium in London. By day brawling crowds promenaded the streets and public places, at times making demonstrations of hostility to the Government, at times demonstrations in favour of the Queen; at night this or that quarter of the town or the offices of the public journals were illuminated, either voluntarily or under coercion. The funds, as if it were a matter of a great victory or some other joyful national event, rose nearly two points, from 68½ to 697/8.

On November 18th Professor Giacomo Tommasini arrived at Calais, and was on the point of returning to Italy without crossing the Channel, since upon the withdrawal of the Bill the reason for his continuing his journey had to a great extent disappeared. The Queen, however, let him know that she was none the less desirous of seeing him, although the need for his evidence no longer existed. He therefore crossed the Channel and was cordially received at Brandenburg House, where apartments were assigned to him, on the very day on which, after having passed many years of disfavour at Court, the death occurred of Lord Malmesbury, who had taken such a prominent part in the King's marriage.⁵²

Three days afterwards Tommasini wrote to his wife at Parma in the following terms: "I was received with the greatest *empressement* at the private residence of the Queen, who wished to have me near at hand. Her triumph over her enemies is complete. The trial is at an end, and in this place everything has given way to rejoicings and congratulations amongst a huge populace."

Tommasini was subsequently present at the great popular demonstration on November 29th, and he thus describes it in another letter to his wife. "It is impossible, without being present in London, to form an idea of the popular enthusiasm for the Queen, or perhaps it would be better to say of the popular discontent with the Ministry; since one may well consider that the display of banners and arms which have been flaunted in support

of the Queen, and have brought the Bill into disfavour and thwarted its aims, have in reality been anti-Ministerial demonstrations. In every respect the Queen's victory is complete and glorious, and will make a notable epoch in the annals of England. On the 29th of the month just closed the popular feeling for the Queen was demonstrated in full force. She had already arranged to attend the Cathedral Church of London (St. Paul's) to return thanks to God for the happy issue of her cause. The Government had attempted to put obstacles in the way of this arrangement, but in the ancient City of London, where the above-mentioned church, the residence of the Lord Mayor, and the Chamber of the Common Council are situated, the Government has no authority whatever, nor are troops allowed to enter except by permission of the Lord Mayor, nor can the Government exercise any function unless the Mayor and Aldermen guarantee public order and tranquility. The Queen's resolution was looked upon as a revolutionary attempt. It may even have been really feared as an occasion on which revolution might be stirred up, but the Lord Mayor guaranteed order and quiet, and secured it with the greatest ease. He called together the Council, assembled the leading merchants and property-owners, and requested them to put forward a number of men who were lovers of public peace, and who would assume the responsibility of keeping order. Two thousand individuals were selected from amongst the families of the merchants and property-owners themselves. This body of men, civic guard as we may term it, without a gun, without a sword, with merely rods in their hands, symbolizing their office and the fact that they had civic authority, overawed without the slightest difficulty a gathering of eight hundred thousand people. From Brandenburg House to St. Paul's is a distance of seven miles. And for these seven miles a long series of streets, the streets which open off them, the grass of the neighbouring parks, the squares, the houses, the roofs, the towers, the great yard in front of the Cathedral, wherever the eye could rest, was crowded with people, wearing white satin cockades and ribbons, signifying their adherence to the Queen's cause. What shall I say of the thousands of carriages or of citizens on horseback? What of the hymns and songs printed and sung in the Queen's honour? What of the engravings which were sold, and have for some time past been sold, caricaturing in various derisive ways the King and his Ministers? The spectacle presented a mixture of the grandiose and the popular; a genuine display of public goodwill to which lively expression was given, and an unrestrained enthusiasm which was not without its bursts of party frenzy. Everything, however, went off well, and nothing in the least untoward happened except that stones were thrown at the windows of some of the ministers and panes of glass broken. In the meanwhile the City has shown itself

very much inclined to oppose the Government. The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen and Sheriffs of London met the day before yesterday to consider Alderman Wood's proposition. This involves their going in a body before the King and presenting him with an address. First, congratulating him, inasmuch as justice and national opinion have triumphed in the unjust proceedings instituted against the Queen. Second, petitioning him for a change of Ministry, the present Ministry being shown to be unworthy the confidence of the nation by the aforesaid trial. Thirdly, petitioning him that the Government may appoint the Queen a residence, an establishment, and an income suitable to her position as a legitimate Queen of England. This address from the City of London, which the King cannot decline to receive, will almost certainly be followed by similar addresses from all parts of the kingdom. We shall see what the King replies and what will happen. The fall of the Government seems certain. Strange influences!"

We can also quote the temperate but vivacious description which the same writer, Professor Tommasini, in a subsequent letter gives of the glorious day on which the Scottish deputations came to Brandenburg House to offer homage, congratulation, and good wishes to the Queen: "I should already have started for Cambridge and Oxford if the Queen had not gently insisted on my remaining with her over that day (so triumphant for her) on which the deputations from Scotland came to Brandenburg House to offer her their homage, their congratulations, and their good wishes. Ah, my dear wife, what impressions have ever equaled those which were made on my mind by these Scotchmen, who came in their hundreds, clothed in the ancient garb of the Caledonians and the bards? With what enthusiasm did I find myself face to face, and within a hand's grasp of these countless pilgrims, youthful inhabitants of the mountains where Ossian sang the enterprises and achievements of Fingal! Tall of stature, of athletic proportions and keen eyes, with short garments girt with rough cloth, ribbons, and pendants of steel, and equally brilliant about the body, which also had metal ornaments. Bear or wolf skins hung gracefully from the shoulders and covered the legs as far as the knees, the legs were naked and only decked with ribbons towards the feet, which were covered with suitable shoes. Spears of an antique type, and resplendent arms stuck in the girdle, a free gait, entirely devoid of affectation, that's the best description I can give you of a Scottish mountaineer. I saw upwards of three hundred of them, all dressed in the same fashion, preceded by certain more distinguished personages who carried national banners and were presented to the Queen by a civic deputation of heads of districts in Scotland. The sound of their music is extremely simple, and much resembles that with which the

inhabitants of our mountains accompany the performing bears and wild animals in the lowlands. The speeches delivered before the Queen were simple and frank so far as I could understand, and so far as I was informed by those who could understand better than myself. The Queen replied to them with equal simplicity, and remained willingly for a long time in conversation with them. The concourse which this function attracted from London was immense, and the equipages drawn by six horses superbly caparisoned were alone over a hundred. Not a single horse, nor a single man in the vast gathering was without his white ribbon, the symbol that he was of the Queen's party. The Scottish ladies, who also attended this function in great numbers, were simply dressed, but all wore handsome silk scarves with designs in various colours similar to the characteristic dress of the soldiers already described."

In the midst of these events a message became public which the Queen had intended to put before the House of Commons on their reassembling. The Queen said that during the prorogation of Parliament the offer had been made to her of a sum of money for her maintenance, together with a residence, but that she had not hesitated to decline absolutely all that was offered, for she did not think it fitting any longer that she should accept from the ministers what she was quite certain of obtaining from the liberality of the Commons as a provision essential to the dignity of the throne according to the principles of sternest justice. She added that if it should come to her knowledge that any further proceedings against her were meditated, she should confide herself entirely to the representatives of the people, relying upon their wisdom and justice to decide what measures should be taken so as to protect her from all annoyance and put an end to the unparalleled persecution to which she had been subjected.

On November 23rd, as had been appointed, parliamentary activity was resumed, but it met at once with an unforeseen and rude interruption.

Whilst Denman, the Queen's Counsel, was preparing to read her message, an Usher of the Black Rod appeared in the House, stating that he was instructed to invite the Speaker of the Commons to appear in the House of Lords and hear the sentence of prorogation. A great disturbance arose immediately, for the members of the Opposition would not permit the Speaker's exit. At length he was permitted to depart in the midst of groans and protests, and he proceeded to the House of Lords, where the Chancellor, without giving any explanation and without delivering the customary speech, announced that Parliament was prorogued till January 23rd, 1821.

The House being closed, the difficult dispute between the

august pair continued during the remainder of the year 1820 to occupy with no rival interest the entire attention of the vast population of Great Britain, even more than it had done for five-and-twenty years. The decision with regard to the Queen's establishment of course remained in suspense.

As to the insertion of her name in the Liturgy, the ministerial prohibition of February 12th, 1820, remained in force. Only in the Scottish churches was prayer offered for the Queen, inasmuch as the Scottish clergy were not bound to acknowledge the hierarchical superiority of the head of the Anglican Church.

Thus it happened that even in England actual justice was overridden by motives of policy.

The Queen had arrived in England unaccompanied by any Italians. Lady Anne Hamilton and Mr. Alderman Wood were at her side at the moment of her entry into London. In the other carriages which formed part of the cortège there were only English people, but as soon as she was settled at Brandenburg House she began, little by little, to form a Court of a new kind, and the Italian element again became predominant. In strict justice it must be added at once that this time the Italians were not of the same class as the families of Sapio and Pergami, who had flocked around her and battered on her, first in London at Kensington Palace, and afterwards in Italy and elsewhere. They were Italians who remained about her in a more or less precarious condition, because the body of counsel for the defence, composed of the lawyers so many times mentioned, expected to procure through them evidence or information, direct or indirect, on points relative to the trial.

From August to November, 1820, this Court, or as it might reasonably be called, this royal caravanserai, was frequented by the strangest people, for not a few people in Italy had actually applied to be called as witnesses, attracted by visions of liberal reward, in which, of course, they were disappointed, or by the secret ambition of acting even some small part in a pageant upon which the eyes of all the world were turned, or maybe with no other desire than that of visiting the metropolis of England and gazing at fresh sights. Many of those who thus arrived upon the Queen's invitations, signed by her in blank in London, or upon the representations of Mr. Henry, went back to Italy without ever even being called upon for the evidence which they had come to offer.

The larger part of these people were natives of Pesaro, for during the years immediately preceding the trial the Queen had spent most of her time at the Villa Vittoria, near that town. Amongst these the most important upon all counts was that excellent man, the Marchese Antaldo Antaldi, of whom Tommasini and Rasori speak in their letters. Antaldi was one of

the few who, enjoying in his own country a well-merited reputation, followed the Queen's party with purity of motives and with such disinterestedness that not only did neither he nor his family reap any material or nominal benefit from his action, but that the Queen and certain of the other Italians were indebted for means placed at their disposal by Antaldi. Indeed, it now seems certain that the Marchese Antaldi gave on behalf of and by order of the Queen the considerable sum of £100 sterling to Ugo Foscolo, who solicited help to enable him to return to Italy, he being at that time overwhelmed with debts, a condition very derogatory to him. This sum was never returned by the poet nor refunded to Antaldi by the Queen. The Cavaliere Vassalli, formerly a captain in the Italian army, who had accompanied the Queen as far as St. Omer, also arrived in London. Vassalli had been equerry to the Princess; he was much esteemed by her, and was at once invited to come to Brandenburg House, where, together with his wife, he remained until the death of the Queen. Shortly after Vassalli, Cavaliere Alessandro Olivieri and Count Michele Schiavini appeared. The former had been, during the last period of her residence at Pesaro, fellow-chamberlain with Pergami, and the latter had taken an important part in the administration of her affairs. To London also came upon invitation Dr. Gattei, physician by appointment at the Villa Vittoria, and Dr. Fusignani, Gattei's coadjutor, who returned to Italy towards the end of November, bearing letters from Tommasini. In addition to these there were a Judge Felici with his wife, and a certain Luigi Bischì, who remained to the end, and who had formerly been superintendent of the papal police at Pesaro. To him the Queen, in a separate codicil, left a legacy of £1000 sterling and a yearly pension of £150 sterling. Finally, at the beginning of October, the household was increased by the arrival of Prince Hercolani, of Bologna, the Countess Oldi, and Pergami's nephew Carlino. In the evenings there were often visitors in the persons of other Italians who had settled in London, either from choice or because circumstances had brought them there, such as Ugo Foscolo, General Guglielmo Pepe, who arrived in 1821 a fugitive from Italy, and the bankers Marietti, junior, and Obicini, who came on business.

Giovanni Rasori, as we have seen, either, like General Pino, did not really wish to come to London, or a favourable opportunity for his doing so did not occur.

There is no occasion to mention any English people.

The feminine side of the Queen's party was not numerous, still it was not wanting altogether. Besides the wife and daughter of Alderman Wood and Lady Anne Hamilton, there were the wife of Cavaliere Vassalli, the wife of Signor Felici, the Countess Oldi, and some others. The wives of the peers, even of those who had espoused the Queen's cause, held themselves aloof. It is said that

the wife of the Queen's solicitor-general, Mr. Denman, who often accompanied her husband to Brandenburg House in his carriage, sometimes remained for hours together making lace in the carriage in front of the door rather than cross the threshold of a house of whose owner she disapproved.

When the time had gone by for the reception of addresses and deputations the saloons at Brandenburg House resumed an ordinary aspect, and the society gathered together there entered upon the normal quietness of a modest private family. The persons mentioned, to whom at times others were unexpectedly added, passed their time with music and singing and the playing of simple games. Frequently a certain Gerolamo Scacciani, a well-known jeweller at Pesaro, told the Queen's fortune by means of a pack of playing-cards at a little side-table, and purely on this account she became very much attached to him, for in the matter of superstitions she was not a whit above the women of the people. On one occasion she had recourse to a witch at Marseilles, and from her, as it is needless to say, received replies favourable to her cause and to her future fortunes.

Meanwhile, however, whatever appearances might be, economic conditions were in reality becoming ever more and more difficult. The annual income of £35,000 might suffice in ordinary circumstances and in Italy, but not in London, and when there were, in addition, the huge expenses consequent upon that lengthy trial. She resorted to loans, and it seems that after her death many people found themselves impoverished merely through the Queen's having, by the advice of Brougham, persisted in her refusal to accept the £50,000 which the King, acting on the advice of his ministers, had assigned to her use.

The danger that organized rebellion, and perhaps even revolution, might develop out of the trial from which the nation had been so averse, was certainly feared both by high and low, and many believed that the Government could not possibly overcome the strong hostility which had been aroused against it in all parts of the United Kingdom. At the moment when the Bill was withdrawn there was actually talk of a wholesale impeachment of the ministers. George Canning, who at the very beginning of the trial had already hinted in his able speech in the House of Commons that he was not entirely in accord on this point with his colleagues, ended by resigning his position in the Government, and consequently the difficulty of continuing upon the lines laid down was further increased. All the same, neither this incident nor other obstacles arrested the progress of affairs in the direction determined upon, nor did they bring about the dreaded crisis, which is certainly a sign that their policy was well directed and firmly adhered to.

Christmas with its festivities was welcome as bringing with it certain distractions, but the precarious position of the Queen, which it had been impossible to settle by a decision of Parliament, the numerous deputations and the addresses which arrived from even the most distant parts of the kingdom, all helped to keep the interest in the affair alive.

Thus we reach the day for the opening of Parliament, January 23rd, 1821. The session, according to custom, began with the speech from the throne, in which, amongst other things, it was stated that consideration would be given to placing before the House proposals for fresh legislation as to a decorous treatment of the Queen.

The debate which immediately followed in the House of Lords as to the reply to be given to the King's speech, brought the noble assembly to a discussion upon the ministerial policy in regard to Italian affairs, and particularly in regard to the kingdom of Naples. Lord Grey said that he was utterly astounded and highly indignant that the sovereigns who were allies of England should have ventured to summon the King of Naples to Lubiana to justify his action in conceding liberty to his people. Had England, then, no weight in the councils of the allied Powers, which would secure the triumph of a generous intention? And if it had any such weight, why not make it felt? The peace of Europe demanded that the independence of the minor states should be maintained.

Much more definite, and almost violent even, was Lord Holland upon this subject. He designated the allied sovereigns "the barbarians of the north," and said that it was a scandal to England that the Government should in certain ways have encouraged the Austrian invasion of Neapolitan provinces.

Equal disapproval, perhaps even greater, met the ministers in the other House on account of their Italian policy. But Lord Castlereagh assured the House that the Government was ignorant of the summons sent by the allied sovereigns to the King of Naples, and indeed that it was taking no part in the resolutions of the three Great Powers assembled at the Congress of Lubiana.

It was something, but in reality it was but little, for the skilful statesman added immediately afterwards that it was not possible to countenance what the revolution had effected, because it was the work of a society extending over other parts of the Peninsula, which aimed at uniting the whole of Italy in a single state. As to the question relating to the Queen, which no longer occupied the first position in national affairs, or at least did not occupy it to the exclusion of everything else, the two Houses still displayed much hostility to the Government upon one point in its home policy of no great importance. This was in reference to the instructions given by the Government in accordance with the decision of the Privy Council on February 12th, 1820, to omit the Queen's name

from the public Liturgy.

At length, Lord Castlereagh, alluding to the recent division in the House of Lords (November 10th), made the following remarks: "In the House of Lords one hundred and twenty-three members have adjudged the Queen guilty of the actions with which she was charged. For our own justification it is no concern of ours to decide whether she is or is not guilty. The only question that concerns us is whether we have accused her upon baseless grounds or without motives of extreme gravity. I consider that since the withdrawal of the Bill, the Queen should be regarded as innocent in a certain legal sense, and the rights which the law confers upon her will be conceded. But who will venture to say that her position is that of a person who may rightfully demand a show of honour and respect? I am not going to recapitulate the notorious evidence. I deplore the wretched condition in which the Queen is placed, but since there are many considerations which render her dangerous to the state, I must draw aside the veil which covers her guilt. She has lent herself as an instrument to a party which is hatching perilous designs against the state, the Church, and our Constitution. These are my reasons for being unwilling to grant her greater honours alike from the point of view of policy and of morality. Let the House therefore cease to occupy itself with a motion both unimportant and uninteresting. The Government is confronted with the question whether the House still extends to it its full confidence or whether it proposes at once to remove it from power."

These frank and vigorous declarations did not pass without a reply from Brougham, but their delivery did not entail the outbreak of a storm of protests which would have been the natural result two months previously, and shortly afterwards the attempts to circumscribe the motion and the division upon the too famous prohibition of the prayer for the Queen having proved futile, the Marquis of Tavistock proposed another in more general terms, which implied a censure upon the action of the Ministry in respect of their measures against the Queen.

The motion was brought forward, but on being put to the vote on February 8th, was rejected by a large majority.

It was full time. The Government regained at one stroke the lost ground of the previous year, and the Queen's star began to pale.

The division of the House of Commons on February 8th, 1821, marked the first step on the fatal road towards the conclusion of the drama, which took place five months later on July 19th.

It was a skilful move, therefore, on the part of the Government to bring forward immediately after the division the Bill for the Queen's civil list. Her allowance was fixed at £50,000 annually.

But just at this point Brougham rose and delivered a fresh message from his august client.

The Queen, whilst expressing her gratitude to the King and the House for their intentions, declared that she had reason to fear that they did not wish her to enjoy the same rights and privileges as had been accorded to the queens who had preceded her, and that consequently she retained the unalterable resolve to decline every species of composition so long as her name continued to be excluded from the Liturgy.

She thus placed the Government in an impasse. But perhaps after the decision of February 5th she reposed too much confidence in popular favour, though it is probable that Brougham was responsible for her announcement, for a scheme was afoot amongst her supporters to substitute a public subscription for her civil list allowance.

Lord Castlereagh drew immediate attention to the incompatibility of the Queen's statement with what she had already given utterance to in another message which had been made public before it reached the House. He referred, of course, to her statement that she would accept nothing from the Government but would trust to the liberality of the Commons. He declared then that it was contrary to the Constitution, and even seditious, that a party attempt should be made to provide an income for the Queen by public subscription, and said that for his part he supported the original motion, which consequently became law in less than a month after passing through the regular processes which mark the progress of all enactments.

Nipped in this fashion in the bud, the proposal of a subscription to provide the Queen with an adequate income, which would certainly have provoked fresh disorders, was not again heard of.

After this the affairs of Italy continued to occupy the attention of the English Parliament, and it is to the credit of the Whig party that they always contended with the Government at close quarters, accusing them of employing one method of speech in the House and another with the allies. During the sitting of March 3rd Lord Lansdowne stated that the Italian *carbonari* had been created and supported by the allied Powers, with the aim of freeing Italy from the yoke of France, that the Italians had been exhorted to follow the example of Spain, and that consequently there was no reason for amazement if the Constitution of the Cortes had been adopted at Naples. In Chaumont's treatise one hears of nothing but the duty of defending the rights and liberties of the nations, but nowadays "the word liberty has been struck out of the vocabulary of the allies." Finally, the Marquis proposed that public thanks should be addressed to the King for his refusal to take part in the measures in question, which were undoubtedly contrary to the

fundamental principles of the English Constitution.

The Marquis closed his speech with an entreaty that His Majesty would employ all his influence with the allied sovereigns to repair the consequences of a policy which might easily have disturbed the peace of Europe, and which were dangerous in their menace to national security.

To this speech, strongly supported by Lords Ellenborough and Holland, the ministers (Lord Bathurst, who had succeeded Canning, and Lord Liverpool) replied stating, amongst other things, that without entering upon a defence of Austrian policy in Italy it was sufficient for them that they could show the English Government did not endorse it. With regard to the *carbonari*, their aim was not merely the liberation of Naples, but a general upheaval of the whole of Italy, not a constitutional government, but anarchy.

Nevertheless, whilst the Liberal party in the English Parliament protested against Austrian-Italian policy and the Government condemned it, but confined itself within the bounds of a theoretical disapprobation, Austria, in no way disturbed by these declarations, but rather confirmed in her reactionary measures, raged through Milanese territory and elsewhere against the Italian *carbonari*, and so, after the agitation in Naples, Pietro Maroncelli, Silvio Pellico, Melchiorre Gioia, Giandomenico Romagnosi, Castilia, Pallavicino, Borsieri, and others were all arrested on the charge of complicity with the *carbonari*.

With these and other discussions which kept Parliament employed, if not excited, we proceed uneventfully towards the date fixed for the coronation of the King, which had been postponed from August 1st of the preceding year to July 19th, 1821, on account of the innumerable incidents and set-backs, controversial and scandalous, of which we have so far given an account.

As the appointed day approached an inquiry was made in Parliament as to whether the Ministry did or did not intend to arrange for the coronation of the Queen. The answer came that the Queen had actually claimed to be crowned as a right, but that coronation was not a privilege incident to her position, but a favour depending upon the will of the sovereign, and that the ministers were of opinion that it was inexpedient that Her Majesty should participate in that function.

Thereupon, by the express desire of the Queen herself, the matter was brought before the Privy Council, and when at length the time came for a decision there were present upwards of forty councilors, amongst whom were the Dukes of York and Clarence. The Queen's arguments were supported by a single counsel, Henry Brougham, who by historical parallels demonstrated that according to English customs the Queen must be crowned with the same ritual as the King; but the Attorney-General, who also based

his statements upon historical documents, retorted that the coronation of a Queen was only a simple ceremony dependent upon the will and favour of the King; that from the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII onwards there had been six queens consort crowned and seven not crowned, so that the majority of examples was against the present claim.

When it came to the vote the Privy Council rejected the Queen's claim by a large majority.

The closing of the parliamentary session, decided upon at an opportune moment, prevented the decision of the Privy Council from being followed by wearisome recriminations in the House. But the Queen did not give up her claim on this account, rather did she strive more than ever with all her strength of mind to bring her design to fruition.

As the fresh protests which she addressed to the King, accusing him of giving the sanction of authority to an act of injustice, produced no effect, and her request that she might at least be allowed to be present in a suitable place at the coronation was left unanswered, she decided to achieve her aim by dexterity, or as one might perhaps more properly term it, by astuteness.

On the day preceding the coronation, that is, on July 18th, the Queen took up her abode in a house near to the main entrance of the vast abbey church at Westminster, in which, as most people are aware, it is customary to crown the kings of England. Early in the night between the 18th and 19th the space surrounding the church was packed with waiting crowds, which grew greater and more excited as the hour for the ceremony drew near.

On the morning of the 19th the great dignitaries of state and the representatives of the legislative, military, and diplomatic bodies passed through the streets leading from the royal palace to the church. These were appropriately decorated and guarded by a double line of soldiers. The officials entered the church and took up their appointed places.

Then the Queen, when an opportune moment seemed to have arrived, entered a coach of singularly modest appearance in comparison with the others, and joining the line of approaching vehicles, drove to the spot appointed for guests to alight. There she dismounted, and in company with Lord Hood, whose arm she took, and Lady Anne Hamilton, who followed her, crossed the stretch of pavement which intervened between her carriage and the Abbey door. But the crowd appeared more inclined to curiosity than to applause, and those who were not indifferent marked their disapproval by murmured comments, which showed instantly that their state of mind was very different from what it had formerly been.

In those few instants the unfortunate queen had borne in upon

her with supreme bitterness the instability of popular favour, though it was undoubtedly a fresh and cruel blow to her when on presenting herself at the door of the Abbey she received the frigid response, "We have had no instructions to allow you to pass."

These words were submissively and respectfully pronounced by the Court officials, whose duties placed them about the entrance, but an iron barrier could not have been more prohibitive. Not a voice amongst the crowd was raised in protest—a profound silence reigned all around.

Equally unsuccessful was a second attempt at entrance made at another door, where it is said her companion announced her with the words, "Here is your Queen."

Everything had been foreseen and prearranged, and from that moment, for Caroline, all was over.

Humiliated, confounded, with tears in her eyes and rage in her heart, the unhappy lady returned with difficulty to her carriage, and passing through the indifferent crowd, repaired to the mansion from which she had set out, and from there to Brandenburg House.

The ceremony of the coronation proceeded without further incident—indeed, history records that it was one of the most stately and best-arranged of coronations.

The King, at the head of the entire Court with the crown borne before him, proceeded through the streets leading from the Palace to the Abbey, and by the afternoon of the same day the momentous event was concluded, the complicated ritual being minutely carried out.

Many will see in all this merely a gorgeous ceremony followed by a colossal orgy. But the great majority of the English people, who are practical at the same time that they are idealistic, discern in the coronation of their King a ratification of their own personal powers. They seem to be sensible of an alliance between a protective Deity and the human race; a guarantee, indeed, of the development and preservation of whatever is national, whatever belongs peculiarly to the British stock.

Between the coronation of George IV and that of Edward VII recently solemnized exactly eighty-two years passed. What a marvelous development of power and prosperity has Britain experienced in less than a century! The population of the United Kingdom was at that time twenty-two millions. In the interim it has exactly doubled. The population of British colonial possessions was at that time one hundred millions; to-day it exceeds three hundred and fifty; whilst the total annual trading is ten times greater than in 1821.

In the days immediately succeeding the coronation the Queen

was forced to be present as a helpless spectator at the triumph of the man whom she had every reason to look upon as the prime cause of all her troubles, and her own implacable persecutor. She probably felt that she had been the victim of Court plots carried on from beginning to end with inconceivable stratagems.

On August 3rd, whilst the King was on his way to Ireland, the news was suddenly spread that the Queen had been unexpectedly seized with a grave malady, the nature of which had not been ascertained with certainty. Some spoke of internal congestion, some of heart disease.

With her sanguine, excitable, and nervous temperament it was to be expected that she would feel keenly the violent shocks to which she had been so long exposed, and particularly the last and most formidable. The loss of public favour, the outrageous comments of the newspapers, and her determination to maintain a semblance of indifference in the face of her enemies, without doubt contributed to her illness, even if it did not actually result from these causes. The most renowned physicians in London were at once called to her bedside, and she was bled freely, but every effort of the healing art proved futile. Between the 4th and the 8th of August she herself felt that her last hour was at hand, and desired that her final wishes might be recorded.

In these sad moments she was supported by the pious offices of devoted friendship on the part of Dr. Lushington, who subsequently saw scrupulously to the exact carrying out of her wishes, the youth William Austin, the Marchese Antaldo Antaldi, Lady Anne Hamilton, the Cavaliere Vassalli, the family of Alderman Wood, and a few others. She appointed William Austin heir to all that she possessed and that might be due to her. In separate and successive codicils she bestowed souvenirs upon Marietta Brun, the maid who had remained in her service, sister to Louise Demont, Dr. Lushington, her coachman Hyeronimus, Lady Anne Hamilton, the Marchese Antaldo Antaldi, and Cardinal Albani, to whom she left robes and mementoes of value. Finally, she expressed the desire that her body might be laid to rest in the land which saw her birth, and that on her tomb the inscription might be placed—

CAROLINE,
THE INJURED QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

She died on August 7th, 1821, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, having been born on May 17th, 1768.

EPILOGUE

IT was fated that the unhappy lady, unquiet throughout her life, should not be allowed to rest peacefully even after her death.

The unlooked-for and almost cataclysmal malady with which she was seized reawakened excitement in the minds of her supporters, already sufficiently frenzied, and reports that there were reasons for suspecting her death to have been procured by poison were not slow in obtaining credence. In the popular imagination poison is the weapon of courts, but on this occasion at least there seems no reason to suppose that it was employed. The poor Queen had already effected her own effacement on July 19th, so that there was no further reason for taking means to bring it about.

In the King's absence the Ministry was for a time uncertain how to act, and indeed the appropriate course was far from clear. If the funeral rites conceded should be lavish and generous, they might convey the impression of posthumous homage, and be interpreted as remorse, thus at the same time provoking popular wrath and kingly disapprobation. If, on the other hand, they were restricted within the ordinary limits (and who shall say what these might be?), the Ministry could scarcely escape the reproach of persecuting the Queen, even after her death. In consequence of this state of affairs any untoward incident whatever might stir up a great commotion or worse.

It was decided at a council called together by the ministers, that on August 14th the mortal remains of the Queen should be removed from Brandenburg House to Harwich in a carriage drawn by eight horses, decorated with four heraldic achievements, and followed by twenty-six mourning coaches and an escort of Horse Guards. The funeral cortège was not to pass through the principal streets of the city, but bearing to the north-east of London, to approach the port of Harwich by the road passing through Ilford, Chelmsford, and Colchester. From Harwich the body of the Queen, accompanied by an escort of honour composed of members of her suite, would be borne by a ship of the Royal Navy, the "Glasgow," to the mouth of the Elbe.

From the outset disputes arose between the Queen's friends and the representatives of the Government, since the former, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased, desired that there should be no military escort, whilst the latter discerned in the escort a cautious means of avoiding commotions or of repressing them promptly if they should arise, and were consequently unwilling to dispense with it. Finally, when the immense cortège set forth on its way, it was discovered that in many places the streets were barricaded, whilst here and there were groups of men on horseback followed by large numbers of people on foot, who

hindered the advance of the procession in the direction laid down and forced it to change its route. More than once violent altercations occurred between the soldiers of the escort and the crowd which followed the funeral car or which collected at different points on the way, and force was necessarily repelled by force. In one of these encounters several people were left killed or wounded. At length by one deviation or another, the popular aim was accomplished, that of conducting the procession through the City itself.

Then, in accordance with his privilege, the Lord Mayor forbade the armed escort to proceed, and he himself joined the procession. This was a moment of terrible anxiety, and there was some fear of a *coup de main*, since the multitude, excited by the success already achieved, began to cry out, "Make room for the Queen! Make way for the murdered Queen!" Some amongst the crowd proposed to lead the funeral car to the front of Carlton House as a mark of protest, but through the influence of the unarmed police, who interposed successfully, the proposition was abandoned, and thereafter the procession followed the appointed route, and after various adventures, arrived at a late hour at Colchester, where the Queen's body was temporarily deposited in the church.

But all the same, the disturbances were not yet finished by any means. Towards midnight, the testamentary executors, followed by many of the people, succeeded in entering the church and in affixing to the bier a ticket with the inscription which the Queen had directed to be affixed in her will, an inscription which the Government officials had naturally been unable to allow of. Thereupon ensued fresh quarrels, and fresh protest against the violation of the wishes of the deceased.

The following day the body was borne from the church to Harwich, where, according to prearrangement, it was taken on board ship for conveyance to Germany.

The ship "Glasgow" sighted land at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, and thence going upstream arrived off Stade; the remainder of the journey from Stade to Brunswick necessarily took place by land.

The faithful Cavaliere Vassalli, together with a few others, never left the body of their mistress until on 25 August, 1821, it was deposited in the family vault of the Dukes of Brunswick.

Upon the tomb of Caroline the following inscription was placed:

Depositum serenissimae principissae Carolinae-Ameliae-Elizabethae, Dei gratia reginae consortis augustissimae potentissimi monarchae Georgii quarti Dei gratia Britanniarum regis, fidei defensoris, regis Hanoveriae ac Brunswici et Luneburgi ducis. Obiit VII die mensis augusti anno Domini MDCCCXXI aetatis suae LIV.

Pergami, who in June, 1820, repaired from St. Omer to Paris, speedily returned into Italy, where he settled down and for a long time enjoyed the honours he had attained to and the wealth he had accumulated, which latter he even increased.

“I myself who write,” says David Silvagni, “saw his funeral at Pesaro in 1841, and was present when his panegyric was pronounced in the church by Canon Ortolani.”⁵³ Silvagni also states that the Queen had a daughter by Pergami, who was given the name of Vittorina.

Possibly Pergami at times was not unwilling to permit such an origin to be ascribed to his daughter, to whom also the suggestion may not have been displeasing—and the idea may have appeared to be corroborated through the Princess permitting herself to be called “mamma” by the girl—but in reality Vittorina Pergami was born some year or so before the Princess of Wales arrived in Italy. Vittorina subsequently married into the family of Conte Belluzzi; whilst William Austin, who had been so generally believed to be the Queen’s son, was admitted to an asylum, affected with mental disease which brought about his death in 1834, whilst still a young man.

The voice which speaks from the tomb of Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, utters a dead language, despite the fact that on her bed of suffering she had expressed the wish to appeal directly to posterity in the living tongue of the nation which had known and acclaimed her as Queen. This is the final irony in a life which was one uninterrupted series of extraordinary contrasts, of many faults and few virtues, of the stately and the scurrilous, the heroic and the grotesque, the sublime and the ridiculous. Such were the fortunes, and such the nature of this sphinx of a woman, that she trod and retrod many times, conscious and determined, the ways of those who dwell in lewdness and take delight in it, and yet displayed a high-souled courage in vindicating her disputed rights. The poet Cossa might well have put into her mouth—better, indeed, than into that of the historic Messalina—the words:

But I shall rise from out my deeps of shame,
Inexorable, to take a mortal vengeance.

But whilst the imaginary Messalina of the Italian dramatist realized in the end the full horror of her career, and when dying thus addressed her imperial spouse:

I have merited your disdain!
Alas, bereft of reason, and ensnared
By magical arts, my mind strayed reelingly,
A fever preyed on me, a fiery pang,
Yet, wretched that I was, those portents scorned,

Frenzied, I ran, in mad attempt to grasp
The hollow phantom my delusion loved;

whilst, we say, this artistic retrospection reawakens pity for the erring one, the English Messalina is more true to human nature; she neither said nor felt impelled to say, "I have merited your disdain," but died disdainful, and would have continued through the ages to pour forth her upbraidings from the tomb if a German latinist had not, by command of the authorities, substituted his own pedestrian prose for her last dignified utterance.

A satisfactory estimate of the character of Caroline of Brunswick has not yet been given, and perhaps never may be, not because the aspects in which she appeared were manifold and diverse, not because she exhibited a perpetual contrast between reason and changeable inclination, rather because she was ever the same, and no relation was perceptible between what she did and what she thought. We might almost aver that it is an impossibility to estimate or define her character, since the interpretation lies on a razor's edge, which alone divides the diseased physiological element from the moral. In a single word she was indefinable.

The German historian Gervinus, who seems to take account only of her errors, although he apologizes for them generously, says that it would have been a miracle if persecuted and wounded as she was, her conduct had remained irreproachable. It would have been a miracle, he continues, if Calumny, which spied out all her most trifling actions, had left her an unspotted reputation even had she deserved it.

On this account we may be pardoned if, in summing up the estimates which have been rendered of this extraordinary woman, we restrict ourselves to the repetition of one which is perhaps the most authoritative, and which has the merit of leaving every one free to supplement it according to his own reading of her character.

An English lady who was intimately acquainted with the Princess for many years, and who related many things concerning her very frankly, the Lady Charlotte Bury, says finally that she had never met a woman who displayed more abnormality in every phase of her life.⁵⁴

It has been said, too, that the Princess was a woman of many personalities. The remark, however, explains but little, since those who do not possess in greater or less evidence many conflicting personalities are few. It explains one thing alone in the character of Caroline—how it was that she could be everything by turns yet always the same. She chose or rejected good or ill, and like a leaf quivering in the wind, she inclined now to one side and now to another, but she ever preserved the same outlook, and she never deviated a step from the path she had chosen, either by reason of

past experience or to avoid such obstacles as she met with. She fell over and over again into the same errors, and encountered unperturbed the same difficulties. If she surmounted them, it did not seem to improve her, if she stumbled or was repulsed, she did not despond about it. Miraculously rescued, unscathed, after a public accusation of marital infidelity which, however unfair it may be considered, can hardly be regarded as unfounded, she fell again immediately afterwards into errors of conduct perhaps even graver, which gave support to the original accusation and exposed her to the contemptuous pity of the English nobility at her Court at Kensington. Having once fallen into a net of intrigues, and been surrounded and impoverished by a family of Italian adventurers resident in London, the Sapio family, she profited nothing by her experience, failed to realize her mistaken conduct, and, scarcely extricated from the one web, rushed directly she reached Italy into another of the same class. Once more she surrounded herself with an Italian family who battered on her in every sense of the word, and who succeeded in making her Court ridiculous to everybody's eyes but her own, even if it were not exactly what Münster calls it—a Court of adventurers and brigands. She possessed, evidently, a characteristic rare in woman, which, up to a certain point, may appear enviable, and which does not revolt because it never wore any disguise. Whatever might be the caprice of the moment she pursued to the end, with that masterfulness of will-power which only great minds possess. The world looked on and passed judgment; she never gave a thought except to her desired goal.

But the last, and perhaps the greatest incongruity of her character, was that a woman of her temperament should die and carry with her to the grave a terrible secret, a secret at which on many occasions she hinted, with veiled discretion, and which undoubtedly bore its part in emboldening her when, towards the end of her life, defenceless and almost completely divested of her prerogatives, she confronted her enraged husband, the King of England. What was the meaning of this? This woman who had lived consistently without the slightest effort at reticence, who had paraded the secrets of the closet in public as one might wear a Parisian “confection” on a journey, a woman so constituted died keeping a great secret locked in her own breast. She had perhaps for a long period pondered over and cherished a difficult political project at which we can now do no more than hint.

As to this secret, one may venture to discern the first allusion to it in the letter of April, 1796, in which, with immense and hostile contempt, she declares that the reasons which led up to the separation were to be sought for in her husband, at that time Prince of Wales. But what were those reasons? Nobody ever knew, and nobody will ever know with certainty: Caroline died without disclosing them!

At any rate, the letter in which she replies to her husband, and her own remarks on the subject throughout her life, are such as might be expected from one who had to complain of unparalleled wrongs inflicted on her by some one whose guilt was equally without parallel; from one who is aware that she has possession of a key with which a secret hurtful to every one concerned could be revealed, a secret which lay exclusively in her keeping. And from time to time she displays this key, and makes it emit its baleful coruscations before the eyes of the man it is calculated to terrify. We have already seen how, in the letter of April, 1796, just referred to, she insists on the fact that the reproach of the separation lay entirely with her husband; and we know with what unwonted reticence she always mentioned that double mystery, the circumstances of her marriage and the birth at the appointed date of the Princess Charlotte. In Lady Charlotte Bury's "Diary" to which reference should be made on all points relating to the life of Caroline during her residence in England, certain characteristic lapses of speech and thought are recorded amongst many other matters.

On one occasion, speaking of the terrible first night of her marriage, the following unwary statement fell from her. "I remember that he (the Prince of Wales) fell down in front of the fireplace, where he passed the greater part of the night, and where I left him. . . . Time passed on, and I was *enceinte* . . . at least everybody said so. . . . But, as for me, I pitied them. . . . I myself was incredulous as to my condition. Eventually Charlotte came into the world." On another occasion she is reported to have said, "When I saw the Prince of Wales with Lady Jersey, I guessed at once how things were, and said to myself, 'Oh, very well,' and decided on my attitude . . . and affairs might have been adjusted if . . . oh, my God! I could cheerfully be the slave of the man I love, but of a man I don't love, never! never! that is quite a different thing!"

To the reasons for the separation, which remain as ever enveloped in mystery, she alludes several years later—and with a terribly threatening note—in the open letter which she addressed to her husband on the 7th of August, 1820, at the time of the trial. In that letter she says that the real reasons for their separation still remained unknown to the public. Finally, an allusion to the subject occurs in a pamphlet, now of the utmost rarity (the history of it will be found in an appendix to the present volume), still in a threatening fashion. "Darkness and mystery," says the anonymous English traveler, the author of the pamphlet, "still envelope many points; as to which in the interest of others we should prefer to maintain silence."

There is no doubt, however, that in her secret heart Caroline was nursing a bold design, a design which she probably cherished

up to the last hour of her sojourn in Italy. In the perpetual incongruities of her demeanour one thing remains unvarying, and consequently calls for the more serious consideration, inasmuch as she was neither a Catholic nor apparently driven by any motives to propitiate Catholic interests. We allude to the ceremonious deference which on all occasions, quite spontaneously and unreservedly, she showed towards the Pope and the various ecclesiastical authorities of the cities where she made even the briefest stay. Indeed, her visits whilst in Rome to the Holy Father and Cardinal Consalvi, and her attitude to Catholic bishops and archbishops, were too marked not to arouse the suspicion that deep down in that maze of a mind lurked a second scheme, a scheme possibly of rebellion against the authority of the Anglican Church, possibly even—it cannot be proved, but it cannot be disproved—of enticing the Pope into the inevitable and imminent struggle with the King of England.

It is certain, at any rate, that scarcely had she arrived in Italy than she hastened to Rome to pay her respects to the Pope, and that for a while she discarded the practice of the Protestant religion and adopted the Catholic forms. It is certain that on many occasions whilst in Genoa and elsewhere she was present at ceremonies antagonistic to Protestantism, and that she was observed to enter the churches and pray with extreme fervour. Finally, when she resolved to leave the Villa d'Este she looked out for a new residence in the papal states, where she was provided with pontifical soldiers as her personal guard.

Nor is the last of her acts during her Italian residence without significance. When she learned at Leghorn of the death of King George III it did not occur to her to repair to Milan or to the Villa d'Este, or to any other of her residences, whence her journey to London might have been more readily and promptly set in train. No, from Leghorn she set out to Rome, and there awaited the course of events. For what reason did she thus increase the distance between herself and the place to which she proposed to return if it were not that she nursed a silent hope of finding at Rome some moral support, for which perhaps she had promised a recognition as soon as she wore her crown as Queen?

However it may have been, her hopes were destined to disappointment, and there is nothing to be gained by inquiring into the situation more minutely.

It now remains that we should fulfil our duty by disclosing, frankly and openly, in accordance with what we have already hinted at, what our ideas are about the other leading player in this scandalous drama. We will, in justice to him, repeat our inquiry: Who was the guilty party in the breach of conjugal relations between 1796 and 1820, and what was the nature of the guilt?

From our point of view the Prince of Wales was probably in

the same psycho-physical condition that Jean Jacques Rousseau repeatedly describes as his own in his *Confessions*. Even the circumstances of their lives, despite the immense social difference between one and the other, do not lack analogies. Rousseau, still a young man and inexperienced, enters into a strange amorous relation, indefinite and indefinable, with a lady whom in the *Confessions* he calls “mamma.” Madame de Warens was, as a matter of fact, nearly old enough to stand in that relation to him. We are far from comparing the woman who won the Prince of Wales’s closest affection, Mrs. Fitzherbert, with Madame de Warens; but the love affairs of the two youths have certain points in common which separate them from ordinary love affairs chiefly the pronounced disparity between the ages of the lovers and the women they loved.

Rousseau was still in close association with Madame de Warens when one of those opportunities occurred which only the cold or the fearful allow to escape them and which they never cease to regret when it is too late. What he actually says about it is, “Those who read these lines will scarcely fail to jeer at my attempts at gallantry when they learn that after many skirmishings the one that was carried furthest ended in the kissing of her hand. But do not allow yourself to be deceived, dear reader. I perhaps have known greater pleasure in an amour of which the kissing of a hand marked the close than you have done in one where that was merely the overture.”⁵⁵ In this fashion he consoled himself. But at a subsequent date, when he was on the point of reaping the harvest of a mutual and strenuous regard, his limbs failed him, and he fell into a faint, and afterwards set to crying like a child. Unhappy Rousseau! He does not call to mind that on another occasion he deceived himself by the declaration that for him a hand to kiss was enough. No, he cries out with tears in his voice. “Alas! nature decreed that I should be incapable of enjoyment. She has furnished my brain with the antidote to that ineffable delight, the appetite for which she bestowed on my heart”⁵⁶

The desire for ever fresh amours, a desire never extinguished because satiety was never attained, a desire which so pronouncedly disturbed the whole life of these two beings so widely differing in rank, but which nevertheless never procured them satisfaction proportionate to their amatory tendencies, is yet another analogy of some interest. Each of them detested the idea of marriage, in which each of them eventually encountered the most profound occasion for regret; though perhaps fate, which succeeded in exasperating the philosopher, did not attain equal influence over the Prince.

There is no occasion to insist upon or to become ponderous about this hypothesis, or even upon the resemblance between the cases, which for many and various reasons can never be

satisfactorily fathomed. Therefore, without plunging into a scientific discussion, we will conclude by saying that from the complex texture of facts which force themselves upon our attention we are led to the conclusion that in neither subject did there exist absolute impotence, but an inability to sustain the physical conditions necessary to the perpetuation of the species.

Who can say at this date whether the mystery which enveloped the birth of the Princess Charlotte had not some connexion with what we suggest? It is useless to demand an explanation of how Caroline could possibly have become a mother at the appointed time in view of such a condition on the part of her husband, for Court mysteries are much more easily realized than explained. As to ways and means, no very serious difficulties would be presented, as there would be occasion only for dissimulation of a not very complicated character.

Less easily comprehended would be the mutual assent to a comedy of this nature, which, as a matter of course, would eventually involve mutual assent to a separation. But when the pertinent portions of the two letters already referred to are fully considered and compared with everything else that was done and said, the gloom becomes a trifle less impenetrable, and one gladly ceases from deductive processes, content to have found at least one way out of a maze of uncertainties. In conclusion, even though doubt may have existed as to the legitimacy of their offspring, each of the royal couple would have reasons for feigning satisfaction and preventing the awakening of suspicions in the minds of others; he, in order to preserve his own right of succession, which, had the deception come to light, might have been ignominiously wrested from him; she, because in the event of her adultery being discovered, she had everything to lose both in personal reputation and social position. Nevertheless, in case of dire extremity one may conceive of her having recourse to the final expedient of bringing about for revenge's sake even her destruction. May not this possibility have been the baleful glow that emanated from the key of the mystery as she flourished it before the King?

And this hypothesis leads us back to a final consideration. Few are unaware that the unhappy Rousseau eventually became the creature of the vulgar and dissolute Therèse Le Vasseur, by whom he had several sons and daughters. Is it not conceivable that in the same way a daughter may have been born to the Prince of Wales? But Rousseau, who was only a poor philosopher, had no scruples of conscience about consigning his putative children to the care of the officials of a charitable institution. Upon children born in such circumstances to a prince, inasmuch as they are evidence of the consummation of a lawful marriage, the rights of succession descend.

APPENDIX A

PUBLIC LETTER FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

SIR,—After the unparalleled and unprovoked persecution, which, during a series of years, has been carried on against me under the name and authority of your Majesty—and which persecution, instead of being mollified by time, time has rendered only more and more malignant and unrelenting—it is not without a great sacrifice of private feeling that I now, even in the way of remonstrance, bring myself to address this letter to your Majesty. But, bearing in mind that Royalty rests on the basis of public good, that to this paramount consideration all others ought to submit; and aware of the consequences that may result from the present unconstitutional, illegal, and hitherto unheard of proceedings; with a mind thus impressed, I cannot refrain from laying my grievous wrongs once more before your Majesty, in the hope that the justice which your Majesty may, by evil-minded counselors, be still disposed to refuse to the claims of a dutiful, faithful, and injured wife, you may be induced to yield to considerations connected with the honour and dignity of your crown, the stability of your throne, the tranquility of your dominions, the happiness and safety of your just and loyal people, whose generous hearts revolt at oppression and cruelty, and especially when perpetrated by a perversion and mockery of the laws.

A sense of what is due to my character and sex forbids me to refer minutely to the real causes of our domestic separation, or to the numerous unmerited insults offered me previous to that period; but leaving to your Majesty to reconcile with the marriage vow the act of driving, by such means, a wife from beneath your roof with an infant in her arms, your Majesty will permit me to remind you, that that act was entirely your own; that the separation, so far from being sought for by me, was a sentence pronounced upon me, without any cause assigned, other than that of your own inclinations, which, as your Majesty was pleased to allege, were not under your own control.

Not to have felt, with regard to myself, chagrin at this decision of your Majesty, would have argued great insensibility to the obligations of decorum; not to have dropped a tear in the face of that beloved child, whose future sorrows were then but too easy to foresee, would have marked me as unworthy of the name of mother; but, not to have submitted to it without repining would have indicated a consciousness of demerit, or a want of those feelings which belong to affronted and insulted female honour.

The “tranquil and comfortable society” tendered to me by

your Majesty formed, in my mind, but a poor compensation for the grief occasioned by considering the wound given to public morals by the indulgence of your Majesty's inclinations; more especially when I contemplated the disappointment of the nation, who had so munificently provided for our union, who had fondly cherished such pleasing hopes of happiness arising from that union, and who had hailed it with such affectionate and rapturous joy.

But, alas! even tranquility and comfort were too much for me to enjoy. From the very threshold of your Majesty's mansion the mother of your child was pursued by spies, conspirators, and traitors, employed, encouraged, and rewarded to lay snares for the feet, and to plot against the reputation and life of her whom your Majesty had so recently and solemnly vowed to honour, to love, and to cherish.

In withdrawing from the embraces of my parents, in giving my hand to the son of George III and the heir-apparent to the British throne, nothing less than a voice from Heaven would have made me fear injustice or wrong of any kind. What, then, was my astonishment at finding that treasons against me had been carried on and matured, perjuries against me had been methodized and embodied, a secret tribunal had been held, a trial of my actions had taken place, and a decision had been made upon those actions without my having been informed of the nature of the charge, or of the names of the witnesses? And what words can express the feelings excited by the fact that this proceeding was founded on a request made, and on evidence furnished, by order of the father of my child, and my natural as well as legal guardian and protector?

Notwithstanding, however, the unprecedented conduct of that tribunal—conduct which has since undergone, even in Parliament, severe and unanswered animadversions, and which has been also censured in minutes of the Privy Council—notwithstanding the secrecy of the proceedings of this tribunal—notwithstanding the strong temptation to the giving of false evidence against me before it—notwithstanding that there was no opportunity afforded me of rebutting that evidence—notwithstanding all these circumstances, so decidedly favourable to my enemies—even this secret tribunal acquitted me of all crime, and thereby pronounced my principal accusers to have been guilty of the grossest perjury. But it was now (after the trial was over) discovered that the nature of the tribunal was such as to render false swearing before it *not legally criminal!* And thus at the suggestion and request of your Majesty had been created to take cognizance of and try my conduct, a tribunal competent to administer oaths, competent to examine witnesses on oath, competent to try, competent to acquit or condemn, and competent, moreover, to screen those who had sworn falsely against me from suffering the pains and penalties which the law

awards to willful and corrupt perjury. Great as my indignation naturally must have been at this shameful evasion of law and justice, that indignation was lost in pity for him who could lower his princely plumes to the dust by giving his countenance and favour to the most conspicuous of those abandoned and notorious perjurers.

Still there was one whose upright mind nothing could warp, in whose breast injustice never found a place, whose hand was always ready to raise the unfortunate and to rescue the oppressed. While that great and good father and Sovereign remained in the exercise of his royal functions, his unoffending daughter-in-law had nothing to fear. As long as the protecting hand of your late ever-beloved and ever-lamented father was held over me, I was safe. But the melancholy event which deprived the nation of the active exertions of its virtuous King bereft me of friend and protector, and of all hope of future tranquility and safety. To calumniate your innocent wife was now the shortest road to royal favour, and to betray her was to lay the sure foundation of boundless riches and titles of honour. Before claims like these, talent, virtue, long services, your own personal friendships, your royal engagements, promises, and pledges, written as well as verbal, melted into air. Your cabinet was founded on this basis. You took to your councils men, of whose persons, as well as whose principles, you had invariably expressed the strongest dislike. The interest of the nation, and even your own feelings, in all other respects, were sacrificed to the gratification of your desire to aggravate my sufferings and ensure my humiliation. You took to your councils and your bosom men whom you hated, whose abandonment of, and whose readiness to sacrifice me were their only merits, and whose power has been exercised in a manner, and has been attended with consequences worthy of its origin. From this unprincipled and unnatural union have sprung the manifold evils which this nation has now to endure, and which present a mass of misery and of degradation, accompanied with acts of tyranny and cruelty, rather than have seen which inflicted on his industrious, faithful, and brave people, your royal father would have perished at the head of that people.

When to calumniate, revile, and betray me became the sure path to honour and riches, it would have been strange indeed if calumniators, revilers, and traitors had not abounded. Your Court became much less a scene of polished manners and refined intercourse than of low intrigue and scurrility. Spies, Bacchanalian tale-bearers, and foul conspirators, swarmed in those places which had before been the resort of sobriety, virtue, and honour. To enumerate all the various privations and mortifications which I had to endure—all the insults that were wantonly heaped upon me, from the day of your elevation to the Regency to that of my departure for the Continent—would be to describe every species of

personal offence that can be offered to, and every pain short of bodily violence that can be inflicted on, any human being. Bereft of parent, brother, and father-in-law, and my husband for my deadliest foe; seeing those who have promised me support bought by rewards to be amongst my enemies; restrained from accusing my foes in the face of the world, out of regard for the character of the father of my child, and from a desire to prevent her happiness from being disturbed; shunned from motives of selfishness by those who were my natural associates; living in obscurity, while I ought to have been the centre of all that was splendid; thus humbled, I had one consolation left—the love of my dear and only child. To permit me to enjoy this was too great an indulgence. To see my daughter; to fold her in my arms, to mingle my tears with hers, to receive her cheering caresses, and to hear from her lips assurances of never-ceasing love; thus to be comforted, consoled, upheld, and blessed, was too much to be allowed me. Even on the slave mart, the cries of “Oh! my mother, my mother! Oh! my child, my child!” have prevented a separation of the victims of avarice. But your advisers, more inhuman than the slave-dealers, remorselessly tore the mother from the child.

Thus bereft of the society of my child, or reduced to the necessity of embittering her life by struggles to preserve that society, I resolved on a temporary absence, in the hope that time might restore me to her in happier days. Those days, alas! were never to come. To mothers—and those mothers who have been suddenly bereft of the best and most affectionate and only daughters—it belongs to estimate my sufferings and my wrongs. Such mothers will judge of my affliction by hearing of the death of my child, and upon my calling to recollection the last look, the last words, and all the affecting circumstances of our separation. Such mothers will see the depths of my sorrows. Every being with a heart of humanity in its bosom will drop a tear in sympathy with me. And will not the world then learn with indignation that this event, calculated to soften the hardest heart, was the signal for new conspiracies and indefatigable efforts for the destruction of this afflicted mother? Your Majesty had torn my child from me; you had deprived me of the power of being at hand to succour her; you had taken from me the possibility of hearing of her last prayers for her mother; you saw me bereft, forlorn, and broken-hearted; and this was the moment you chose for redoubling your persecutions.

Let the world pass its judgment on the constituting of a commission, in a foreign country, consisting of inquisitors, spies, and informers, to discover, collect, and arrange matters of accusation against your wife, without any complaint having been communicated to her; let the world judge of the employment of ambassadors in such a business, and of the enlisting of foreign

Courts in the enterprise; but on the measures which have been adopted to give final effect to these preliminary proceedings it is for me to speak; it is for me to protest; it is for me to remonstrate with your Majesty; it is for me to apprise you of my determination.

I have always demanded a *fair trial*. This is what I now demand, and this is refused me. Instead of a fair trial, I am to be subjected to a sentence by the Parliament, passed in the shape of a *law*. Against this I protest, and upon the following grounds:

The injustice of refusing me a clear and distinct charge, of refusing me the names of the witnesses, of refusing me the names of the places where the alleged acts have been committed—these are sufficiently flagrant and revolting; but it is against the *constitution of the Court itself* that I particularly object, and that I most solemnly protest.

Whatever may be the precedents as to Bills of Pains and Penalties, none of them, except those relating to the Queen of Henry the Eighth, can apply here; for here your Majesty is the *plaintiff*. Here it is intended by the Bill to do you what you deem good, and to do *me great harm*. You are, therefore, a party, and the only complaining party.

You have made your complaint to the House of Lords. You have conveyed to this House written documents sealed up. A secret committee of the House have examined these documents. They have reported that there are grounds of proceeding; and then the House, merely upon that report, have brought forward a Bill containing the most outrageous slanders on me, and sentencing me to divorce and degradation.

The injustice of putting forth this Bill to the world for six weeks before it is even proposed to afford me an opportunity of contradicting its allegations, is too manifest not to have shocked the nation; and, indeed, the proceedings even thus far are such as to convince every one that no justice is intended me. But if none of these proceedings, if none of these clear indications of a determination to do me wrong had taken place, I should see, in the constitution of the House of Lords itself, a certainty that I could expect no justice at its hands.

Your Majesty's ministers have *advised* this prosecution; they are responsible for the advice they give; they are liable to *punishment* if they fail to make good their charges; and not only are they part of my *judges*, but it is they who have *brought in the Bill*; and it is too notorious that they have *always a majority* in the House; so that, without any other, here is ample proof that the House will decide in favour of the Bill, and, of course, against me.

But, further, there are reasons for your ministers having a majority in this case, and which reasons do not apply to common cases. Your Majesty is the *plaintiff*: to you it belongs to appoint and to elevate peers. Many of the present peers have been raised to

that dignity by yourself, and almost the whole can be, at your will and pleasure, further elevated. The far greater part of the peers hold, by themselves and their families, offices, pensions, and other emoluments, solely at the will and pleasure of your Majesty, and these, of course, your Majesty can take away whenever you please. There are more than *four-fifths* of the peers in this situation, and there are many of them who might thus be deprived of the far better part of their incomes.

If, contrary to all expectation, there should be found, in some peers likely to amount to a majority, a disposition to reject the Bill, some of these peers may be ordered away to their ships, regiments, governments, and other duties; and, which is an equally alarming power, new peers may be created for the purpose and give their vote in the decision. That your Majesty's ministers would advise these measures, if found necessary to render prosecution successful, there can be very little doubt, seeing that they have hitherto stopped at nothing, however unjust or odious.

To regard such a body as a *Court of Justice* would be to calumniate that sacred name; and for me to suppress an expression of my opinion on the subject would be tacitly to lend myself to my own destruction, as well as to an imposition upon the nation and the world.

In the House of Commons I can discover no better grounds of security. The power of your Majesty's ministers is the same in both Houses; and your Majesty is well acquainted with the fact, that a majority of this House is composed of persons placed in it by the peers and by your Majesty's Treasury.

It really gives me pain to state these things to your Majesty; and if it gives your Majesty pain, I beg that it may be observed, and remembered, that the statement has been forced from me. I must either protest against this mode of trial, or, by tacitly consenting to it, suffer my honour to be sacrificed. No innocence can secure the accused if the judges and jurors be chosen by the accuser; and if I were tacitly to submit to a tribunal of this description, I should be instrumental in my own dishonour.

On these grounds I protest against this species of trial. I demand a trial in a Court where the jurors are taken impartially from amongst the people, and where the proceedings are open and fair. Such a trial I court, and to no other will I willingly submit. If your Majesty persevere in the present proceeding, I shall, even in the Houses of Parliament, face my accusers; but I shall regard any decision they may make against me as not in the smallest degree reflecting on my honour; and I will not, except compelled by actual force, submit to any sentence which shall not be pronounced by a *Court of Justice*.

I have now frankly laid before your Majesty a statement of my wrongs, and a declaration of my views and intentions. You have

cast upon me every slur to which the female character is liable. Instead of loving, honouring, and cherishing me, agreeable to your solemn vow, you have pursued me with hatred and scorn, and with all the means of destruction. You wrested from me my child, and with her my only comfort and consolation. You sent me sorrowing through the world, and even in my sorrows pursued me with unrelenting persecution. Having left me nothing but my innocence, you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me even of the reputation of possessing that. The poisoned bow and the poniard are means more manly than perjured witnesses and partial tribunals; and they are less cruel, inasmuch as life is less valuable than honour. If my life would have satisfied your Majesty, you should have had it on the sole condition of giving me a place in the same tomb with my child: but since you would send me dishonoured to the grave, I will resist the attempt with all the means that it shall please God to give me.

CAROLINE R.

Brandenburg House, *August 7th*, 1820

APPENDIX B

THE HISTORY OF A PAMPHLET

THE pamphlet in question is one of three, referred to earlier in this work with the customary bibliographical details, and has to do with the affairs of the Princess and the people who made up her circle. As we have already stated, it is anonymous; but upon comparing it with the other two its origin appears sufficiently unmistakable; it is evidently the result of the harmonious collaboration of the Pergami-Saint-Agnan couple. It made its appearance originally in French, but almost simultaneously an Italian version was produced. In the latter guise it fell into the hands of Prince Metternich and Count Saurau, and shortly afterwards it was confiscated at the house of Giuseppe Marocco, lawyer, of Milan. An entry appears in the Milanese diary of the worthy Canon Mantovani, under date 17 June, 1817, to the following effect. "Yesterday, by order of the police, a raid was made on the house of the lawyer Marocco, and on that of his brother, to seize any printed or manuscript papers in defence of Signor Pergami which might be discovered there. The particular object of search was a pamphlet bearing a London imprint but in reality printed at Lugano. It was produced in defence of the Princess and the said Signor Pergami, and dealt with the question of the knightly orders conferred on him by her and by the Masters of the Knights of Malta, and the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. In it an attempt is made to prove the noble descent of Pergami, and the consequent propriety of his elevation to the dignity of a Knight of Malta,"

The historian Giovanni De Castro states that of this extremely rare pamphlet a single copy only has been preserved, the one in the library at Brera;⁵⁷ but it appears that at least one other has escaped destruction, since I have a copy on my table, kindly placed at my disposal by Signor Cencio Poggi, of Como.

We will examine it both inside and out before relating the curious history attaching to it, and in the first place we will separate what is true from what is false upon the title-page.

*"The Journal of an English Traveler, or MEMOIRS and ANECDOTES relating to H.R.H. CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, Princess of Wales, from 1814 to 1816. Translated into Italian by B.D. and into French by C.G. Lugano, 1817, Francesco Veladini and Co."*⁵⁸

We must say at once that it is not a journal in any respect; that the English traveler is a pretence, and that the four initials are four small impostors. The real truth is that it was written in French, not translated into French, that it subsequently appeared with some

additions in Italian, and that it was actually printed in the spring of 1817, in Lugano, at the printing office named.

In the Introduction, which precedes the forty-five pages of ordinary i6mo size, the supposititious English traveler, after having declared with considerable emphasis that “the extraordinary vicissitudes of Caroline of Brunswick give her an historical position of the highest importance,” he states that he himself was “smitten with the travelling mania, and experienced an indescribable temptation to follow in the footsteps of H.R.H. and observe her conduct during her travels.” He continues: “Such an inclination to do this laid hold of me that, without realizing it, I found that I had become, self-appointed, her most attentive and observant watcher”!

Presumably the conversion of oneself into a spy is a matter of taste, like other things; but, of course, it is not our business to condemn the author except with regard to the seemliness of his device.

He says of Caroline that “she is a woman celebrated equally for her misfortunes and for her elevation of soul; a woman who knows how to excel in everything.”

Accordingly, as “nothing that has been said or thought concerning the Princess is unknown to him,” he is of opinion that what he proposes cannot be unwelcome to the public. And his proposal is “to make known the substance of the notes he has taken with so much care upon the motives which contributed to H.R.H.’s departure from England, her travels, the changes which have taken place in her suite, as also upon her domestic system, the persons by whom she had been surrounded in Italy, and whom it has pleased her to distinguish and reward, and finally as to various anecdotes of events occurring during her stay in that country.” These points, “at present either unknown or misrepresented, and regarding which public curiosity is not a little exercised, may form in some sort the continuation of a history, rendered interesting in the highest degree by its subject, even when trifling episodes are dealt with.”

After this, addressing his audience as it were from a platform, as one who has at length brought to a close an arduous undertaking and may therefore safely appeal to the judgment of posterity, he exclaims: “Truth alone shall be presented to the English nation and to all Europe; and at her irresistible voice all the idle rumours which have been in circulation will cease.” He continues with the identical turn of phrase which occurs in the preface to the *Procès de la Reine* of Saint-Agnan, concluding thus: “Attached neither to person nor to party, I am the friend of Truth and at once a censor and an apologist, without projects and without passion. I am an Englishman, and consequently above any suspicions of a weakness for adulation. I shall put before the

reader only the best-attested facts and details, and with such materials will undertake to establish a just estimate of Her Royal Highness."

The Introduction, which occupies ten pages, being concluded, the more intimate part of the pamphlet at once begins.

For the purpose of proving that the Princess left England *spontaneously* the English traveler publishes the two letters which H.R.H. addressed to Lord Liverpool and Mr. Whitbread, and the respective answers, and then demands. "How was it possible for H.R.H. ever to live happily in a place where her tenders maternal affections were harshly thwarted, where indeed neither she herself nor the Princess Charlotte was permitted to behave openly, the one as a mother, the other as a daughter?"

He then goes on to demonstrate that the Princess did not dismiss the English members of her suite as unwelcome and dreaded witnesses of her misconduct, but that quite on the contrary it was the English who forsook the Princess, one after another, from various motives. "All the persons heretofore named are still living, and form the most irrefutable of proofs to the statements advanced, and no additional justification is necessary. Her Royal Highness departed from England with a Court composed almost entirely of English, by whom, to her grief, she was gradually forsaken. She sought by every possible effort and inducement to replace them by others of the same country. But owing to pretexts of ill health, fears real or pretended of long journeys, home-sickness, the desire of seeing friends and relatives, and other motives sincere or otherwise, the Princess at length saw herself as it were deserted and alone. Calumny, which in defiance of notorious facts would represent H.R.H. as an enemy to her country, and the cause of the withdrawal of the English from her Court, might, in view of these facts, well be silent."

But this line of argument is as if one should burst in a door already open! If ever there was any one who asserted that the Princess had herself dismissed her English attendants, there were plenty of people to whom it was perfectly well known that the attendants in question left her entirely of their own free will, but for reasons which do not redound to the Princess's honour.

"The English having withdrawn," says the author of the pamphlet, "H.R.H. was confronted by the necessity of surrounding herself with Italians." Here there follows an enumeration of the persons who made up the Court, with, in nearly every instance, some favourable comment. The Countess Oldi, lady of honour, comes first, "a lady who commands respect alike from her merits and her misfortunes." Then comes Doctor Machete, of Como, and we learn that "his name, which is celebrated in Italy, is not unknown even to foreigners." Hownam comes next, and is

described as "H.R.H.'s private secretary, a brave man of excellent character." The noble Schiavini, of Cream, first equerry to H.R.H., "is sufficiently vouched for by his excellent disposition and reputation." The youthful William (Austin) is a Knight of Jerusalem and of the Order of St. Caroline, and also one of H.R.H.'s equerries. Luigi Pergami is Prefect of the Palace and Signor Pergami-Valletta the Bursar, or keeper of the privy purse. The legal representative of H.R.H.'s household is the lawyer Giuseppe Marocco, of Milan, "a man not undistinguished amongst those of his profession."

Bartolomeo Pergami is mentioned last, but with the evident intention of forcing the attention of the reader upon the pages occupied with his defence, and with the pillorying of Baron Ompteda, which follows immediately afterwards.

"Finally, Signor Bartolomeo Pergami, Knight of Malta, is employed by H.R.H. in the position of her first chamberlain. In respect of this gentleman a persistent publicity has been given to calumnies of the most malicious nature.

"It is no marvel that envy should pursue a career in some respects so brilliant and rapid; for envy cannot bear the good fortune which is denied to itself, and of which it considers itself more deserving than the person who has attained to it. Upon this head it is only fitting that public opinion, misled by the many and various injurious rumours and fabrications that have been circulated, should be set right, and justice be done where justice is due.

"It was not from the mire, as many ignorant and envious persons have insinuated, that H.R.H. elevated Bartolomeo Pergami to honours, but from a well-descended and at one time wealthy Cremascan family. Proofs of this are afforded by the honourable marriages of his three sisters. The first married to Count Oldi, the second to a Signor Severgnini, a member of a very ancient and formerly rich family at Crema, and the third to a Signor Martini, of Lodi, brother of the former Secretary-General to the Municipality of Padua. Extraordinary domestic misfortunes had reduced this respectable family to the greatest penury. But the gentleman in question rose superior to his unmerited calamities, and never unmindful of the former repute of his family, embraced a military career, becoming attached to the suite of the Etat-Major of the troops commanded by His Excellency General Count Pino in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, as appears by the following declaration of a major-general named Galimberti."

The declaration then follows, that Pergami "has served" in the suite of the Etat-Major; but General Galimberti says never a word further, from which it would appear that his silence as to the military rank attained by Pergami, or as to any official status conferred on him, was his way of avoiding actual misrepresentation

whilst conveying to the recipient of his declaration an impression of Pergami's standing beyond what was actually the case.

"What, then, is there to be astonished at, and what grounds can ignorant and envious slander find for ridicule, If H.R.H., following the example of great princes who have frequently raised to fortune and honour obscure men of much less worth—merely taking into account the former honourable condition of a family reduced in circumstances, the education, the fidelity, the zeal in her service, and the past military distinction of this man of steadfast and loyal character—should after taking him into her service as courier, and becoming acquainted with his unmerited misfortunes, in reward for a fidelity and devotion proved by various tests, which induced him to decline the offer of a captaincy, have promoted him to the rank of equerry, and subsequently to that of chamberlain, have procured him a barony in Sicily and various knightly orders, always making her benefactions and honour proportionate to the ever-increasing proofs of his loyal attachment to her person, especially during the lengthy and trying journeys which H.R.H. undertook? What is there remarkable, what is there unnatural in this? What is there unbefitting in the fact of H.R.H. receiving the unfortunate, restoring a worthy family to its former respectability, rewarding the services, the fidelity, and the zeal of her attendant, making suitable recompense for the dangers and hardships of a lengthy pilgrimage? Is not a loyal, honest, and steadfast character as deserving as high hereditary nobility, which often enjoys unmerited titles of honour? This man appears to have deserved his good fortune, for by the equanimity with which he carries his greatness he displays a high-born soul, designed by nature for an even more exalted destiny."

The English traveler then proceeds to talk of H.R.H.'s private life, and once more delivers his eulogium upon her goodness, her generosity, and her affability, relating how, through the action of a servant of a certain Doctor Borel, who had accompanied his master to Brussels, the slanderous statements about H.R.H. eventually reached the ears of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Finally, he comes to a discussion of the episode of Baron Ompteda, concerning whom, with some insolence of language, he has a good deal to say that is unpleasant. He deals with the affairs of the tampering with Maurizio Crede, and the proposed duel, in much the same terms as we have already employed to describe them in their proper place. This is the closing portion of the pamphlet, the portion which caused the trifling scandal to develop into a great one; it will consequently be advisable to quote it in full.

"Baron Ompteda, a Hanoverian gentleman, at one time ambassador from Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, at the Court of Vienna, made a compact with Lord Charles Stewart, who

had been dispatched to Milan by Lord Castlereagh with secret instructions. Flattered by lavish promises, he lowered himself to the infamous calling of a spy, and undertook to keep a scrupulous watch on all the actions of the Princess of Wales. Lord Castlereagh, a member of the English Cabinet, and a confidant of the Prince Regent, was accessory to those plots and confederacies, which date from the month of September, 1815. At this moment H.R.H. was ready to set out on the journey she had undertaken.

“H.R.H. shuddered when, on her return, she received information from the Milanese police (!) that she was surrounded by spies in her own house. Baron Ompteda, who was at the head of them, had during her absence attempted to corrupt some of the people in H.R.H.’s service. But all alike rejected with horror the proposals and promises which he made them, and his offer of money to tempt them to statements detrimental to the honour and reputation of the Princess. No Italian would stoop to become a traitor. Only one of her grooms, Maurizio Crede, a German, allowed himself to be seduced. This man was persuaded to promise to introduce Baron Ompteda into the Princess’s private apartments with false keys. By a fortunate combination of circumstances the plot was discovered. . . . Crede in desperation disclosed the secret of this dark and most infamous conspiracy.”

Then follows a copy of Crede’s letter to the Cavaliere Tamassia, in which he admits his guilt and declares that his unwearying tempter had been Baron Ompteda in person.

The pamphlet is then continued, placing the diplomatist all the while in the worst possible light, with these words: “The recent occurrences force H.R.H. to suspect a baseness greater even than that of espionage, and Baron Ompteda’s insistence on learning the exact situation of H.R.H.’s room, and his desire to obtain false keys, *lead us to suspicions even more frightful; but upon this it may be prudent to draw a veil; darkness and mystery still envelope many points as to which in the interest of others we should prefer to maintain silence.*” These last words are an insinuation as to the ultimate object to be attained by the possession of false keys—which it is more than hinted might be the committal of a crime—and at the same time a threat of disclosing some portion of the many points which were still enveloped in darkness, and which certainly contained no allusion to Ompteda, but rather to the high personage under whose orders he was acting.

A few other matters are dealt with in the remaining eight pages; but the gist of the pamphlet is contained in the first thirty-seven; concerning the remainder we need not trouble ourselves.

The pamphlet, not, indeed, as it has been preserved to us and as we have described it, though identical in essentials, was, it would seem, compiled at the Villa d’Este more probably than anywhere else. If a conjecture is permissible, we should be disposed to

assume that the first idea of it developed out of the letter addressed by Hownam to Ompteda: "It is not likely to be gratifying news to you that your conduct will speedily be made known to the world at large."

It is true that Ompteda in his *Memoirs* attributes the authorship to the lawyer Marocco; but in all probability Marocco is only responsible for the early engineering of it and subsequently for the translation. At any rate, Hownam's letter bears the date 2 November, 1816, and the pamphlet under consideration issued from the press in the spring of 1817. This interval fully admits of the time necessary to make it tally with Saint-Agnan's (as yet unpublished) account, to get it printed, and to ensure its reaching the authorities in London, Vienna, and Rome.

Within a short time urgent instructions were dispatched to Ompteda from London, and to Saurau from Vienna, pointing out the necessity of arresting its circulation, and in some way or other stultifying the effects it might already have produced. Count Münster wrote from London: "It is desirable that some justification of your own part in the affair should make its appearance. You have too much ingenuity to be unable to remove this obstacle from our path. More especially as the Princess has accustomed the public to such staggering events that you will not need to assume a delicacy which the Princess herself has rendered impossible." At the same time Saurau was appealed to by Metternich, though he was undecided what attitude to adopt now that the pamphlet was already in circulation and the subject of much discussion in Milan. If he finally took the resolution to have it confiscated, it was hardly because he hoped by such means to terminate its career, but in the expectation that the instigators might from sheer terror abandon their efforts at maintaining the scandal.

The most excited and embarrassed of the whole set was, of course, Baron Ompteda, who was unable to strike at the supposed author of the work by a suit for defamation, and at the same time did not see his way to a complete justification of his actions. Incited by the instructions from headquarters, and being unable to swallow the charges put forth against him, he adopted the expedient of publishing a counterblast, in which the misstatements in the "patchwork" of the *English traveler* were refuted point by point. This counterblast was produced and circulated as widely as possible in the form of another pamphlet of about thirty headings brim full of the most aggressive malice. Each paragraph commenced with "*It is true that*" or "*It is untrue that.*" Here is a couple of specimens: on page 26, "It is true that Bartolomeo Pergami holds good references from General Pino . . . in whose household, so long as he remained there, he was a servant"; and on page 37, "It is true that Mr. Hownam challenged Baron

Ompteda to a duel, and that the latter, accompanied by his second, General Tettenborn, awaited him at the appointed place for ten days. Mr. Hownam, however, could not decide to avail himself of this courtesy, being presumably considerably debased by his dependence upon the bounty of Bartolomeo Pergami, who probably prevented him from putting in an appearance.”

In the end Count Saurau lays aside his reserve and addresses the following letter to Ompteda from Milan, under date of May 10th:

“SIR,—I am extremely sorry to learn from the letter which you have sent me that the deluded people by whom H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has the misfortune to be surrounded are pushing their plans to the point of flooding the public journals with the most exaggerated falsehoods, in the hope of ensuring the attention to them of His Holiness the Pope. Do not, however, doubt that every honest person will look upon these base intrigues with the contempt they deserve. I shall never miss an opportunity, wherever it may appear necessary, to take steps for the public refutation of such slanders, and in this way shall endeavour not only to show towards yourself that esteem and friendship which my knowledge of you inspires, but also the respect I owe to the sovereign whom you serve.”

Ompteda, who was still the accredited representative of the King of Hanover at the Papal Court, presented this letter from Saurau, together with the confidential communications from Münster, to the Papal Secretary of state, Cardinal Consalvi. The Cardinal, in turn, laid everything before Pope Pius VII, who thereupon, says Ompteda, “showed his firm determination to support the Hanoverian ambassador.”

And thus ends the affair of the pamphlet.

APPENDIX C

PART I

No. 1.

Letter from Professor Tommasini to his wife Antonietta at Parma.

Caprile (Pesaro), 20 April⁶⁰

My dear Antonietta,

Before starting from Bologna on Saturday morning, I wrote to you and informed you of my departure for Pesaro. The Princess of Wales, on whose account I came, will not hear of my leaving to-morrow, as I proposed. My stay being consequently extended to Wednesday, I could not send you news from Bologna, but do so instead from Pesaro.

My health is of the best You can picture to yourself the princely way in which I am treated here, and how my whole being revels in this most delicious situation. From my window I overlook the delightful garden of Caprile and the pleasant hills which form an escarpment of the Apennines. Turning the eye in the other direction, I can see the port of Pesaro and the Adriatic Sea. Yesterday I went for a drive along the road skirting the ocean in an English carriage with a team of four horses, in the company of the mayor of the city and the learned Perticari, Monti's son-in-law.⁶⁰ I hardly know how to tell you how pleasant I found the learned company into which I was thrown. The Princess gave a sumptuous dinner yesterday on my account, and the chief personages of Pesaro were invited to it. To-day and to-morrow also I shall have the company of several learned men, with whose brilliant works I shall make you acquainted. Monti's daughter, the wife of Perticari, is devoted to literature; she writes with a great deal of taste, but what distinguishes her as an author is the fine instinct and the spontaneity with which she enters into literary discussions.⁶¹ When I think of the princely position in which for the moment I am situated I fairly laugh at myself A courier is at my disposal whenever I have occasion to write anything or to send in to Bologna. In the ante-chamber I have an Italian valet, an Arab servant, and an Ethiopian, the handsomest Moor I have ever seen.⁶² The apartment is adorned with representations of Napoleon's most celebrated exploits. Finally, a choice selection of books is at my disposal, and yesterday night I found satisfactory entertainment from them. But above all, the sea pervades my being. You know what an impression the sea has always made on me. Immediately after dinner I shall go once more to gaze from a nearer standpoint on the waves, which are to-day whipped by the

winds more than ordinarily, and which will consequently provide a more fascinating spectacle. Adieu, my dear creature. I have tried to make you realize some part of the sensations which I am experiencing: when I have the consolation of once more embracing you I will describe them more minutely.

A kiss for Adelaide,⁶³ Ferdinand, Clelia, my mother, and Checco. Remembrances to Cornacchia and our friends. Adieu.

Your very affectionate
Husband.

No. 2.

Letter from Professor Giovanni Rasori to Professor Giacomo Tommasini at Bologna.

Milan, 24 June, 1818.

Dear Friend,

I conclude that you reached Bologna at the very moment that I left it, and that it was written in the book of Fate that, in spite of all appearances of likelihood, and of my own ardent desires, I should not have an opportunity of greeting you. On Friday I arrived at Milan, and made it my first business to call on Count Strassoldo. I took him H.R.H.'s letter. He received me courteously, and communicated to me the decision respecting my movements, which he had received from Vienna, which is that I am to be entirely at liberty to remain wherever I choose in H.M.'s dominions. Compare the attitude of the Court of Vienna in this respect with that of the Court of Parma, and judge of the respective justice and generosity of the two Courts. I should be glad if you would inform me whether anything has come to your knowledge in addition to what you have already written to me, and whether you think I ought to write a confidential letter on the subject to Signor Cornacchia. With reference to the Pesaro business, I left the place in the highest degree impressed by H.R.H., the Baron, and the whole of the Court; but I must tell you further that we have not reached the point of laying down precise conditions, nor of committing anything to writing, a precaution which you were the first to suggest. A few days before my departure our common friend, the excellent Marchese Antaldi, spoke to me under the impression that everything was arranged, and he considered that he had grounds for his supposition from the actual statement of the Baron. I, however, assured him to the contrary, and begged him at the same time not to move a step in the matter, as my own sensitiveness would not allow me to take any action concerning which the susceptibilities of others might feel grounds for complaint. You are quick to understand, and I fully believe that in my situation you would have acted in just the same way, and I owe

you this confidence since it was your friendship which obtained me a favourable reception at Caprile.

As soon as ever I can do so with any certainty, I will write to you about my return and the date when I expect to be at Bologna, where I hope that Fortune will stand me in better stead than on the previous occasion. I had a long talk at Reggio with Pinardi about Bergonzi. I don't know in what terms he writes to you, nor how he accounts for his behaviour and retains your good opinion, but there is little doubt that he is an innate rogue and not particularly well disposed towards us; this I tell you for your guidance I am at work arranging for the publication of certain things of mine, if it can be managed, and I will let you know what may come of my efforts. In the meantime let me hear from you. Remember me to your family and friends, whom I regret being unable to meet at the moment, and as for yourself, never withdraw your regard from

Your very affectionate
G. RASORI.

P.S.—The portion having reference to Caprile you will be able to embody in the letter which you will address to Antaldi on this particular subject, and you will speak with your customary prudence, and make it appear that you are writing of your own accord. I am writing to Antaldi to the same effect.

NOTE TO LETTER 2

It is pleasant to us to have an opportunity of associating the names of Rasori and Tommasini here, as was done in a comparative and compendious biographical sketch which Signor G.A. Giacomini, the clinical professor, gave of them at the commemoration of Tommasini, and which was read before the Royal Venetian Institute at Venice, on 28 December, 1846, more especially as in this episode of their lives it would be difficult to decide which of them acted the worthier part.

Between the times of those two illustrious men and our own day medical science has made such strides that nowadays their theories are regarded as simple, tentative, and of little account; but medicine remains as ever an experimental science, and the fame of those who have passed away cannot be obliterated by the subsequent progress made by science. It is consequently useful and helpful to read the actual words of the famous clinical professor, who was so great an ornament of the University of Padua, and who was practically the contemporary of both, as to the extent to which science is beholden to each of them.

"Philosophy, restored, or perhaps one should say created anew by the labours of Bacon and Galileo, had induced in the minds of thoughtful physicians such a distaste for the prevailing teaching that as soon as the seductive theory of John Brown became known it was eagerly welcomed, and, unparalleled miracle in the annals of science, the medical faculty of all Europe conformed to the teaching of the Scotch philosopher. Rasori was the first to introduce the new school into Italy, by translating Brown's *Elements of Practical Medicine*; and Rasori was likewise the first who, at the bedsides of the sufferers from the epidemic fever which broke out at Genoa towards the end of the

eighteenth century, discerned and pointed out to the medical world the fundamental errors of the Scotchman.

And whereas the Scotchman had laid down as a canon the excitative action of every agent applied to the living tissue, and from the apparent irresponsiveness of the vital forces had deduced the presence of diseases proceeding from defective vitality, Rasori established, what Hippocrates had long ago conjectured, the great number of lives snuffed out through the lapse into a condition productive of an overthrow of the equilibrium of the vital forces. And as a result of his illuminative and solemn experiences both in Genoa and Milan in the civil and military hospitals, he discovered and demonstrated the law by which diseases act, and the existence of agents which positively and directly produce atrophy of the vital powers, and affect the living organism in a manner diametrically opposite to the action of stimulants, agents which he consequently named counter-stimulants. From these simple cardinal principles arose the medical reform worked in our midst by the sublime genius of Rasori. But the author of the reform, being involved in the political vicissitudes of the period, abandoned too soon the field of observation and practical application which the hospitals furnish and maintained too long a silence, so that those first seeds which he planted, inasmuch as they emanated from a mind which was in advance of the intellectual capacities of his own century, would have remained perhaps for ever unproductive, and without a worthy interpreter, had not Tommasini, his fellow-citizen and contemporary, and already his rival in achieved fame, been willing to become his disciple, and a supporter and proclaimer of the new light. He it was who at Parma, as professor of physiology and pathology, and attached to the earliest sanitary authority established in the state, afterwards holding a clinical appointment in Bologna and more recently in Parma, enriched Italian medical learning by such strides of development and so vast an assemblage of facts that he held it and will continue to hold it secure against the assaults of an opposition that is continually reviving. To him, then, more than to any other is due that reform which has spread into and will continue to permeate medical science in every quarter of the globe where the ministers of the healing art take for their guide actual experience and the precepts of natural philosophy."

No. 3.

*Letter from Count Giulio Strassoldo, President of the Imperial
and Royal Government for the Lombardic Provinces, to
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.*⁶⁴

Madame!

I have received the letter, with which your Royal Highness has been pleased to honour me, bearing date the 11th instant.

Desirous as I am, for my part, to do anything which may be agreeable to Your Royal Highness, I necessarily feel keen regret at the inability which prevents me on this occasion from complying with your wishes.

I venture to hope that Your Royal Highness will be gracious enough to do justice to my feelings of sympathy, and to realize my position, which imposes the necessity upon me of refraining completely from any action which might convey the impression that I was interfering in any way whatsoever with the arrangements

of a foreign government; I am even of opinion that no intervention on my part would produce results favourable to the views of your Royal Highness, as the person concerned is not a man whose conduct is such as to inspire confidence.

I beg that your Royal Highness will believe how heartily I regret being unable on this occasion to have the honour of furthering your wishes; I shall eagerly embrace any other opportunity which may occur to me of doing so, and in the meanwhile I beg you, madam, to accept the expression of profound respect with which I have the honour to be

Your Royal Highness's

Very humble and very obedient servant,

JULES STRASSOLDO.

Milan, 13 *July*, 1818.

No. 4.

Letter from H.R.H. the Princess of Wales
to Professor G. Tommasini⁶⁵

Caprile, 20 *July*, 1818.

Professor Tommasini,

I have received your obliging letter, and the very sad news of the death of the amiable and respected Cardinal Lante, who was alike the joy and the glory of Bologna. I am indeed grieved, for such characters are rare in this wretched world.

I did not fail to write, two posts ago, a long letter of reply to Cardinal Consalvi, and also to Cardinal Albani, from the latter of whom I received a reply yesterday, and this I forward to you. I have also written to Count Strassoldo and sent him a copy of Cardinal Consalvi's letter, so that he may write to him at Rome, and thus facilitate the return of Professor Rasori.

Knowing well the rare qualities of Professor Rasori, to say nothing of his merits, I shall spare no pains in bringing this affair to a successful issue, as I consider a great injustice is being done to me; for as I am not a subject of the Holy Father, I conceive that I have every possible right to receive into my house whomsoever may be agreeable to me or may be absolutely necessary to me.

For the rest, pray believe, Mr. Professor, that it gives me pleasure to subscribe myself always your very sincere friend with all the esteem and the highest consideration possible

CAROLINE, Princess of Wales.

No. 5.

Second letter from H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to Professor

Tommasini.

Professor Tommasini may rest assured that the Princess of Wales is vexed and almost in despair at the receipt of such unfavourable replies from Count Strassoldo at Milan and the second letter from Cardinal Consalvi on the subject of Professor Rasori. She would be charmed indeed if Professor Tommasini would take copies of the two letters, the originals of which the Princess sends him with her own letter. God be praised, we are all in perfect health; nevertheless, we are all mortal, and without a good doctor one runs a good deal of risk, for it is not easy to find one in the country. It is a great injustice on the part of Rome. The Princess greatly hopes that Professor Tommasini will be at the pains of recommending her another doctor, who must not be married, as the Princess expects to travel, and it would be more agreeable to her to have a physician with her who was quite free. The Princess places herself in the Professor's hands as to choice. She knows of no one whom she would care to have established in her household, having been so terribly disappointed in her plan in favour of Professor Rasori. The Princess of Wales will remain for life, with all possible esteem and the most perfect consideration, the very sincere friend of Professor Tommasini.

CAROLINE, Princess of Wales.

28 July, 1818.

No. 6.

Letter from Professor G. Rasori to Professor G. Tommasini.

Milan, 12 August, 1818

Dear Friend,

I am replying to your last of the 7th, and to the previous one from Bologna, which I have also received. Make your mind easy, my friend, and let things go as they will, for I am resolved not to let the matter trouble me any further. You don't need me to tell you that even in Paradise one might be ill at ease under the scorn of the saints; and you can add that for me Caprile would have been anything but a Paradise. When I left I was very undecided in my own mind about returning. I might even say that I had resolved not to return. Whilst I have been at Milan my resolution has been in all respects confirmed, and I have only been waiting for some reasonable pretext, which is now no longer wanting, to avow my determination. In Pesaro itself those who are most astute would have bet on my not returning, quite independently of events, which have since come about through the action of the Court of Rome, which events, by the way, I had already foreseen, though I did not say a word on the subject, even to the excellent Antaldi, for at that time he would have been scarcely prepared to credit my statement,

though as events have turned out he would probably now assume that I was a prophet. The Princess of Wales is in reality an excellent creature and of the best disposition, but she seldom troubles to reflect, rarely shows any foresight, and has no one to advise her, or perhaps it would be better to say she acts on the counsels of those who have no idea in the world what advice is fitting for a woman in her station. Why on earth should she needlessly have stirred up the wasps' nest at Rome, without even telling me of her intention or letting me know the terms in which she was writing? She does not even now perceive that for the future the priests will take care to let her see that they are well aware that they have now no longer to deal merely with a Princess whose daughter is destined to occupy the English throne, but with a woman who has become a target for the opprobrium of England and the ridicule of any place where she may happen to show herself, and I am only stating the truth when I say that, taking into consideration her many good qualities, it grieves me to the heart to see her thus become the laughing-stock of her enemies, whilst at the same time on every side her friends fall away from her. What shall I tell you about the first letter she wrote on my behalf to Count Strassoldo? It is true that she read it to me, but in the presence of several ladies and other persons, and being so evidently persuaded that her letter was a masterpiece that I had no choice but to be silent and thank her, rather with bows and obeisances than with words, which indeed I was unable to utter.

And I perceived very plainly that a letter couched in such terms was not likely to be well received by the persons to whom it was addressed, and was rather more likely to hurt than to benefit me, since the suspicion would be aroused that I had taken some part in composing it with intention of satirizing and irritating the Austrian Government in some way. Consequently I felt bound when I was received by Count Strassoldo to tell him quite frankly that the letter was the unaided composition of the Princess, and that although it had been read to me it was quite out of my power to induce her to alter it, which statement of mine fell in with his humour and was well received. But what do you think a man could have replied who had already divined the opinion I had had to arrive at as to the lady in question, and who knew furthermore that I was far from desirous of returning to her neighbourhood? Now I will give you some news which concerns myself. Would you believe that Ali Pacha of Egypt has proposed to make me his head physician? I have replied by entering into negotiations, being persuaded that upon good and well-guaranteed conditions that is the only place to make a fortune in a few years. But as I am accustomed to see every hopeful prospect that presents itself to me dissolve away just when it seems about to assume substantial shape, I regard this offer of Ali Pacha's in the light of a dream, upon

which I may occasionally dwell with longing. You are perhaps disgusted that I should dally with the offer of a Turkish appointment, but I answer, better serve under the Turk than under the Pope, or the government of the land where I was born (I no longer dare say my native land), for they set themselves to persecute me on the same grounds that a dog will torment a hare, namely, that they know they need not fear retaliatory measures, and that they take a delight in tormenting. Don't you find the comparison philosophical, not to say poetical? Let us turn to other matters. Here they leave me in peace, and undoubtedly this is the healthiest place for me in all Italy, where nowadays I am disowned. I have been asked to become one of the contributors to the *Conciliatore*, of which you will probably have read the announcement, in which by the way I had no hand, for it was already issued before I was approached on the subject. In one of the early numbers I shall have a word or two to say about Spallanzani, though to be quite frank with you I know nothing of his writings and care less, but from some of my pupils who are qualified to judge I have been able to gather his value, or rather his worthlessness. If in connexion with this subject you have anything to communicate to me, any ideas or facts that strike you, let me hear at the earliest possible moment for my guidance. I have in the Press a translation from the German, *Ideen su einer Mimik*, by Engel. It is a classical work in its way. Its purpose is the reduction of mimicry to a science by an analysis of its factors. I will send you, if I have ordinary luck, a few proofs with which you may be able to obtain me some subscribers. The work is in two volumes, and will be published at about fourteen Milanese lire, whilst there will be about forty plates in it. Try to get me as many subscribers as you can, both in Parma and Bologna. I should be glad too if you will help me to make the *Conciliatore* known, for I hope that it will secure the ear of the public, despite difficulties and obstacles. People of standing are supporting this publication. Adieu. This is a long letter, to make up to you for a lengthy silence. I hear of a son who has been born to you, and that your wife is happily recovering from her delivery. I am equally pleased at both pieces of news, and beg you to present my congratulations and good wishes to your wife.

I embrace you tenderly, and am, etc.,
GIOVANNI RASORI.

No. 7.

*Another letter from Professor G. Rasori
to Professor G. Tommasini.*

Milan, 15 *August*, 1818.

Dear Friend,

A few lines to accompany the proofs of which I made mention in my last. The first volume is in the press practically up to the middle. I hear not a word from Caprile, although some letters for me which had been addressed there have been sent on here. Nor has any one written to me from Pesaro. But I shall write to Antaldi by the next post. I repeat once more that I had already given up the idea of accepting an appointment from the Princess before the obstacles raised by the Court of Rome appeared, and consequently the matter occasions me no disappointment whatever. If I don't suit the Pope, neither does the Pope suit me, so we are quits. But one of these days, through the intervention of Cardinal Albani, I promise myself the gratification of letting His Eminence Consalvi know that a minister of Italy who wishes to make a show of liberal principles should at least observe some respect for the personal rights of folk, and not trample on them *à propos de bottes*. In this place many of my friends are already in entire accord with me as to the counter-stimulant action of quinine, excepting Borda, who, according to what I hear, says that he is unable to understand it, in spite of its efficacy in the cure of intermittent fevers. But I shall not rely on proving my theory by reference to intermittent fevers; although I consider that intermittent fevers are diseases in general of obscure diathesis, and that their method of treatment is as yet not that of the diathesis. Farewell. Remember me to my friends over yonder, if an exile still retains any there. Adieu once more. I embrace you fondly, and remain,

Your very affectionate

GIOVANNI RASORI.

No. 8.

*Report of state Councilor Paolo Foresti to the Baron Ferdinando
Cornacchia, Minister of the Duchy of Parma.
Confidential.*

Piacenza, 9 *September*, 1819.

Your Excellency,

The same jealous reserve continues to be maintained at San Bono: the guests there live in the utmost seclusion and with extreme economy.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that the eldest son of Signor Ghizzoni, who on Friday went to Ponte dell' Olio to arrange his residence in that place for the reception of the Bishop, who is travelling in the district with a considerable suite on a visitation of the churches, took the opportunity to visit the Princess at San Bono. Her Highness received him with marked consideration,

kept him with her for dinner, and indulged in several games of chess with him.

The diary for the last few days, as fully as it has been possible to compile it, is here appended.

Sunday the 5th. Her Highness with a part of her suite went out in the afternoon in the direction of Fulignano. The retinue was provided with a makeshift carriage contrived upon a trolley drawn by four oxen, and as it was not ascertained what the objective might be, it was assumed that there was some idea of ascending one of the higher hills at Fulignano. But no sooner was the party arrived in front of the church in that place than a crowd of people emerged from it to gaze at and possibly to welcome Her Highness. There were, amongst others, the family of Mortini of Ponte dell' Olio, and that of the Marchese Antonino Casati, with his son-in-law the Conte Toccoli and his wife. The Princess, becoming aware of this, ordered the direction of the vehicle to be changed, and it turned through a small street towards the Nure, and after crossing the stream, went to the foot of the Alberola hill, where the houses of the Maggi and Trevani families were visited. Thence by the main street it was driven to Ponte dell' Olio, whence a direct return was made to San Bono.

In the afternoon of the 6th she went out in a carriage drawn by four horses, and after a short drive along the street leading to the waterside returned to her residence without having alighted from the carriage.

A lady and two gentlemen of the suite went to Piacenza on the morning of the 7th, and after a few hours returned to San Bono. The only people they saw were Signor Ghizzoni and *Andreazzi* Giuseppe di Bellinzona, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter. He proposes to make a stay of about a fortnight in Piacenza, as your Excellency will see from the list of visitors which will be forwarded to you by the same post as this letter, and on that account I take the liberty of drawing your attention to him, so that you may communicate according to your discretion and prudence what decision you consider most advisable as to his request.

Her Highness and her suite did not go out in the afternoon of the 7th. There was a little musical entertainment at San Bono after this fashion. Some of the performers in our orchestra, attracted by the reports of the Princess's liberality, conceived the idea of going to San Bono to play during the dinner-time. On the morning of the 7th accordingly they set out towards Ponte dell' Olio in two carriages, hired at a somewhat high figure (counting on a liberal honorarium). The company included Evasio Leoni and his nephew Garini, performers on the trombone and cornet; the Civardi, father and son, Cigallini, and Manella, all violinists; Cerri, a contrabasso player; Tibaldi, a performer on the viola; and Brigidini, whose instrument is the clarionet. When these musicians

reached Ponte dell' Olio they made inquiries of the principal inhabitants of the town as to the best method of obtaining access to the Princess; but hearing on all hands that Her Highness was very unlikely to receive them, they were so discouraged that they were on the point of abandoning the idea. Taking heart, however, they ascended the little hill and presented themselves at San Bono, where they found Ghizzoni's coachman, to whom they were known, and explained their wishes to him. He did them the kindness to present them to one of the attendants, who, when he had ascertained Her Highness's orders, introduced them into the courtyard of the villa. There they played for a good hour. Her Highness showed her appreciation of their performance, and from time to time executed a short dance with one or another member of the suite, as the musicians themselves were able to observe through the door of the saloon contiguous to the courtyard, which was left open in token of her pleasure.

When the news reached Ponte dell' Olio that the musicians had been admitted to San Bono, a number of people rushed thither in great haste, believing that at last the propitious moment had come for their reception by the Princess; but they all met, as one may say, with a smack in the face, for they found the entrance door closed, and consequently, with equal haste, they all returned to Ponte dell' Olio, except Doctor Taschieri, who stuck to his post like a leech.

The little fête ended towards five o'clock. The musicians were dismissed with a gratuity (somewhat less, it is true, than they had counted on) of forty francs in French gold coin, and when the gates were opened for their egress, Doctor Taschieri, who was still hanging about, had the mortification of hearing himself ordered by an official to withdraw, with the remark that he could have no possible business there.

Yesterday Her Highness, with her suite, made a short excursion in the neighbourhood of San Bono, without any particular object in view.

As you see, my information is not of a nature that can be called interesting. Nevertheless I shall continue diligently to collect and communicate it to your Excellency until I receive instructions to the contrary. I should have been delighted to get admittance to the villa, but so far that has proved completely impossible

I beg your Excellency to continue to extend your goodwill to me, and have the honour to offer you the true expression of the high esteem and profound respect with which I subscribe myself

Your Excellency's

Most humble, obedient servant,

PAOLO FORESTI.

No. 9.

*One of the letters of information from the Governor of
Piacenza, Gaetano Nasalli, to the Minister Cornacchia.*

Continuation of the daily account required from me. No. 11.

Piacenza, 13 *September*, 1819.

Your Excellency,

I believe that this correspondence may be regarded as concluded. This morning Signor Pietro Ghizzoni called to inform me of the departure of the Princess from his villa at San Bono. He informed me that Baron Pergami and Colonel Vassalli, as they passed through this city, called at his house, and not finding him at home left a letter of thanks for him in Her Royal Highness's name. In this letter it is stated that H.R.H. is on her way to Montuè, to the castle belonging to the Conte Candiani of Pavia, near Broni; that provided she finds that place suit her she may remain for some days, but in the contrary event she will be returning at once to San Bono; that in case she does not return she has left some one at the villa who will replace the articles furnished to her household and pay for the stores consumed, etc., and that H.R.H. intends to give him proof of her gratitude; that provided he does not receive contrary instructions she would like her letters collected at the post office, redirected to Pavia, and forwarded by post, if he will keep an account of his outlay and let her have it. All these expressions, and particularly the first, incline me to believe that she will return very speedily, since she is prepared to find the castle less convenient than Ghizzoni's villa, and herself foresees that her return may take place soon. Ghizzoni is not aware that General Lecchi has ever been at San Bono, but he is equally unaware of the name of the lawyer; he affirms persistently that in the Princess's carriage when it passed outside the walls from Porta San Raimondo to Porta Borghetto there was Colonel Olivieri and Colonel Olivieri alone, so that one must conclude that in that respect the postilion who made the report is mistaken, for the good Guglieri, whom I have confidentially informed about the possible return, so that he may obtain private information on the subject, assures me to the same effect. What the account given by Ghizzoni satisfies me of in addition is that the departure really was unforeseen. He was invited to dinner for the following Thursday, he had sent the fruit for the table and other provisions up to San Bono, and he himself is convinced that the departure came about in consequence of the arrival at San Bono of certain strangers who reached the villa the previous night, not passing through Piacenza, but outside the walls. I will finish up with two observations: the

first, on the authority of Ghizzoni himself, is that the kitchen has been supervised with particular assiduity, and that the Baron personally attended to the supervision and showed pronounced interest; the other, vouched for stoutly by the Praetor, Colla,⁶⁶ that the young prince⁶⁷ has many times declared openly that in a little while, within, say, a couple of years, he will go to England to contest his rights with his father, who is unwilling to acknowledge him.

I am, with the most profound respect,
your Excellency's most
devoted and obliged servant,
GOVERNOR NASALLI.

PART II

No. 10.

*Letter from Professor Rasori to Professor G. Tommasini
at Parma.*

Milan, 30 *September*, 1820.

Dear Friend,

Neither you nor I will go to London so far as I can see, but it will matter very little. We should have been obliged in our evidence to confine ourselves to generalities, so that it would have been practically superfluous, for Antaldi and other people can say a good deal more and with a good deal more weight than we can do, by reason of the time that has passed and a variety of circumstances. Our being asked to give evidence at all is owing, as are a good many other things which concern the Queen, a woman worthy of a better fate, to the lack of judgment on the part of her advisers. All the letters inviting witnesses to go to England were written in Italy upon blank paper signed by her in London. On this point I can speak to you from acquaintance with the facts, and above all I speak after the receipt recently of a long letter from the Queen herself, which entrusts me with quite other matters than a journey to London, and speaks also of her expectation of seeing me soon in Italy. Do not distress yourself on the subject therefore, and if other requests should be made to you don't trouble yourself about them, and allow yourself to be guided by the fact that I never do anything myself merely from motives of expediency. I am momentarily expecting the arrival of Antaldi, of which he has himself written to advise me. I am at present preparing the first volume of my work, and at a suitable time I shall be writing to you on the subject. Farewell. I close in haste for the hour is late. Continue your regard for him who is

Always thine,

RASORI.

No. 11.

Letter from Professor G. Tommasini to his wife Antonietta.

London, 21 *November*, 1820.

Dear One,

I take immediate advantage of the departure of one of the Queen's couriers for Milan to send you this brief sheet, which will be dispatched to Parma on its arrival at Milan. It is three days since I arrived happily in London, and already I have written two other

letters to you from here, one when I had only just reached my destination, and one yesterday; both sent through the post. My health is at its best. I was received with the greatest empressement at the private residence of the Queen, who wished to have me near at hand. Her triumph over her enemies is complete. The trial is at an end, and in this place everything has given away to rejoicings and congratulations amongst a huge populace. In the two letters referred to, I have given you some idea of the enthusiasm of these people for their queen, and of the great commotion that stirs all England over the conclusion of the famous trial. I long for news of you, a necessary element of peace of mind to me. Good God! how distressing I find the mere thought that your health, or that of Adelaide, or of Emilietto, or of my mother might have suffered serious change during the time I have been waiting for favourable news of it. May Heaven respond to the tenderness of my affection and keep far away from those so dear to my heart any misfortune whatsoever. Farewell, in haste, my dear: receive a tender kiss

From your most affectionate

Husband.

No. 12.

*Letter from Professor Tommasini to the Minister
Cornacchia at Parma.*

My dear Cornacchia,

For greater security I send this letter addressed to yourself [the letter which follows]. I beg you to forward it speedily to my dear Tognina, whom I recommend to your friendly offices. I have hitherto forgotten to ask Tognina to send or bear my respects and news of me to H.E. the Cardinal. Probably he also will be glad to receive news from London that can be relied upon. The other day I was invited to dinner by Mr. Hume,⁶⁸ one of those most deeply concerned in the East India Company. There were present two or three of his colleagues in that Company, the most influential concern of its kind in England. There was Sir Robert Wilson⁶⁹ who contrived the escape of Count Lavalette, and Alderman Wood, with two or three others. Such a number of designs against the King and the Government! Such plans for the overthrow of the Ministry! And how wealthy they all are!

No. 12a.

London, 2 December, 1820

My dear Tognetta,

Five days ago, that is on the 28th of last month, I wrote you a couple of hurried lines (directed to Maestri) availing myself of an

opportunity which the instant departure for Italy of a certain Doctor Fusignani presented. But many circumstances may combine to delay the arrival of the said doctor, and in this way you might for a long time be deprived of news of me. Another letter of mine, which I dispatched by the post on the 26th, ought to reach you more promptly. But inasmuch as I learn from the Marchese Ercolani and from Antaldi (who have been in London since September or the beginning of October) that letters for Italy incur such extraordinary delays, of which they have had proofs enough, I am naturally not so very satisfied about the due arrival of the letters I have sent you. To make matters as sure as possible, therefore, I am writing the present one, which to-morrow I shall take to the post office and dispatch with my own hands.

How I have suffered at not receiving so far even a single letter from you! I realize well enough that from Parma to London the post in the ordinary way takes about twenty-four days . . . and it forces on me the fact that the news which will reach me in the first letter I receive from you will be nearly a month belated. Only to see your handwriting will bring me some small consolation, and if I have the assurance that twenty-four days previously you and my dear children were in the enjoyment of good health, I shall be able to buoy myself up for the time being with the unsatisfactory comfort that hope gives. My dear, as I have already said in a former letter, if I once gave ear to the dread which sometimes seizes me lest anything should ail you or Adelaide, Emilietto, or my mother, I should immediately take leave of the Queen and set off on the instant. But after the extraordinary events which have brought me, contrary to all expectation, a chance of seeing England, after so long a journey without any detriment to my health, I should be wanting in duty to myself and should incur the blame of all my friends if I did not endeavour before returning to get a sight of the most uncommon and important features of the place, above all, of those which concern my own profession. In eight or ten days more I hope to finish my researches so far as this immense capital is concerned. Immediately afterwards I shall proceed to Cambridge and Oxford to visit the celebrated universities in these places. I shall go to see the observatory and the telescopes of Herschel. On my return to London I shall spend two or three days more with the Queen, and then I shall make my way to Dover, recross the Channel, and go direct to Paris. I count, at any rate, on being in Paris by the beginning of the year, and propose remaining there about a couple of weeks to acquaint myself with the marvelous sights and institutions of that capital also. After that I shall go to Lyons, stopping first at Montpellier—for the university of that place is equally worthy of a visit. I shall then take my way to Savoy and return to Italy. I have gone into details with you in this fashion so that you may have some guide as

to the addressing of your letters. Those which you have already written to me in the past I promise myself from one day to another will reach me in London, whither you will without doubt have directed them; when the present reaches you, begin from thenceforward to write to me at Paris, adding to the superscription *Poste restante*.

It is impossible without being present in London to form an idea of the popular enthusiasm for the Queen, or perhaps it would be better to say of the popular discontent with the Ministry. So much so that we may well consider that the displays of banners and arms which have been flaunted in support of the Queen and have brought the Bill into disfavour and thwarted its aims have in reality been anti-ministerial demonstrations. In every respect the Queen's victory is complete and glorious and will mark a notable epoch in the annals of England. On the 29th of the month just closed the popular feeling for the Queen was demonstrated in full force. She had already arranged to attend the Cathedral Church of London, St. Paul's, to return thanks to God for the happy issue of her cause. The Government had attempted to put obstacles in the way of this arrangement, but in the ancient City of London, where the above-mentioned church, the residence of the Lord Mayor, and the Chamber of the Common Council are situated, the Government has no authority whatever, nor are any troops allowed to enter except by permission of the Lord Mayor, nor can the Government exercise any function unless the Mayor and Aldermen guarantee public order and tranquility. The Queen's resolution was looked upon as a revolutionary attempt; it may even have been really feared as an occasion on which revolution might be stirred up; but the Lord Mayor guaranteed order and quiet, and secured it with the greatest ease. He called together the Council, assembled the leading merchants and property-owners, and requested them to put forward a number of men who were lovers of public peace and who would assume the responsibility of keeping order. Two thousand individuals were selected from amongst the families of the merchants and property-owners themselves. This body of men—civic guard as we may term it—without a gun, without a sword, with merely rods in their hands, symbolizing their office, and the fact that they had civic authority, overawed without the slightest difficulty a gathering of eight hundred thousand people. From Brandenburg House to St. Paul's is a distance of seven miles, and for this seven miles a long series of streets, the streets which open off them, the grass of the neighbouring parks, the squares, the houses, the roofs, the towers, the great yard in front of the Cathedral, wherever the eye could rest, was crowded with people wearing white satin cockades and ribbon, signifying their adherence to the Queen's cause. What shall I say of the thousands of carriages or of citizens on

horseback? What of the hymns and songs printed and sung in the Queen's honour? What of the engravings which were sold and have for some time past been sold caricaturing in various derisive ways the King and his ministers? The spectacle presented a mixture of the grandiose and the popular, a genuine display of public goodwill to which lively expression was given, and an unrestrained enthusiasm which was not without its bursts of party frenzy. Everything, however, went off well and nothing in the least untoward happened, except that stones were thrown at the windows of some of the ministers and panes of glass broken. In the meanwhile the City has shown itself very much inclined to oppose the Government. The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen and Sheriffs of London met the day before yesterday to consider Alderman Wood's proposition. This involves their going in a body before the King and presenting him with an address. First, congratulating him inasmuch as justice and national opinion have triumphed in the unjust proceedings instituted against the Queen. Second, petitioning him for a change of Ministry, the present Ministry being shown to be unworthy the confidence of the nation by the aforesaid trial. Thirdly, petitioning him that the Government may appoint the Queen a residence, an establishment, and an income suitable to her position as a legitimate Queen of England. This address from the City of London, which the King cannot decline to receive, will almost certainly be followed by similar addresses from all parts of the kingdom. We shall see what the King replies and what will happen. The fall of the Government seems certain. Strange influences!

Farewell, my dear; accept a kiss from
Your always affectionate
Husband.

No 13.

Letter from Professor Tommasini to his wife Antonietta.

London, 11 *December*, 1820.

My dear creature,

A courier who leaves for home to-night on affairs of Her Majesty offers me the means of sending you my news in safety. Three days ago, moreover, I wrote to you through the hands of an Italian colonel who was leaving for Milan, and who promised to transmit my letter from Milan to Parma by the post. This is indeed the eighth letter I have written to you from London (besides the numerous epistles I dispatched from Switzerland and France), and so far I have not received from you a single word in reply. It troubles me considerably that Gaetano received three days ago a

letter from Filippo at Bologna, dated 19 December, whilst from Parma, which is not so far off, I have not received any communication at all. A thousand fears disturb my mind; I think of your health and that of our dear children; often I am overcome with melancholy, even in the midst of society; and when I am at length alone I am often unable to keep the tears from my eyes. To-day once more I indulged hopes of hearing from you, only to be once more disappointed. The Queen and the Italian gentlemen who are about her comfort me in some small degree by assuring me that often when dispatched in the ordinary course of the post, their letters have been delayed in some instances as long as a month and a half. Nevertheless I cannot be cheerful in the absence of news of you.

If within the course of a week the Queen's counsel and the representatives of the Government leave me at liberty, and discharge my account for the costs of the return journey and my guaranteed expenses, which they are disputing with me, I shall leave at the beginning of next week on a visit to the famous universities of Cambridge and Oxford, where I shall spend the close of the year, and at the beginning of the New Year proceed to Paris. Heaven grant that before my departure the letter which you have undoubtedly written may reach me. I know too well the goodness of your heart; you could not have left me without news of your welfare, and of that of our dear Adelaide and our amiable Emiliotto.

I will not endeavour to describe to you the marvelous and tremendous sights I have seen during my stay here, for I should require whole volumes to do so. The British Museum, the Anatomical Museum of John Hunter, the port of London, on the Thames, and the Custom House, the Tower of London and the arsenal and armoury, the Exchange, the Bank, the iron bridge, the Lord Mayor's palazzo, the East India Company's offices, those of the society for insurance against fires, the society for the maintenance of widows, the society for the rescue of the drowning, etc.: these are all institutions so suitably housed that they redound greatly to the honour of England. Meanwhile write to me, my dear, if you wish to please me very much, and write to me at Paris, since the letters you may write after you receive the present would probably fail to find me in London. Adieu, my beloved.

Your most affectionate

Husband.

No. 14.

Another letter from Professor G. Tommasini to his wife.

London, 18 December, 1820

My dear Tognetta,

It is now four days since your precious letter of the first instant carried comfort to my soul. I was impatient to assure your ease of mind by letting you hear from me, and so I at once wrote a long letter. But by an error into which unfortunately one of the servants of the hotel was betrayed, the letter remained on my table, and cannot be dispatched now until to-morrow, together with the one I am now writing. I should already have started for Cambridge and Oxford if the Queen had not gently insisted on my remaining with her over that day (so triumphant for her), on which the deputations from Scotland came to Brandenburg House to offer her their homage, their congratulations, and their good wishes. Ah, my dear wife, what impressions have ever equaled those which were made on my mind by those Scotchmen, who came in their hundreds, clothed in the ancient garb of the Caledonians and the bards! With what enthusiasm did I find myself face to face and within a hand's grasp of those countless pilgrims, youthful inhabitants of the mountains where Ossian sang the enterprises and achievements of Fingal! Tall of stature, of athletic proportions and keen eyes, with short garments girt with rough cloth striped in various colours and decorated with ribbons and pendants of steel, and equally brilliant about the body, which also had metal ornaments. Bear or wolf skins hung gracefully from the shoulders, and covered the legs as far as the knees. The legs were naked, and only decked with ribbons towards the feet, which were covered with suitable shoes; spears of an antique type and resplendent arms stuck in the girdle; a free gait, entirely devoid of affectation: that's the best description I can give you of a Scottish mountaineer. I saw upwards of three hundred of them all dressed in the same fashion, preceded by certain more distinguished personages, who carried national banners, and were presented to the Queen by a civic deputation of heads of districts in Scotland. The sound of their music is extremely simple, and much resembles that with which the inhabitants of our mountains accompany the performing bears and wild animals in the lowlands. The speeches delivered before the Queen were simple and frank, so far as I could understand and so far as I was informed by those who could understand better than myself. The Queen replied to them with equal simplicity, and remained willingly for a long time in conversation with them. The concourse which the function attracted from London was immense, and the equipages drawn by six horses superbly caparisoned were alone over a hundred. Not a single horse nor a single man in the vast gathering was without his white ribbon, the symbol that he was of the Queen's party. The Scottish ladies, who also attended this function in great numbers, were simply dressed, but all wore handsome silk scarves with designs in various colours, similar to the characteristic dress of the soldiers already described.

To-morrow I shall certainly leave for Cambridge. My journey

to Scotland will not occupy more than about ten or twelve days. I shall return to London by way of Oxford, and after three or four days' stay in the capital I shall set out for Paris, where the many magnificent sights demand that I shall spend at least a fortnight; but I shall not find there things of such unique interest as I have done in England.

By the way, I omitted to thank you on behalf of the Queen for the expressions of sympathy with her contained in your letter. I read her the paragraph in question, and can assure you that she was greatly affected by it.

I have presented to Her Majesty Monsieur Janin (son of Madama Alexis of Parma, to whom I brought the little box containing the two models). He desired to offer for the Queen's acceptance a specimen of his skill, and has entrusted me with a specimen for you also. Farewell, my beloved. A kiss for dear Adelaide, to whom I hope to bring some Scotch music, and one each to Emilietto and Cleietta, whom I am picturing to myself dressed as two little Scottish mountaineers.

Your very affectionate
Husband.

No. 15.

*Letter from Antonio Panizsi, Director of the
British Museum, to Giacomo Blanchon, bookseller and printer at
Parma.⁷⁰*

9 Great George Street, Liverpool, 16 August, 1827.

My dear Friend,

The mournful tolling of bells, the flags at half-mast on the walls and towers, the closed shops, and the silence on Change, all seem to recall to any one who may have forgotten—if indeed it be possible that any one can have forgotten—that a great and illustrious statesman, the hope and delight of his country, the confidant and friend of his King, the leader of the House of Commons on account of the pre-eminence of his talents and the vigour of his unapproachable eloquence, the friend of many of us, inhabitants of the city which for so many years he represented in Parliament; to recall, I say, that this day George Canning will be interred close to his predecessors, Pitt and Fox, in the Abbey at Westminster. No minister has died more sincerely esteemed and deplored by his country than Canning, none at a time more opportune so far as his future fame is concerned, none at a moment when so much depended on his mere name. Poor Canning! I saw him only six weeks back in the House of Commons, very pale, but with the customary fire still flashing from

his eyes, the voice which as of old drew forth applause from the assembly he addressed. His pallor terrified me, and the following day I asked Dr. Holland, his physician, with whom I was lunching, if there were not grounds for anxiety, but he said there were none. There is but one consolation for the great statesman's friends, though to those of the great and good private gentleman it may be small enough. This was that His Majesty, with that resoluteness for which his family is noted, did not leave the nation and the world at large for a single moment in doubt. It might have been feared that perhaps the old ministerial crew would reassume power. But the King would not hear a word in their favour, and the nation, which is here the dominating factor, detests them. The politics of the Cabinet will consequently remain unchanged, but who will supply the talents and the eloquence of Canning? No one, no one. The loss in this direction is irreparable; there is not a man in England who is qualified to lead the House of Commons as Canning did.

Perhaps by the time the present letter reaches you the ministerial readjustments may be known to you. It seems certain that Lord Goderich, now Prime Minister, formerly under the name of Robinson known as Chancellor of the Exchequer, who enjoys the full confidence of all parties throughout the country, being a man of liberal traits, the highest integrity, and great business capacity, will be President of the Council in the place of Lord Harrowby, who is retiring through domestic bereavements. Our good Hutchinson will be Colonial Minister in the place of Lord Goderich, Grant will succeed Hutchinson as President of the Board of Trade. Harris will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, provided no new-comer enters the Cabinet; all the rest will retain their places, so that no change of programme is to be anticipated. To Hutchinson will fall the leadership of the House of Commons. He has been accused of being too liberal. He is very straightforward and is most completely trusted by the nation. He is not a great orator, but he is great at reasoning, and he speaks easily and clearly. Brougham, who supports the Government, is destined to pulverize with his terrible and irresistible eloquence and violence the poor blockheads in the Opposition. Do you know that one of the latter, who in his absence was speaking against him, seeing him all of a sudden arrive in the House, was so overcome with fear that he was unable to speak two intelligible words afterwards? The eloquence of Brougham as such is incomparable, and when he is excited he surpasses Canning, but he is not such a fine speaker, not so correct, not so polished in his phrases. He is more terrible, and more capable of inspiring fear by his quips and by the splendour of his imagery from time to time.

He is the only man from whose lips I have heard issue real sublime eloquence, the sort of eloquence which makes you jump from your seat and shout "Bravo!"

I have written to you on public affairs at some length, because as my friend you will sympathize with me in the grief I feel at the loss of the excellent Canning. Every honest man, in whatever part of the world, must do the like, since Canning as a politician had at heart the wellbeing of the entire human race.

A heartfelt greeting from your most affectionate
ANTONIO PANIZZI.

APPENDIX D

COMPLETE LIST IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER OF THE WITNESSES AT THE TRIAL OF THE QUEEN

Beresford, Sir John Poer, English admiral
Bianchi, Giuseppe, an Italian-Swiss from Faido, porter at the
Hotel Gran Bretagna at Venice
Bianchi, Antonio, of Como, builder at the Villa d'Este
Birollo, Francesco, of Vercelli, cook to the Princess
Briggs, Thomas, captain of the English ship "Leviathan"
Brusa, Domenico, of Como, builder at the Villa d'Este
Carrington, William, English servant to Sir W. Gell
Cassina, Francesco, of Piazza S. Stefano, Como, builder at the
Villa d'Este
Craven, the Hon. Keppel, chamberlain to the Princess
Cucchi, Pietro, of Trieste, manager of the Albergo Grande Dali'
Orto, Giuseppe, of Cernobbio, baker to the Villa
Demont, Louise, a Swiss from Colombier, waiting-maid to the
Princess
Finetti, Alessandro, decorative painter
Flynn, John, lieutenant In the English Royal Navy, and
commander of the polacca "Royal Charlotte"
Forti, Carlo, of the environs of Milan, courier
Galdini, Luigi, of Blevio, builder at the Villa d'Este
Galli, Giuseppe, of Cossano, domestic servant
Gargiulo, Vincenzo, Neapolitan, merchant-captain, and proprietor
of the polacca "Royal Charlotte"
Gell, Sir William, chamberlain to the Princess
Giarolini, Giuseppe, of Milan, builder's foreman
Glenbervie, Lord, English peer
Guggiari, Giuseppe, of Cernobbio, fisherman and boatman
Guggiari, Santino, of Cernobbio, overseer at the Villa d'Este
Guilford, Earl of, English peer
Hare, Robert, of the English banking house, Coutts & Co.
Holland, Henry, English doctor of medicine in the Princess's
household
Hownam, Joseph Robert, lieutenant in the English Royal Navy,
secretary to the Princess
Inman, Samuel, an Englishman
Kress, Barbara, of Carlsruhe, servant at an inn
Llandaff, Lord, an English peer
Leman, James, an Englishman
Lindsay, Lady Charlotte, English lady-in-waiting to the Princess
Lucini, Giovanni, of Blevio, whitewasher
Lagomaggiore, Tommaso, of Como, fisherman

Maiocchi, Teodoro, of Casal Pusterlengo, footman
Martigner, Fanchette, of Morje, Switzerland
Meiani, Gerolamo, of Milan, clerk
Mills, Charles, an Englishman
Mioni, Antonio, of Venice, attached to the police, afterwards
director of a theatre
Oggione, Paolo, of Lodi, under-cook
Olivieri, Colonel Alessandro, of Tivoli, chamberlain to the
Princess
Omati, Bonfiglio, of Milan, clerk in the office of the lawyer
Codazzi
Paturzo, Gaetano, of Naples, captain in the mercantile marine
Pechell, Samuel, of the English Royal Navy, captain of the ship
“Clorinda”
Planta, Joseph, under-secretary in Lord Castlereagh’s office
Pomi, Filippo, a Milanese
Powell, John Allan, English agent in Italy of the Milan
Commission
Ragazzoni, Paolo, of the environs of Varese, builder at the Villa
d’Este
Rancatti, Carlo, of Como, confectioner
Rastelli, Giuseppe, of Como, agent of the Milan Commission, and
formerly superintendent of the Princess’s stables
Sacchi, Giuseppe, of the province of Como, agent of the Milan
Commission
Salvadore, Domenico, of Treviso, professor of literature
Sharpe, Granville, an Englishman
Sicard, John Jacob, maître d’hotel to the Princess
St. Leger, Anthony Butler, chamberlain to the Princess
Teuillé, Joseph, French colonel
Vassalli, Cavaliere Carlo, of Milan, chamberlain to the Princess
Whitcombe, John, English servant of the Hon. Keppel Craven

APPENDIX E

ADDITIONAL UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

THE documents which follow have been placed at the disposal of the English publisher by the courtesy of Mr. A.M. Broadley, in whose collection of autographs the originals are preserved.

The following is given as a specimen of King George III's French, and as showing the endeavours he made to reconcile the Prince and Princess as well as his cordiality towards the latter:

Windsor, 20^{me} *Juin*, 1796

MADAME MA FILLE,

J'ai reçu hier Votre lettre au sujet du bruit repandu dans le public de Votre repugnance à vous preter à une parfaite reconciliation avec Mon Fils le Prince de Galles, je ne disconvient pas que cette opinion commence à prendre racine, et qu'il n'y a qu'une maniere de la detruire c'est que Mon Fils ayant consenti que la Contesse de Jersey doit suivant Votre desire quitter Votre service et ne pas être admisé a Votre société privée, Vous devez témoigner Votre desire qu'il revient chez lui, et que pour rendre la reconciliation complete on doit des deux cotés s'abstenir de reproches, et ne faire des confidences à l'autres sur ce sujet. Une conduite si propre certainement remettra cette union entre Mon Fils et Vous, qui est un des evenemens qui j'ai le plus à cœur.

Mon Fils le Duc de York remettra cette Lettre et Vous assurera de plus de l'amitié sincere avec laquelle Je suis,

Madame, Ma Belle Fille,

Votre très affectionné

Beau Père,

GEORGE R.

The following is a characteristic specimen of a letter from the Princess of Wales to her daughter Charlotte:

Monday, *August 7*.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I had my pen ready to write to you when I received your amiable letter, to announce to you with pleasure the first success of our expedition! Thanks to heaven (considering the circumstances) few lives have been lost. I trust they may succeed upon Flushing also; but I have a horror for a capitulation, which generally ends in a very bad convention on our part I have heard nothing from Germany, which rather surprises me. We must hope for the best. I am on the point to set out to see Strawberry Hill, which I have never seen, alone with Lady Charlotte, and then we go with Lady

Glenbervie to satisfy our voracious appetite, as we shall have nothing but food for our mind at Strawberry Hill, not knowing Mrs. Damer, and not wishing to be acquainted with her. Lady Cha: is very sensible of your kindness to her. She is well deserving of it, and is sincerely attached to you. I was yesterday for the last time at St. James's Chapel, but it was very dull and I don't know the name of the clergyman.

I have heard nothing of the Küpers, and I hope she will be well soon. After Church I went to see Lady Aberdeen and Lady Maria, where I found Lord Hamilton just returned from Ireland; his illness is fallen upon his legs and he is perfectly upon crutches. I never can think that he will recover, and it made me quite melancholy to see on a second sight the dreadful loss his Family will sustain in this only and amiable son. He is to leave London as soon as he is a little recovered from the fatigue of his journey for Dover Castle, with the Castlereaghs, who will take him there for the benefit of the sea air. I must now take leave of you as my carriage is ready.

My best love to Lady de Clifford, and accept for yourself my sincere and unalterable affection, with which I remain for ever your

Attached mother,
C.P.

The following is given, in the original French, as a specimen of the Princess's command of that language, and of the familiarity of her style in corresponding with Tommasini:

The Princess of Wales to Professor Tommasini.

La Princesse de Galles a été bien charmée d'apprendre de la heureuse accouchement de Madame Tommasini l'épouse du Professeur et elle sera bien enchanté d'avoir au mois d'Octobre l'occasion de vive voix d'assurer Monsieur le Professeur de sa Réconnaissance éternelle pour toutes les marques d'attention il temoigne à la Princesse. Monsieur le Baron charge aussi la Princesse de lui assurer combien il est pénétré de l'intention de l'arrivée de la chère petite, que Dieu fait l'ainé ce porte bien. La Princesse de Galles sera aise de revoir le Professeur vers ce tems dans sa maison comme le Cardinal Albani y sera alors à Pesaro et qui passe toute son temps à Capue chez les D—s pour pouvoir avoir un petit congé à fin de termine quelquechose pour notre mutel ami le Docteur Rosari le Marquis Antaldi lui a écrite une seconde lettre n'ayant pas de réponse à la première il est bien à penser que le pauvre Rosari n'aura jamais reçu aucune lettre d'ici comme le Police est si inquiet à son sujet La Princesse de Galles est avec tous les sentimens d'estime et la plus haute considération

le sincère ami du Professeur Tommasini.

CAROLINE, Princesse de Galles.

Ce 21 d'Aout, 1818.

*Proclamation drawn up by Lady Anne Hamilton at the conclusion
of the Queen's Trial and from her dictation.*

CAROLINE REGINA

The Queen impressed with the deepest sentiments of the most grateful esteem for a generous people who throughout her late severe Trial have supported her by the universal expressions of their reliance on her Innocence and their anxiety for her safety feels it due to Herself and to all His Majesty's Loyal Subjects in every part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to repeat most solemnly before God her Country and the World that she is wholly guiltless of the foul Crimes attempted to be laid to her charge by those who have at length voluntarily abandoned the accusation in confessed compliance with Public Opinion expressed in the most unequivocal manner.

The Minutes of Evidence taken before the Highest Court of Judicature as printed by Authority are open to the perusal of every Individual. Her Majesty relies with confidence in the conclusions which must inevitably result from the perusal of those Minutes in the mind of every Lover of impartial Justice.

Her Majesty patiently awaits that complete Restoration to Her Rights as Queen Consort of this Realm for which she fully relies on the Justice of the Legislature and Executive Powers of the Kingdom.

Brandenburg House, *November* 1820.

*A letter from the Queen to Lady Anne Hamilton written
only seventeen days before her death.*

July 21.

I send you my dear Lady Anne Hamilton, William, my only faithful little Messenger, to receive an answer from your Friend, to tell the truth I do not put much faith in any *men*—in this Country they are all private and corrupted People.

If you can give me no immediate answer, William will call again at any *hour* you will appoint him to come again to your House.

All my letters are in the news' papers to-day.

Amen. Yours

C.R.

The Bulletin announcing the Queen's Death.

Her Majesty departed this Life at Twenty-five Minutes past ten o'clock this night.

M. BAILLIE
H. AINSLIE
W.G. MATON
PELHAM WARREN
HENRY HOLLAND

Brandenburg House, *August 7*, 1821.

The following letter gives a good idea of the impression produced by the publication of Lady Charlotte Bury's *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.* The writer, Miss Hayman, was at one time in the service both of Princess Charlotte and the Princess of Wales. It will be observed that Professor Clerici states that there was an idea that Lady Charlotte's name covered some other personality. This could not have been the case, as the Diary appeared anonymously, but was at once generally attributed to Lady Charlotte Bury, the Lady Charlotte Campbell of earlier days whose name occurs frequently In Professor Clerici's pages.

My Dear Miss Williams Wynn,

I do not know where you are nor when you will get this but I remember my promise to give you for *your private ear* (no, eye) my first impressions of this abominable Book. My Blood has boil'd throughout the perusal of it and I cannot bear to believe Lady Ch. Bury to be the Hermaphrodite author, though alas she shows through both characters. She came late into the service of the Princess, therefore her representation of the tyranny of the Prince and his uniform ill-usage her Ladyship can only judge of from others. I was in the establishment twenty years, and therefore can judge better of many circumstances she asserts so boldly—what ill-usage her R.H. sustained from the Prince and Lady Jersey in the early days of the marriage I can say nothing but what like Lady Charlotte I have been told. The consequent separation had taken place before I went to Princess Charlotte, but the Princess still inhabited Carlton House. There was then no sort of restriction. The Princess saw her child whenever she pleased. H.R.H. obtained the Prince's permission to remove to Charlton for change of air, and soon after a house on Blackheath was taken for the nursery, as near to Charlton as could be got, and every succeeding year the summer residence of the Princess Charlotte was as near as could be found to Blackheath when the Princess resided there one

house was on the heath *very near*, and a month has elapsed without her going to see her child, for whom she never showed a fondness—there was no “tyranny” in this proceeding, and I do believe if she had not made so many unfounded complaints that she might have done what she pleased in the retirement she had chosen. When I left the Princess Charlotte the Princess did me the honour to wish me to live with her. The Prince objected to providing a new place after the establishment had been arranged with the King, but when Miss Vanneck died he appointed me privy purse *unsolicited by anybody* which was intended to oblige the Princess after his late refusal. The first year at Blackheath the Prince complained of as too expensive and proposed a distinct allowance should be made which the Princess much approved. Mr. Payne and others came over and enquired from the head of every department what sum was required for that department and from this they calculated the sum necessary to support the family in the way the Princess had chosen to live. All was satisfactory to H.R.H. at first, but as Lady Charlotte, or rather Hermaphrodite, observes, “nothing was so long.” Early in the Book poor I am said to have told somebody that, “Only two old chairs were in the Princess’s Apartment at Carlton House.” I remember no such thing. The rooms were not touched till the Princess from many months absence might be fairly supposed to have relinquished them, and the Prince destined them for another purpose. However as soon as she heard alterations were making she went there and possibly found no chairs at all. I remember hearing the luncheon was taken but there was no place to eat it on, and no doubt the being sick of the fear of these morning visits made the Prince glad to seize the first plausible moment for supposing they were ended, and to this time I believe he would have done anything to make her comfortable at a distance from him. In later days the Princess chose a set of friends who assisted and instigated acts that turned this calm dislike into rage and perhaps hatred. I was much less at Blackheath then than when I first engaged—only three months instead of nine. On returning from Wales one time I found Lady Ann Hamilton in waiting and Lady Percival who also kept her waiting and inhabited the same apartment At dinner there was strange talk, of which the Princess had given me some idea, and when I was in the drawing room before dinner the next day Lady Percival came in before the Princess and said to me, “The Princess tells me that you are an alarmist.” “Yes, ma’am, I confess I am alarmed at what appears to be going on, and I wish it was all quickly settled.” “Oh, my dear ma’am,” said she, “when once you see what you very soon will see, Pall Mall full of pikes, it will all be settled very much to our satisfaction!” This was the time alluded to in the book for every night these ladies sat up till three or four o’clock dispatching footmen with paragraphs to *The Times* and

other papers. She boasted of having raised most particularly one which had insulted the Queen, and though I never saw them but at dinner and tea, always departing at half-past ten o'clock, I could not but hear things let out which made me very uncomfortable, though I could not believe much serious mischief could be done by them. When I returned next time from Wales Lady Anne was out of favour, never, indeed, liked at all but as a tool. Five hundred pounds was given her to resign, but she was again called on to meet the foreign Witnesses at Dover, etc. I think the Hermaphrodite's description of the Princess gives a very good idea of her character. She was good natured in the extreme to all her ladies and to all her servants, so that it was impossible not to feel affectionate interest in her even when her defiance of all propriety grieved us all to the heart. Nature had formed her well, and a good education might have done much in forming a fine character, for abilities were in no respect wanting, but bad as her education was, it did not deprive her of the consciousness of what was right and what was wrong, for no one could talk morality better when it answered her purpose to do so. That she was "goaded into doing wrong from the first" I do not think, except what passed in the early days of her marriage goaded her through life, and certainly the cabal I have described was no small degree of "goadings" to the Prince, to whom all the transactions at Blackheath appeared to be known. The restrictions on her intercourse with the Princess Charlotte when she was growing towards womanhood appeared a harsh, unfeeling measure, but there were many excuses for it. One was that in the visit to Kensington, the party was Sir William Drummond and Lady Charleville. Sir William got into a *religious* conversation with the Princess Charlotte, who manfully maintained her principles against his abominable travesties of all she held sacred. Neither the mother nor governess attempted to stop this conversation, and I saw Lady Charleville was greatly annoyed. At parting Lady de Clifford said to me, "Should I not tell the Prince of this?" I said, "Yes, Lady de Clifford, before you sleep." However, she did not. He heard it another way as he did everything, and gave her Ladyship a severe lecture. Then the restrictions were drawn very tight. I saw the Sapios frequently, and was delighted with *their* singing, though I lamented their dining so often. Of the cottage I know no more than that I heard that H.R.H. had taken one next door to the Sapios, but I never saw her walk to Bayswater or out of the Palace Garden. My last waiting was at Connaught House. I left H.R.H. determined to go abroad, and lamenting that I was too old (my plea and true enough) to accompany her. When all was fixed H.R.H. wrote to tell me so and that I should receive my salary as a pension. When she returned as Queen I received an invitation to visit her, but I was become still "older" and could not accept it. On Her Majesty's

melancholy and unexpected death, whoever made out the lists of attendants to be provided for made the unaccountable mistake of placing my name among the Women of the Bedchamber instead of Privy Purse, and all the Women of the Bedchamber were cut off and I amongst them, though all the servants retired upon pensions had their pensions continued. I represented this mistake to Lord Liverpool through my good and kind friend Lord Grenville, and the pension I now enjoy was very soon after given to me. My remarks on the book have ended in an egotistical sketch of my own Royal Life, but the truth is that beyond what I have said of it I have no remarks beyond what you will make yourself when you read it, for It begins in my later days. I was struck with the misrepresentation of the *Prince's* conduct in the early part of my time or I could not have bored you to such a length. I never saw such a decided Bookmaking business. It *means* to get a great deal of money and to do the Queen's case good, which I think it will not do, though it may heap odium on George IV, but why need she tell all the obsolete scandals again and make it impossible to show her face in the circle she was born to move in. Pray read what is said in the first *Athenaeum* of the year. How can she bear it? In the hash of the trial I think a real man has helped her, and the style is like Sir W. Gell. Don't you think so? I should like to have your opinion of the book. If you like to have mine I will send it to you if you will tell me how. If you are at Bodryddon perhaps you may, and a carrier to Chester used to exist who could take it. You will be displeased as I am that every failing of the poor Princess Charlotte, then so young, are most unfeelingly exaggerated without extenuating them by the sad truth that she felt severely the want of love from all those bound by natural ties to bestow it on her. She was driven to seek affection and goodwill from others to whom she had access, and if she at times acted on advice which was not always good, who shall wonder? At last she found an object for all those warm affections which had been so checked and pent up, and I *now* bless God that she expired in the full tide of happiness. I am too cold and tired to give you any more of this illegible sprawl. Your imagination when you read will supply the rest God bless you.

Ever most affectionately,
A. HAYMAN.

APPENDIX F

The following extracts from Moore's *Twopenny Post Bag*, published in 1813, are evidence of the extraordinary excitement aroused by the threatened publication of *The Book*. The extracts are parts of a note appended to a letter supposed to be addressed by Lackington, the publisher, of the famous *Temple of the Muses*, to a gentleman who had submitted a MS.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TWOPENNY POST BAG"

The Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melodrama, in two Acts, entitled, *The Book*⁷¹ of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner: Time, three o'clock in the morning—Scene, the Bourbon Chamber⁷² in C—r—lt—n House—Enter the P—e R—g—t solus.—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims:

Away—away—
Thou haunt'st. my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damnèd ink in Eld—n's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—rtf—d's Spouse—
V—ns—t—t's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While, turning here [*laying his hand on his heart*], I
find, ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire Errata in myself
[*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*]
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Maraschino! Maraschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have ye not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabra" discovers the following unconnected words—"Wife neglected"—"the Book"—"Wrong Measures"—"the Queen"—"Mr. Lambert"—"the R—g—t."

Ha I treason in my House!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul [*shaking the papers violently*], what Demon
brought you hither?
"My wife I"—"the Book," too I—stay—a nearer look—
[*Holding the fragments closer to the candelabra*]
Alas I too plain, B, double O, K, Book—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched in different directions for the L—rd Ch—n—c—ll—r, the D—e of C—b—l—d etc. etc.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—e with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—n—c—llor with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, “to maintain the becoming splendour of his office.” The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—nc—llor breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream:

’Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—e!—
Methought I heard thee, ’midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
“Worship my whiskers!”—[*weeps*] not a knee was there
But bent and worshipped the Illustrious Pair
That curled in conscious majesty! [pulls out his haudherchief]—
while cries
Of “Whiskers! whiskers!” shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought there came,
With looks of injured pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden clinging to her side,
As if she feared some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her right hand glowed
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—[*wipes his eyes*]—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, formed the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose. [*Weeps.*]
Heavens, how it blazed!—I’d ask no livelier fire
[*with animation*] To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah I the evidence—[*weeps again*]—I mourned to see—
Cast, as it burned, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hissed and crackled like an old maid’s tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lacked in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now sings *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanished into smoke,
The watchman cried “past One,” and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the

dream), by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, etc, are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is accordingly determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The second Act has mainly to do with the prosecution and imprisonment of Leigh Hunt and his brother for libelling the Prince Regent.

A later Scene discloses a Tailor's Workshop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board.—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc., that lie about.—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings some stanzas, to the tune of "Derry Down."

During the "Derry down" of the last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S—e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm which he is made to betray is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives, is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M—n upon subjects purely professional; and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skillfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition:

Honoured Colonel—my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns,
Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.
She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully wrong—
They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert, when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t,
So hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

NOTES

¹This is incorrect. The marriage took place at Mrs. Fitzherbert's own house, in Park street.

²"All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. . . . History presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly Courts."—Thackeray, *The Four Georges*.

³One of these was the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, which reminds us that George IV was great-uncle to the reigning Sovereign, King Edward VII.

⁴"He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed; the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him; the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But about George we can get at nothing actual."—Thackeray, *The Four Georges*.

⁵And it was indeed maternal protection, for the child remained permanently with the Princess, and eventually became her sole heir.

⁶The popular account of the cause of the final breakdown of George III's reason is affecting. Princess Amelia, his favourite daughter, having learned from the physicians that this misfortune to her father was approaching nearer and could not be arrested, gave a very valuable stone to a jeweller to be mounted in a ring which she intended to place upon the King's finger with her own hand, both as a pledge of affection and an amulet against his loss of reason. When the King came to see her, at the moment when he took her by the hand, the Princess placed the ring on his finger. The King had not been prepared for this, and was immediately profoundly moved, and but a few days afterwards the evidences of his complete mental overthrow were detected.

⁷"My mother has led a bad life, but she would not have done so badly if my father had not led even a worse."

⁸And it was indeed a coup *d'état* of the most unhappy character. See *Denkwürdigkeiten aus den Papieren des Freiherrn Christian Friedrich von Stockmar, zusammengestellt von Ernst Freiherr von Stockmar*, chap. I. Brunswick, 1872.

⁹These details are not to be found in Stockmar's recollections, but are given in an article by Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1838, vol. LXVII, p. 33.

¹⁰The letters are for the most part anonymous; but the source from which they were obtained, and other circumstances, afford the highest guarantees of their authenticity. They relate more particularly to Marie Louise of Austria, ex-Empress of the French, and the Bonapartes; and only in passing to the Princess of Wales. For all the other notices see A. Lumbroso, *Napoleone II*, Studi e Ricerche, parte I, Roma, Ed. Bocca, 1902.

¹¹The youth William Austin.

¹²From documents extracted from the archives of Milan and published in an appendix to the work *La Restaurazione austriaca a Milano nel 1814*, di Francesco Lemmi. Bologna, N. Zanichelli, 1902.

¹³G. Bossi *Memorie* (partly unpublished), from the year 1807 to 1815. Preserved in the library at Brera.

¹⁴Caroline had a way of relating (and she did it constantly) a romantic story about every one of her relatives. It is probable that the relative of whom she spoke on this occasion was her own eldest sister, concerning whom, beyond what she communicated to Bossi, she was wont to tell more terrible things, as, for example, that she had died from poison administered by her husband.

¹⁵But not Bergami, as it has often been written by many chroniclers.

¹⁶See Ugo Foscolo, *Prose politiche*. F. Le Monnier, Firenze, 1850.

¹⁷See Appendix, unpublished documents.

¹⁸See *Irrfahrten und Abenteuer eines mittelstaatlichen Diplomaten*. Leipzig, 1894, chaps. v. and vi.

¹⁹“Endlosen Scandal erregt.” This is the clearest conclusion we can arrive at; for neither the only paper of the period, *Il Monitore delle due Sicilie*, nor the Chronicles of Marinelli and De Nicola, nor the famous *Carte di Polizia* say a single word about the Princess of Wales. Moreover, in other works in English, where at any rate mention is made of the Princess, nothing further is traceable than can be read in every encyclopaedia. (See, for example, *Modern England before the Reform Bill*, by McCarthy.) It is consequently reasonable to suppose that some unknown hand has successfully removed every trace of the brief stay made by Caroline in Naples, or else that no one was allowed to open his mouth upon any English subject or person. This opinion is held by Professors De Blasiis, Maresca, Rocco, and others, not to mention the learned and courteous Cavaliere E. d’Elia, to whom I acknowledge with profoundest gratitude the help he has extended to me in the course of these researches.

²⁰In all probability he was the same person who is described, but not mentioned by name, by Foscolo, in his lengthy *Lettera apologetica agli editori padovani della Divina Commedia*, which was afterwards published by Le Monnier (1850) in the *Prose Politiche di Ugo Foscolo*.

²¹See the work by Francesco Lemmi already referred to.

²²Between 1817 and 1820 at Paris and Lugano three works appeared relative to the Princess and Bartolomeo Pergami, who had already attained regrettable notoriety. These are now as difficult to meet with, as they are lacking in genuine historical features.

(1) *Giornale di un viaggiatore inglese, ossia Memorie e aneddoti intorno a S.A.R. Carolina di Brunswick, principessa di Galles dal 1814 al 1816*, etc. Lugano, 1817.

(2) *Voyage de sa majesté la reine d’Angleterre et du baron Pergami son chambellan*, etc., etc., par Tärmini Almerté. Paris, 1821.

(3) *Histoire du procès de la reine d’Angleterre*, etc., par A.T. Desquiron de Saint-Agnan, Paris, 1820.

That of the greatest bulk bears the name of the author, A.T. Desquiron de Saint-Agnan, which we repeat, because those who have hitherto referred to him have all in some way or other distorted the spelling. The other two, of less bulk and practically anonymous, yield evidences of being intimately connected with the more voluminous work; and all three together are nothing less than a triple attempt to impose on the world at large, with the same purpose in each instance. The ostensible and avowed object is to set public opinion right on certain points bearing on the Princess’s reputation. The other objects, not avowed, but equally evident, are the whitewashing of Pergami and pecuniary profit, much information promised in the preliminary discourse not being set forth in the works themselves.

Saint-Agnan, in his Preface, states that he lives a retired life, and that he has nothing to look for from patrons. But he lets out the fact that he has been on intimate terms with Pergami, in reference to whom he writes: “A manuscript, which has been placed at our disposal, and which is said to be of his production [Pergami’s], may some day confirm this opinion.” This, however, does not hinder him from posing as an impartial and trustworthy historian. “As a faithful historian of these memorable proceedings, I shall collect all the evidence, discuss the charges, and after a recapitulation which has grown indispensable, I shall so illuminate the affair as to carry conviction to every reader.” It was but a flickering illumination which could proceed from so darkened a lamp! Perhaps it was on these feeble grounds and others of a like nature that Saint-Agnan assumed the right of describing himself as a man of letters. The historian,

Helfert, with some reason, considered his claim remarkable, since he was unable to discover any literary or historical work by Saint-Agnan. As to the French pamphlet attributed in the title-page to the Greek Tàrmini Almerté (Pergami Bartelmé?), the imposture is patent, not only from the style, the wording, and all other details, but also from the fact that it is printed in the same type and upon the same paper as the work of Saint-Agnan; nor could anybody in the world affirm that the Greek Tàrmini Almerté had any existence except in the imagination of that pair of fertile authors of questionable works, Pergami-Saint-Agnan.

²³The family archives of the Durazzo are not accessible to any one, and could not consequently be consulted.

²⁴Alfredo Comandini. *L'Italia nei cento anni del secolo XIX*, Vol. I. Milan, A. Vallardi, 1901.

[The ancient name of the lake of Como was Lacus Larius, and the younger Pliny was born at Comum, a town on its shores.]

²⁵Carlo Cinelli, *Carolina di Brunswick, principessa di Galles*. Appunti e note. Pesaro, stab. tip. Federici, 1890.

²⁶The notice appears to be inaccurate. It was not escorted by, but actually upon the "Leviathan" that she left Genoa for Sicily.

²⁷*Registro Politico*, 1815, number 218.

²⁸According to the Attorney-General, in his speech for the prosecution, and to the deposition of Louise Demont, which is preserved in the reports of the trial, the title of Knight of Malta had been conferred on Pergami, at Catania, before the baronial title. According to other testimonies, in which we place greater confidence, inasmuch as the cross of the Order is only given to members of the nobility, it was conferred afterwards.

²⁹See C Cinelli's work, already quoted.

³⁰From a manuscript diary preserved in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana.

³¹"The Villa d'Este has undergone such a complete transformation that it may be regarded as having been practically rebuilt. The two wings of the structure, which formerly only rose to the height of the first floor, have been carried up to a level with the central portion of the building, and the sides have been prolonged considerably to the rearward, which was not formerly the case. The theatre has been entirely demolished, and in its place the grand drawing-room constructed. The staircase, which was on the left side of the building, has been removed and two new ones erected facing the vestibule. The Princess of Wales's bathroom has been transformed into the office of the huge hotel. . . . But all this reconstruction was effected at the sacrifice of very valuable frescoes, the church, and the handsome theatre, which might quite easily have been spared, if thought had been bestowed on the preservation of what was good, without hampering the plans of the architect.

"The garden, the park, and the walks have not undergone any reconstruction, but time has worked its will upon them; above all upon the grotto of Hercules, the little temple of Minerva, and the grottoes of the Elysian fields. The miniature forts call out for the renewal of their plaster, as the wall shows through in many parts."—*La Villa d'Este cenni descrittivi e storici del Roman*. F. Foasati, Como, 1886.

³²The Italian phrase is "al solo barone un' unica tazza di caffè." The jest appears obscure.

³³This villa is now the seat of the School of Practical Agriculture.

³⁴*Description de la Villa d'Este sur le lac de Côme*, par Louis Viganò. Como, 1825.

³⁵The pamphlet, which has on its title-page the false imprint of Odessa, 3529 [=1819], is filled with piquant and half-concealed scandal relating to the careers of the Princess, Pergami [= Malpieg], and the men about the Court, and bears

this curious title: "Lettere di due mandarini della penisola di Corea e di due barbassori dei regni uniti del Giappone, concernenti la principessa de' Fangadi." Corea is Italy, and the two mandarins appear to be Doctor Mocchetti, disguised under the name of Falkuti, and Gioia himself, under that of Theumali. Japan is England, and the Princess of the Fangadi the none too spotless heroine of these memoirs. The two remaining wiseacres (*barbassori*) who write letters to one another are Schimodel and Moussangi. As to their identity conjecture is scarcely permissible. If they are not to be looked for amongst the Englishmen attached to the Princess's suite, perhaps one might conclude that Schiavini and Tamassia were intended. Cavaliere Michele Schiavini, of Crema, became equerry to the Princess, as well as Court poet, and during the final year he acquired so much authority that the servants who were dismissed looked to him to supply them with characters. One of the witnesses at the famous trial said that towards the end it was difficult to say who had the greater authority, Schiavini or Pergami. It is clear at any rate that the Princess was very profuse in her affections.

³⁶"Under the direction of the Marchese Andrea Antaldi, brother of the Gonfaloniere Antaldi, who was an able architect, building operations were put in hand, and completed with the utmost speed, the internal decorations, which, with the exception of some plaster work by Trentanove, a famous decorator in that material, were not of much account, being executed none too admirably by artists of mediocre attainments. A wide approach was constructed, which one entered by a grating in the middle of the walled enclosure giving on the main road. The villa, however, though enlarged by additions at the sides and rendered more important by its internal improvements, still retained the appearance of a modest private villa.

"Any one visiting at the present time the remains of this residence of Caroline of Brunswick, against which time has hurled its heavy assaults for over seventy years, can still see the arrangement of the dusty remnants of the furniture and the character of the decoration almost unchanged since her time. Having ascended the double flight of steps outside the main entrance, you discover on the first floor a spacious apartment forming a vestibule, which on the right communicates with a piazza, terminating in a pathway, a favourite promenade of the Princess during the summer afternoons, and on the left gives access to a small chamber decorated in the rustic fashion with appropriate furniture of the period. In another chamber near, Her Royal Highness had her bath installed, with such a luxury of equipment as might be considered out of harmony with the remainder of the principal apartments. The marble tank, which was supplied with hot and cold water mechanically, was sunk in the centre of the room to the depth of about a metre and a half, and reached by a little flight of steps, surrounded by an iron balustrade, and in the centre of the ceiling a large mirror was framed, so that the figure of the bather was completely reflected in it.

"By narrow and very awkward stairs you arrived at the upper floor, where was the drawing-room, a sufficiently spacious apartment, the walls of which were covered with good engravings, representing for the most part either Napoleonic battles or contemporary sovereigns related to the Princess herself, and in the centre of the ceiling, surrounded by tasteless foliage, a picture is framed representing not, as one might suppose, some heroic or mythological event, but the portraits of the most famous buffoons at that time to be found in Pesaro.

"The rooms on the left as you enter formed the Princess's private apartments, where part of her day was passed with writing and needlework, particularly the so-called Chinese cabinet, which included the last three little chambers, on the walls of which typical figures and customs of that singular nation were depicted inartistically. In the portion to the right, that is, looking towards Monte San Bartolo, the quarters of the members of the suite were

arranged as best might be. These consisted of a single uncomfortable small room for each person, to which access was provided by a narrow common corridor. On the right of the large drawing-room were other chambers more or less clumsily decorated in the rustic fashion; these served to accommodate the guests passing out of the aforesaid principal drawing-room on the nights when there were grand receptions. On the first floor, to the left of the principal entrance, were the kitchens, larders, and store-rooms; on the right probably were the quarters of the *mâitre d'hôtel*. Here on the walls, now more than ever ruinous and falling, may still be seen suspended many unpretending pictures of great dignitaries of the Ottoman Court, Levantine costumes and landscapes, portraits of sultans, and so on.

"Beyond the piazza, where the ruins of a fountain are still visible, the building was partly used as stabling, partly as accommodation for the lower class of servants. As stabling, too, the old structure also served, which may still be seen on the main road near the outer wall. A spacious saloon constructed on the first floor of the new south wing was used for the grand official banquets to which many guests were bidden, whilst family meals and those attended by ordinary guests were served in summer in the vestibule on the ground floor, which opened upon the piazza leading to the northern pathway, which, as has been said, was a favourite promenade with the Princess, and almost indispensable after rising from the table. At the end of this alley the Princess had constructed a small sarcophagus to the memory of her brother, William, Duke of Brunswick, who had fallen in June, 1815, in the engagement at Quatre-Bras. This monument, or a part of it, still remains; it consisted of a rectangular plinth of stone, with an inscription in metallic letters, surmounted by a massive cinerary urn in white marble. The surroundings of the villa were somewhat restricted, and consisted to a great extent of a garden, which was little more than a meadow, and a grove of lemon trees. At the end of the approach a small tower was subsequently added for the use of the nocturnal sentinels and the guard of honour, which, by a Government order, consisted of a picket of the pontifical infantry, headed by a mounted officer. When special circumstances required that the approaches to the villa should be watched by night, the duty was assigned to the papal gendarmes, a corps of recent formation, which in Pesaro was at that time commanded by Colonel Busi, who had himself founded it.

"This nocturnal vigilance was found necessary in consequence of the presence having been observed in the neighbourhood of the villa of certain questionable persons."—C. Cinelli, *op. cit.*

³⁷Byron, *Lines to a Lady Weeping*.

³⁸Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV, stanzas 168 and 172.

³⁹Stockmar, *op. cit.*, chap. i.

⁴⁰Revue des Deux Mondes, January, 1876.

⁴¹We shall see a little later how she was actually regarded in England by the various social grades.

⁴²As a matter of fact, as we have seen, there were two opponents to the scheme, the Pope and the Austrian Government. With regard to the statement that he should take an opportunity of recording his protest, it may be looked upon as a vent for his irritation, since it is well known that Rasori's temperament was more impulsive than prudent. See Prof. Del Chiarpa, *Vita di Giovanni Rasori*.

⁴³See C. Cinelli, *op. cit.*

⁴⁴We have succeeded in reconstructing this episode with the assistance more particularly of papers and documents placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the Conte Giuseppe Nasalli-Rocca. Nasalli, with the assistance of these papers alone, has already given a partial account of the episode, but other documents throw light upon and supplement some points in the account given by Nasalli, and absolutely stultify the statement briefly outlined by Signor Francesco Giarelli

(see *Capitan Fracassa*, March 16th, 1903) that the villa occupied by the Princess was in the district of Colonese in the Val di Nure. Signor Giarelli says that he has followed a tradition which had survived to the date of his researches, but Signor Giarelli, who is the author of a valuable history of Piacenza, will, we believe, be the last person to refuse to accept the evidence of a series of undoubtedly genuine and mutually corroborative documents which contradict that tradition.

⁴⁵From letters written by Neipperg to the governor of Piacenza, Conte Nasalli, at that time in Rome.

⁴⁶No clear and detailed summary of the trial has appeared in Italian. In other languages such a summary has been made from various standpoints. In addition to the voluminous *Parliamentary Debates* from June, 1820, to November, 1820, and the newspapers of the period, we have consulted the following works: Desquiron De Saint-Agnan, *Histoire du procès de la reine d'Angleterre*. Paris, chez Rosa Libraire, Palais Royal, 1820. H. Popham, *Le sac blanc, ou extraits de différentes correspondances d'Angleterre, etc., relatives aux mœurs et à la conduite de l'infortunée Caroline de Brunswick* (a translation from the English). Paris, 1821. E. Lasticot, *Le sac vert, pot-pourri, ou récit veridique du procès de la reine d'Angleterre*. Paris, 1821. H. Brougham, *Précis historique du procès de la reine* (trad. de l'anglais par A. Morisseau). Paris, 1838. Tiburce Moray, *Un Ménage Royal*. Paris, 1882.

⁴⁷See the text of this letter in the Appendix.

⁴⁸The exact words of the Attorney-General were "near Rome." In reality the Villa or Vigna Brandi stands at the top of the Aventine. It belonged to the Roman family Brandi, but at the beginning of 1801 passed into the possession of the banker Sculthey, who married a Brandi; at the present time it belongs to Prince Torlonia. On the facade near the church of St. Prisca there still remains a walled-up lattice with decorations in Travertine marble. On the frieze are inscribed the words "Villa Brandi," and beneath is displayed the coat of arms of which we give the sketch.



The sumptuous Villa Rufinella, which is still an object of admiration in the environs of Frascati, and which is one of the most ancient features of Rome, was so called from a Signor Rufini who caused it to be built. It afterwards passed successively through the hands of many proprietors, and now belongs to the Roman Prince Lancellotti.

I owe this information and the sketch of the coat of arms to the learned and courteous Marquis Alessandro Ferrajoli, of Rome, who is known and esteemed by all students.

⁴⁹In the debates the name is printed Pisterlango.

⁵⁰In a biography of Tommasini as yet unpublished, written by a learned Venetian physician, M.G. Levi, and placed at my disposal by Professor A. Del Prato, the circumstances are related in the following manner:

"The Supreme Pontiff, through the clear insight of his wisdom, saw the injury that might result to the scholarly students by the withdrawal from his important chair for a considerable time of a man of such wide knowledge as

Tommasini, and he consequently for a considerable time refused the permission applied for; but upon the personal representations of an English envoy he finally gave him unrestricted leave of absence." This account would not be quoted here were it not a paraphrase, or perhaps it would be better to say a copy, of what is narrated also by Dr. Bacchi, who so far is the most worthy of Tommasini's biographers (cf. *Su la vita e le opera di Giacomo Tommasini*. Memoria del dott. G. Bacchi, p. 33, Parma, G. Paganino, 1847), and if the said life by Levi, who was a friend and contemporary of Tommasini, did not contain certain information of considerable importance to any one who may hereafter make researches into the career of the illustrious physician.

⁵¹John Campbell (born 1779, died 1861), *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham*. London, 1869. This was the last volume of Campbell's works, and it appeared a year after the death of Brougham and eight years after that of the author. The *Life of Brougham* was consequently compiled several years before his death, and is of course necessarily incomplete; but that it is not marked by moderation is a fault attributable to the author. In England it has been described as "a work conceived in a mean, depreciatory spirit."

Othenin D'Haussonville, *Lord Brougham: Sa vie et ses oeuvres* (see *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1878, the issue dated [1] February.)

⁵²The historian Jules Lecomte, in his work, *Parme sous Marie Louise*, vol. II, p. 41, referring to Tommasini's journey, writes thus: "The celebrated practitioner Giacomo Tommasini appeared before the House of Lords amongst the defenders of a Queen whom he believed to be outraged, and the delicate points upon which he, a foreigner, gave his evidence were not amongst the least extraordinary anomalies of that famous trial."

Evidently the historian Lecomte, better known in France as a writer of romance, imports the methods of the novelist into history. Another addition, not imaginative but still an addition, is made by Dr. F. Fossati as to the number of witnesses who appeared at the trial. Six of the names of which he makes mention in his work (*La Villa d'Este e il suo grande Albergo—Cenni descrittivi e storici*. Como, 1886.) I have been unable to trace in the records of the trial; in all probability they were merely selected and requested to appear by Mr. Henry, the Queen's agent, during the time that the trial was proceeding in the House of Lords.

⁵³David Silvagni, *La Corte a la Società di Roma nei secoli xviii e xix*, vol. III, chap 3.

⁵⁴Lady Charlotte Bury, *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV*. This work issued from the press in 1838 and provoked a chorus of protest, the more so as it was suspected that Lady Charlotte was not actually the author, but a cloak for some other personality. However this may be, it is indubitable that what she has to say about the Princess of Wales is marked by entire sincerity, and was the genuine outcome of a lengthy acquaintance. But it exposed too many things in a glaring light, and as it has been observed, the work was received generally with disapprobation. Amongst other things Lady Charlotte said, "It is inexplicable to me that the tissue of a human character should be composed of a double thread so unequal and so discordant." [The work appeared anonymously; see Translator's Introduction.]

⁵⁵*Confessions*, part i, book iv.

⁵⁶*Ibid.*, part ii, book vii.

⁵⁷See the article "Tristezza della Corona," in *L'Ateneo Veneto*, vol. II, June-October, 1891.

⁵⁸*Giornale d'un viaggiatore inglese, ossia MEMORIE ed ANEDDOTI intorno a S.A.R. Carolina di Brunswick principessa di Galles dal 1814 al 1816—Tradotto in italiano da B.D. ed in francese da C.G.—In Lugano 1817, presso Francesco Veladini e Comp.*

⁵⁹The date of the year is not given, but there is no doubt that it was 1818.

⁶⁰The mayor, or in more Italian phrase the Head of the Commune of Pesaro, otherwise called *gonfaloniere*, was at that time the Marchese Antaldo Antaldi. The Conte Giulio Perticari, husband of Costanza Monti, died whilst still young on 22 June, 1822, of the disease which gave occasion to Tommasini for the production of one of his special treatises, *An account of the illness of which the Conte Giulio Perticari died* (Bologna, 1823).

⁶¹The lovely Costanza, daughter of the poet Monti, was indeed diligent in her efforts at self-improvement, and she inherited from her father a quick and lively temperament. It was a sad pity that her disposition was ill calculated to ensure tranquility to her father or domestic happiness to her husband. See the *Lettere inedite o rare* of V. Monti, collected and annotated by Mazzatinti and Bertoldi (Turin, Bocca, 1895).

⁶²This was the Moor Luigi, formerly in the service of the Portuguese ambassador at Rome. He followed the Princess's fortunes faithfully and devotedly, accompanied her to London, and remained with her to the day of her death.

⁶³Adelaide was Tommasini's daughter; Ferdinando Maestri his son-in-law; and Clelia, Taverna's "dolce Clelietta," his niece; Checco Ferroni was his wife's brother; and Baron Ferdinando Cornacchia, the Minister for Home Affairs and Finance in Marie-Louise's Duchy.

⁶⁴This is the very letter the original of which was sent by the Princess to Tommasini (see Document No. 5) together with the original of another from Cardinal Consalvi. Tommasini either returned the original of the one from Consalvi without taking a copy, or retained the originals of both; but we are now only able to trace the one from Strassoldo.

We are equally unable to learn what became of the letter from Cardinal Albani to the Princess, which the Princess forwarded to Tommasini on 20 July, 1818 (see Document No. 4).

⁶⁵This letter and the following are written in execrable French, and, as Professor Clerici remarks, the spelling is entirely independent of the regulations imposed on ordinary mortals. It did not seem desirable here to reproduce the faulty French, nor to indicate it by any too literal translation. What is presented is, so far as can be guessed, what the Princess intended to convey.—*Translator*.

⁶⁶Praetor at Ponte dell' Olio, to whom the Governor confidentially entrusted the duty of reporting minutely on the Princess's movements every day.

⁶⁷Without the slightest doubt this "young prince" was William Austin!

⁶⁸Tommasini describes Hume's ambitions—never attained.—*Translator*.

⁶⁹This distinguished soldier was dismissed from the army shortly after the funeral of Queen Caroline, on which occasion he was instrumental in averting bloodshed by preventing the troops from firing on the mob. Presumably he was suspected of sympathy with the Queen, as no reasons were vouchsafed, and his career had been of the most marked brilliancy. He was afterwards reinstated.—*Translator*.

⁷⁰M. Giacomo Blanchon of Saint Chaffrey, in the environs of Briançon, was, so to say, the Le Monnier of the Duchy of Parma. A bookseller and printer, professing the Protestant faith, he was the principal—perhaps the only—promoter of the circulation of recent important works emanating from France. In his shop in Parma, situated in the Strada S. Lucia (now Via Cavour), the more studious inhabitants of the little capital were wont to foregather. He maintained a regular correspondence with many of those who towards the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century issued works on literature and science, and was even the publisher of some works which were produced at the Bodoni Press, amongst them being, for instance, Clemente Bondi's translation of the *Aeneid*. He died in 1830 at the age of seventy-eight. His only daughter Amelia,

who had previously married Francesco Giraud, was his sole heir.

⁷¹There was a mysterious Book in the sixteenth century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the learned of that day—every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that anybody had ever seen it; and, indeed, Grotius is of opinion that no such book ever existed. It was entitled *Liber de tribus impostoribus*. (See *Morkof. Cap. de Libris damnatis*.)—Our more modern mystery of the Book resembles this in many particulars; and if the number of lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into *à tribus impostoribus* would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

⁷²The chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all “for the deliverance of Europe”) with *fleurs de lys*.